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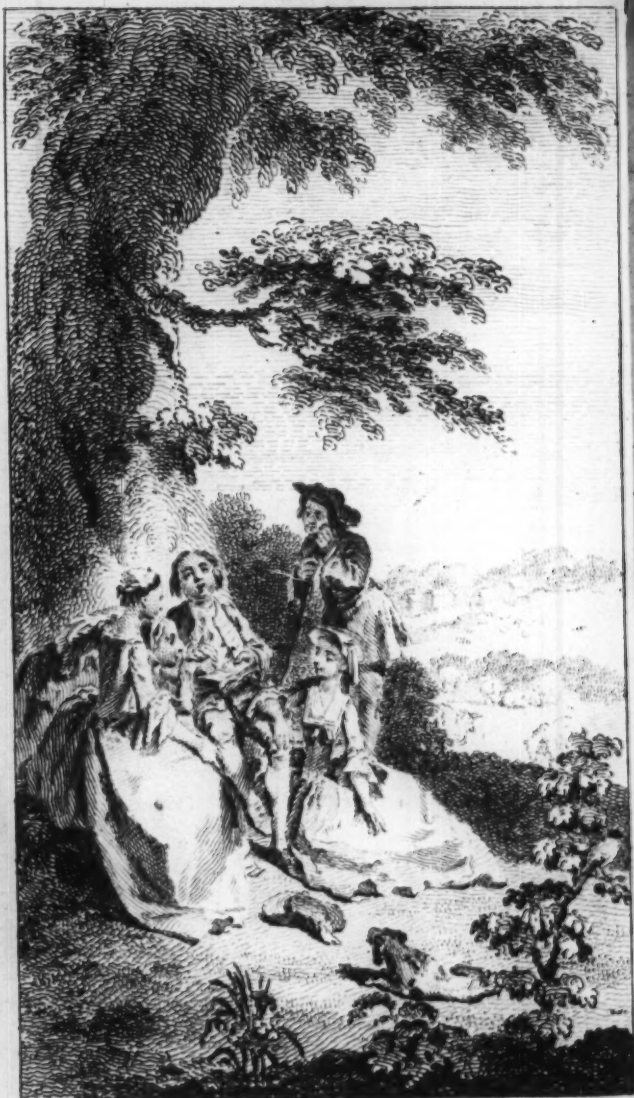
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THE
Bull-Brace
Being
A choice Collection
OF THE
Newest and Most favourite
English Songs
Which have been
Sett to Music and Sung at
The Public Theatres & Gardens.

Printed for R. Baldwin, in Pater Noster Row,
Horsfield, in Sudgate Street, and J. Wilkie, in
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TO THE
PATRONS
OF THIS
WORK.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE great Candor with which you have received, as well as the uncommon Generosity with which you have encouraged this Work, calls upon the Proprietors, in the most grateful Manner, to return their Thanks for the Obligations they owe you.

It would be Presumption in them to assert, perhaps, that the extraordinary Merit of the Book itself has, in some Measure, occasioned your Attention to it; but in Justice they cannot help boasting however, that no Collection of Songs, under any Denomination whatsoever, has hitherto appeared that could vie with the BULL-FINCH in the Novelty, Variety, Chastity, or Correctness of its Contents.

A

Or

Of the first, namely, its Novelty, the Edition which we now lay before the Public, is an uncontrovertible Proof, since it comprehends all the favourite new Songs and Ballads sung at *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, the *Theatres*, *Marybone*, and *Sadler's Wells*; and such others as, for the Beauty of their Words, or the Elegance of their Composition, are sung in every private Company.

As to its Variety, what can be greater, since it is calculated alike to please all Sorts and Conditions of Readers? And as to the Chastity of its Contents, we have been particularly careful to avoid every Thing which could possibly give Offence.

If any Lady or Gentleman will give themselves the Trouble to compare this with any other Song-Book extant, they will find a great Disparity in their Correctness, having employed a Person, at some Expence, to render this Edition correct.

PERMIT us to wish your whole Lives may be a continual Concert of the sweetest and purest Harmony, and give us Leave to subscribe ourselves,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your Obliged Servants,

The EDITORS

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THE
BULL-FINCH.

SONG I.

LET *Cæsar* and *Urania* live ;
Let all Delights the Stars can give,
Upon the Royal Pair descend ;
Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n :
While Earth and Sky our Song attend,
And thus our loyal Vows ascend,
Preserve 'em, O ! preserve 'em, Heav'n.

SONG II.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

W Hilst Merit and Reason give Sanction to Love,
How can ye, ye Fair Ones, my Passion reprove ?
For none but the Prude the soft Passion disdains,
And she boasts of a Virtue which yet she but feigns.

Genteel is my *Damon*, engaging his Air ;
And his Face, like the Morn, is both ruddy and fair :
No Vanity sways him, no Folly is seen ;
But open's his Temper, and noble's his Mien.

B

With

With Prudence illum'd his Actions appear ;
 His Passions are calm, and his Judgment is clear ;
 Soft Love sits enthron'd in the Beams of his Eyes ;
 He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd ; he's gen'rous and
 gay ;
 And his Voice can, like Musick, drive Sorrow away ;
 An amiable Softness still dwells on his Speech ;
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his Heart is too honest to let him deceive :
 Then blame me, ye Virgins, if justly you can ;
 For Merit and Fondness distinguish the Man.

S O N G III.

The LOVER'S RECANTATION. A Cantata.

Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall Gardens.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind Appointment *Cælia* made,
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r ;
 There, fretting, long poor *Damon* stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd Hour :
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious Expectation,
 With Rage he sought t'allay his Pain,
 And vented thus his Passion.

AIR.

To all the Sex deceitful
 A long and last Adieu,
 Since Women prove ungrateful
 As long as Men prove true.

The

The Pains they give are many,
And, Oh! too hard to bear;
The Joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and unsincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now *Celia*, from Mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm Retreat;
With modest Blush she begg'd Excuse,
And chid her tardy Feet.
The Shepherd, from each Doubt releas'd,
His Joy could not restrain,
But, as each tender Thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing Strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's appearing
After Absence or Despair!
Women wise increase Desiring
By contriving kind Delays;
And, advancing or retiring,
All they mean is—more to please.

SONG IV.

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Mr. Howard.

Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq; Poet-Laureat.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, invites
To revel in his Ev'ning Rites,
In vain his Altar I surround,
Tho' with *Burgundian* Incense crown'd:
No Charms has Wine without the Lads;
'Tis Love gives Relish to the Glass.

[4]

AIR.

While All around, with jocund Glee,
In Brimmers toast their fav'rite She,
Tho' ev'ry Nymph my Lips proclaim,
My Heart still whispers *Cbloe's* Name :
And thus with me, by am'rous Stealth,
Still ev'ry Glass is *Cbloe's* Health.

S O N G V.

ODE to HARMONY.

The Words by Dr. Redmond.

Set by Mr. Cox.

C O M E, sweet *Harmonia*, sweetly sing to me:
Pleasure awakens at thy Voice :
Charm me ; call up sweet Extacy ;
Bid my enamour'd Heart rejoice.

ARIA.

All the Loves and Graces wait,
All attend *Harmonia's* State.

ARIA.

No Wonder, then, you waken Love ;
For, while you sing, a Heav'n I prove :
Joyous Airs enchanting flow ;
Melting Ravishment I know ;
Bliss too great to be exprest :
But, know, I am supremely blest.

S O N G

SONG VI.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in the ROYAL CHACE.**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

HOW pleasing we find the gay Sports of the
Field!

While through the Vales we're bounding,
The Hills our Cries resounding,
The musical Chace all its Pleasure does yield.

How delightful the Pause when the Stag stood at
But when his Flight renewing, [bay!
Again we were pursuing,
Till we crown'd with Success the Sport of the Day.

to me:

SONG VII.

A Scots CANTATA. Set by Dr. Boyce.

BLATE *Jonny* faintly teld fair *Jean* his Mind;
Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang:
He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind;
Which gart him in Despair tune up this Sang.

O bonny Laffie, since 'tis sae

That I'm despis'd by thee,

I hate to live: But, O! I'm wae

And unko sweer to die.

Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours

I thole by your Disdain.

Ah! should a Breast sae soft as yours

Contain a Heart of Stane?

These tender Notes did a' her Pity move ;
 With melting Heart she listen'd to the Boy :
 O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her Love
 He in return thus sung his rising Joy.

Hence frae my Breast, contentious Care ;
 Ye've tint the Pow'r to pine :
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her Sweets are mine.
 Spread thine Arms, and give me fouth
 Of dear enchanting Bliss ;
 A thousand Joys around thy Mouth
 Gie Heav'n with ilk a Kiss.

S O N G VIII.

WHEN *Jessy* smil'd, her lovely Look
 My wand'ring Heart a Pris'ner took,
 And bound it with so strong a Chain,
 I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, *Jessy*, treat a Captive true
 With gentle Usage—'tis its due ;
 It pants for thee alone :
 Then take it kindly to thy Breast,
 And give the weary Wand'rer Rest,
 And keep it near thy own.

S O N G IX.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

BID me, when forty Winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid Brow ;
 When from my Head, a scanty Store,
 Lankly the wither'd Tresses flow ;
 When the warm Tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
 Languid and slow scarce steals along ;
 Then bid me court Sobriety.

Natur

Nature, who form'd the varied Scene
 Of Rage and Calm, of Frost and Fire,
 Unerring Guide, could only mean
 That Age should reason, Youth desire.
 Shall then that Rebel Man presume
 (Inverting Nature's Law) to seize
 The Dues of Age in Youth's high Bloom,
 And join Impossibilities ?

No—Let me waste the frolick *May*
 In wanton Joys and wild Excess,
 In Revel, Sport, and Laughter gay,
 And Mirth, and rosy Chearfulness.
 Woman, the Soul of all Delight,
 And Wine, the Aid of Love, be near :
 All charms me, that to Joy incites ;
 And ev'ry She, that's kind, is fair.

S O N G X.

Sung by Miss Brent.

TENDER Passions never ending
 Haunt my Steps where-e'er I go ;
 Doubts and Fears on Love attending
 Swell my panting Heart with Woe.

Yet in Absence tho' I languish,
 At my Fate I'll ne'er repine ;
 So Love's Chain, to ease my Anguish,
 Link his Heart as fast as mine.

SONG XI.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks,**In the Farce called TRICK upon TRICK.*

TH Y Charms, in each bright Feature,
 In flame my kindling Heart ;
 O deign, Divineſt Creature,
 To ſoothe the thrilling Smart :
 Could I behold thee languish
 In pity of my Pains,
 I then would bleſs the Anguiſh
 My Soul for thee ſuſtains.
 Ah! what, that's worth poſſeſſing,
 Can Fame or Fortune give,
 If hopeleſs of the Bleſſing
 For which I wiſh to live?
 O turn with ſoft Compliance,
 My tender Suit approve ;
 Then claim a ſweet Alliance
 To endleſs Truth and Love.

SONG XII.

*To a Young Lady who argu'd in Defence of Platonic
 Love.*

Sung by Miſs Brent.

L OVELY Reas'ner, when I ſpy,
 In thy more than ſpeaking Eye,
 Melting Glances, which inſpire
 Soft Delight and fond Deſire ;
 Can I think you e'er ſuppoſe
 That within no Ardor glows,
 But that Foe to Love profeſs'd,
 Friendſhip only fills thy Breſt ?

When

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When the blazing God of Day
 Warms all Nature with his Ray,
 Could you think, my Fair, if told,
 That the God himself is cold?
 Leave then to romantic Fools
 Stupid, dull, *Platonic* Rules;
 Vain is Art, and vain Disguise,
 While you wear such tell-tale Eyes.

S O N G XIII.

NO more, ye Swains, no more upbraid
 A Youth, by Love unhappy made;
 Your rural Sports are all in vain,
 To soothe my Care, or ease my Pain.
 Nor Shade of Trees, nor Sweets of Flow'r's,
 Can e'er redeem my happy Hours;
 When Ease forsakes the tortur'd Mind,
 What Pleasure can a Lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see
 Your *Damon* still restor'd and free,
 Go try to move the cruel Fair,
 And gain the scornful *Calia*'s Ear.
 But, oh! forbear 'with too much Art
 To touch that dear relentless Heart;
 Left Rivals to my Fears ye prove,
 And Jealousy succeed to Love.

S O N G XIV.

Sung by Miss Brent, in COMUS.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET *Eccho*, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy Cell,
 By slow *Mæander*'s Margent green,
 And in the Violet-embroider'd Vale,
 Where the Love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy *Narcissus* are?
 O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere;
 So may't thou be translated to the Skies,
 And give resounding Grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

S O N G X V.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in ELIZA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE Woodlark whistles through the Grove,
 Tuning the sweetest Notes of Love
 To please his Female on the Spray;
 Perch'd by his Side, her little Breast
 Swells with a Lover's Joy confest,
 To hear, and to reward the Lay.

Come then, my Fair one, let us prove
 From their Example how to love:
 For thee the early Pipe I'll breathe;
 And when my Flock return to Fold,
 Their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold,
 And crown him with the nuptial Wreath.

S O N G X V I.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Worgan.

THE Western Sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing Ray,
 And Flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry Heat of Day,
 When from an Hazle's artless Bow'r
 Soft warbled *Strepson's* Tongue;
 He blest the Scene, he blest the Hour,
 While Nancy's Praise he sung.

Let

Let Fops with fickle Falshood range
 The Paths of wanton Love,
 Whilst weeping Maids lament their Change,
 And sadden ev'ry Grove :
 But endless Blessings crown the Day
 I saw fair *E'sham's* Dale,
 And ev'ry Blessing finds its Way
 To *Nancy* of the Dale.

Her Shape was like the Reed, so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair ;
 Her dimpled Smile, her blushing Cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !
 Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless Bud I found ;
 And shadowing Rocks and Woods conspir'd
 To fence her Beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a Dell
 Should form a Nymph so sweet,
 Or Fortune to her secret Cell
 Conduct my wand'ring Feet !
 Gay Lordlings sought her for their Bride ;
 But she would ne'er incline :
 " Prove to your Equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis *Strephon*, on the Mountain's Brow,
 " Has won my right Good-will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted Vow,
 " With him I'll climb the Hill."
 Struck with her Charms and gentle Truth,
 I clasp'd the constant Fair ;
 To her alone I give my Youth,
 And vow my future Care.

S O N G XVII.

The BEAU and the WIT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

STREPHON, who try'd with ev'ry Grace
His Person to adorn,
Thought by the Beauty of his Face
In *Silvia's* Heart to find a Place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part :
But, oh ! 'twas all in vain ;
A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
And would not out again.

Strephon in all new Fashions dress'd,
And urg'd her to admire :
His Love alone the other press'd ;
Dear Nature kindly did the rest,
And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found his Courtship. *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his Glass ;
'There he himself now seeks Amends,
Convinc'd, that where a Wit pretends,
A Beau is but an Afs.

S O N G XVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

THAT I might not be plagued with the Non-
sense of Men,
I promis'd my Mother again and again
To say as she bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.
I really

I really believe I have frighten'd a Score ;
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more ;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
 Were the same Thing to do, I again should say No.

For a Shepherd I like, with more Courage and Art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
 Such Questions he puts since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my Words are
 still No.

He ask'd, Did I hate him, or think him too plain ;
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young Swain)
 If he ventur'd a Kiss, if I from him would go ;
 Then he press'd my young Lips, while I blush'd and
 said No.

He ask'd if my Heart to another was gone ;
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ;
 If I meant my Life long to answer him so ;
 I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This Morning an End to his Courtship he made ;
 Will *Pbillis* live longer a Virgin ? he said,
 If I press you to Church, will you scruple to go ?
 In a hearty good Humour I answer'd, No, no.

S O N G X I X .

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

New set by Dr. Arne.

MISS *Danae*, when fair and young,
 (As *Horace* has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass :

Tell

Tell us, myſterious Huſband, tell us
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous;
Can haſh Reſtraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make thee ſecure, thy Wife leſs fair?

Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this World of Pageantry,
Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know,
Is Powder, Pocket-Glaſs, and Beau.
Be to her Virtues ever kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind,
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your *Padlock*—on her Mind.

SONG XX.

In the Serenata of SOLOMON.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TOGETHER let us range the Fields
Impearled with the Morning Dew,
Or view the Fruit the Vineyard yields,
Or the Apple's cluſt'ring Bough;
There, in cloſe-embower'd Shades,
Impervious to the Noon-tide Ray,
By tinkling Rills, on roſy Beds,
We'll love the ſultry Hours away.

SONG XXI.

A TOUCH on the TIMES.

The Words by James Worſdale, Eſq;

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME liſten, and laugh at the Times,
Since Folly was never ſo ripe;
For ev'ry Man laughs at thoſe Rhimes
That give his own Follies a Wipe:

We

We live in a Kind of Disguise ;
 We flatter, we lye, and protest ;
 While each of us artfully tries
 On others to fasten the Jest.

The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
 Returns ev'ry Sigh with Disdain ;
 And while by her Lover pursu'd,
 Can laugh at his Folly and Pain :
 But when from her Innocence won,
 And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
 When she finds herself lost and undone,
 He laughs (tho' unjust) in his Turn.

The Fools, who at Law do contend,
 Can laugh at each other's Distress,
 And while the dire Suit does depend,
 Ne'er think how their Substance grows less ;
 Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find, when restor'd to their Sense,
 The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the Fashion
 For each Fool to laugh at each other,
 Let us strive, with a gen'rous Compassion,
 To correct, not condemn, one another.
 We all have some Follies to hide,
 Which, known, wou'd dishonour the Best,
 And Life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like Friendship, will seem but a Jest.

SONG

S O N G XXII.

An EPITHALAMIUM.

Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young.

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE, *by Mr. Beard.*

HOW soft, and yet majestic, is her Air!
Her Temper, with a Heav'nly Sweetness
blest,

Amidst a Thousand Charms sits in her Looks confest,
And shews a Godlike Mind inhabits there.

AIR.

Ye happy Days, your Flight,
Your easy Flight prepare,
Bring ev'ry soft Delight
To soothe the Brave and Fair:
Hail, happy, happy Pair!
Thus, in each other blest,
Be ever free from Care,
Of ev'ry Joy possess.

RECITATIVE.

Take the Blessing Gods intend thee,
Smiling meet the promis'd Joy;
Faith and Truth shall still attend thee,
Peace and Love your Hours employ.

AIR, *by Miss Young.*

Let all, let all be gay,
And join in sportive Play;
Let Mirth, let Mirth and Joy
Each happy Hour employ,
Of this fair Bridal Day.

DUETTO.

DUETTO. *Mr. Beard.*

O! the Raptures of Possessing,
Melting into Beauty's Arms!

Miss Young.

O! the Joy, the lasting Blessing,
Which from Honour takes its Charms!

Mr. Beard.

Love's soft Flame shall gently warm thee.

Miss Young.

Love and Honour both shall charm thee.

O! the Raptures of Possessing,
Melting into Beauty's Arms!
O! the Joy, the lasting Blessing,
Which from Honour takes its Charms!

S O N G XXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TO dear *Amaryllis* young *Strepson* had long
Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for in Song:
He went, one *May* Morning, to meet in the Grove,
By her own dear Appointment, this Goddess of Love:
Mean time in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each——Can a Lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then, changing his Strain,
'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain!
The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd down-
right:

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
But never to change——Can a Lover do more?

Cleora,

Cleora, it happ'd, was by Accident there ;
 No Rose-Bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair :
 He press'd her white Hand—next her Lips he essay'd ;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid :
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear *Amaryllis*—was thought of no more.

S O N G XXIV.

*A DIALOGUE, Sung by Mrs. Vincent, and Mr. Lowe,
 at Vauxhall Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Worgan.

He. **C**OME, live with me, pretty young Lass ;
 I dwell at the Foot of yon Hill :
 Your Time you may merrily pass ;
 You shall say, or shall do, what you will.

She. I thank you, and own that you're kind ;
 But I choose not from *London* to rove :
 Woods and Streams not at all suit my Mind,
 Nor to live in a Cottage on Love.

He. No lonely dull Pleasures you'll find ;
 Our Pastimes are blithesome and gay ;
 Our Wake may perhaps suit your Mind ;
 You wou'd like to be Queen of the *May*.

She. Nor your Sports, nor your rustical Glee,
 Nor your *May*, nor your Wake, can invite :
 Such Joys are insipid to me ;
 Away with such simple Delight !

He. Is it nothing, to live free from Care,
 Where ev'ry Thing's smiling around,
 When Love, Health, and Plenty, are there,
 And Peace and Contentment are found ?

She.

She. Should I take all for Truth that you say,
And taste of your boasted Delight,
How long would seem every Day!
And the Screech-Owl would scream thro' the
Night.

He. Nought is heard, but the Nightingale's Song,
To lull my dear Charmer to Rest:
Oh! come, to our Village belong;
You'll own that a Cott is the best.

She. Your Offer I'm forc'd to put by;
For I cannot be blest with a Clown:
Another may like it—not I;
For I love the dear Joys of the Town.

He. Let us part, since we cannot agree;
Your Pleasures for me wou'd not do:

She. And yours are too homely for me,
But may serve silly Swains, such as you.

He. Then adieu till our meeting again.

She. Much Joy with your *Jenny* and *Nell*.

He. You hie to the Town——

She. ——— And you to the Plain.

Both. Thus we bid one another Farewel.

S O N G XXV.

W O M A N. *A Ballad.*

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO longer let whimsical Songsters compare
The Merits of Wine with the Charms of
Fair:

I appeal to the Men, to determine between
A Tun-belly'd *Bacchus* and Beauty's fair Queen.

Cleora, it happ'd, was by Accident there ;
 No Rose-Bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair :
 He press'd her white Hand—next her Lips he essay'd ;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid :
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear *Amaryllis*—was thought of no more.

S O N G XXIV.

A DIALOGUE, *Sung by Mrs. Vincent, and Mr. Lowe,*
at Vauxhall Gardens.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

He. COME, live with me, pretty young Lads ;
 I dwell at the Foot of yon Hill :
 Your Time you may merrily pass ;
 You shall say, or shall do, what you will.

She. I thank you, and own that you're kind ;
 But I choose not from *London* to rove :
 Woods and Streams not at all suit my Mind,
 Nor to live in a Cottage on Love.

He. No lonely dull Pleasures you'll find ;
 Our Pastimes are blithesome and gay ;
 Our Wake may perhaps suit your Mind ;
 You wou'd like to be Queen of the *May*.

She. Nor your Sports, nor your rustical Glee,
 Nor your *May*, nor your Wake, can invite :
 Such Joys are insipid to me ;
 Away with such simple Delight !

He. Is it nothing, to live free from Care,
 Where ev'ry Thing's smiling around,
 When Love, Health, and Plenty, are there,
 And Peace and Contentment are found ?

She.

She. Should I take all for Truth that you say,
And taste of your boasted Delight,
How long would seem every Day!
And the Screech-Owl would scream thro' the
Night.

He. Nought is heard, but the Nightingale's Song,
To lull my dear Charmer to Rest:
Oh! come, to our Village belong;
You'll own that a Cott is the best.

She. Your Offer I'm forc'd to put by;
For I cannot be blest with a Clown:
Another may like it—not I;
For I love the dear Joys of the Town.

He. Let us part, since we cannot agree;
Your Pleasures for me wou'd not do:

She. And yours are too homely for me,
But may serve silly Swains, such as you.

He. Then adieu till our meeting again.

She. Much Joy with your *Jenny* and *Nell*.

He. You hie to the Town——

She. —— And you to the Plain.

Both. Thus we bid one another Farewel.

S O N G XXV.

W O M A N. *A Ballad.*

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO longer let whimsical Songsters compare
The Merits of Wine with the Charms of
Fair:

I appeal to the Men, to determine between
A Tun-belly'd *Bacchus* and Beauty's fair Queen.

The Pleasures of Drinking henceforth I resign ;
 Fortho' there is Mirth, yet there's Madness in Wine :
 Then let not false Sparkles our Senses beguile ;
 'Tis the Mention of *Chloe* that makes the Glass smile.

Her Beauties with Rapture my Senses inspire,
 And, the more I behold her, the more I admire !
 But the Charms of her Temper and Mind I adore ;
 These Virtues shall bless me when Beauty's no more.

How happy our Days when with Love we engage !
 'Tis the Transport of Youth ; 'tis the Comfort of
 Age :

But what are the Joys of the Bottle, or Bowl ?
 Wine tickles the Taste, Love enraptures the Soul !

A Sot, as he riots in Liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
 From this fair Confession, 'tis plain, my good Friend,
 You're a Toper eternal, and drink to no End.

Your Big-belly'd Bottle may ravish your Eye,
 But how foolish you look when your Bottle is dry !
 From Woman, dear Woman, sweet Pleasure must
 spring ;
 Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best Thing.

At some Praises to Wine we may justly afford ;
 For a Time it will make one as great as a Lord :
 But Woman, for ever, gives Transport to Man,
 And I'll love the dear Sex—aye, as long as I can.

S O N G

SONG XXVI.

*A PASTORAL Song.**Sung at Ranelagh, by Mr. Hudson.**Set by Mr. Battishill.*

WHAT Shepherd, or Nymph of the Grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a Tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since *Phæbe* no longer is here ?
 My Flocks, if at random they stray,
 What Wonder, if she's from the Plains ?
 Her Hand they were wont to obey ;
 She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the Foot of yon neighbouring Hill,
 To the Bow'r we had built in the Shade,
 Or the River that runs by the Mill ?
 There, sweet, by my Side as she lay,
 And heard the fond Stories I told,
 How sweet was the Thrush from the Spray,
 Or the Bleating of Lambs from the Fold !

How oft' wou'd I spy out a Charm,
 Which, before, had been hid from my View !
 And, while Arm was enfolded in Arm,
 My Lips to her Lips, how they grew !
 How long the sweet Contest would last !
 Till the Hours of Retirement and Rest,
 What Pleasures and Pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No Changes of Place, or of Time,
 I felt when my Fair one was near ;
 Alike was each Weather, and Clime,
 Each Season that chequer'd the Year :

In Winter's rude Lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the Bosom of *May*;
Each Morn brought Contentment and Ease,
If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond Wishes could ask;
She had all the kind Gods could impart;
She was Nature's most beautiful Task,
The Despair, and the Envy of Art:
There all, that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was drest;
For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes,
And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breast.

S O N G XXVII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

GENTLE Heart, give over fighting;
Cease to haunt the shady Grove:
Idly think no more of dying;
Polly's Pride has cur'd thy Love.

Heav'nly Reason, now direct me;
From thy Laws no more I'll rove:
Thy sweet Pow'r shall now protect me
'Gainst the fierce Assaults of Love.

Oh! I'm blushing at my Folly,
When with ardent Vows I strove
To instruct the Heart of *Polly*
How to sigh, and how to love.

She, hard-hearted, haughty Creature,
No endearing Words cou'd move;
Cruel Frowns fill'd ev'ry Feature;
At each Word and Look of Love.

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But, thank Heav'n, my Folly ceases ;
Sighs are from my Bosom drove :
How the sweet Reflection pleases,
Thus to live, and laugh at Love !

Ah ! what Nymph is this Way coming ?
How majestic does she move !
Cheeks, like new-blown Roses blooming ;
Ah, my Heart ! beware of Love,

Oh ! 'tis *Polly* ; but, amazing !
Smiles all o'er her Beauties rove ;
And her Eyes, with Transport gazing,
Fill'd with Sweetness, fill'd with Love.

Now, she stands with Arms extended,
By my Passion I am drove ;
Ev'ry Pow'r of Reason's ended ;
Farewel Reason, welcome Love.

S O N G XXVIII.

An ODE for his Majesty's Birth-Day.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall,

Set by Mr. Worgan.

CHORUS.

TRUMPETS, wake ! begin the Lay,
To welcome *George's* Natal Day ;
The Day, as now, be ever dear,
To grace, and mark, the circling Year.

Mr. Lowe.

Flatt'ry's Voice, be heard not here ;
George from such would turn his Ear :
We pour the grateful, honest Lay,
To hail our Monarch's Natal Day.

Mrs.

Mrs. Vincent.

Hark ! they cry thro' all the Plains,
George, the Friend of Freedom, reigns :
In Mirth, in Dance, and Roundelay,
We'll keep this much-lov'd annual Day.

Mr. Lowe.

George, to ev'ry Briton dear,
Himself a Briton, now must hear,
Must hear the duteous Vows we pay
Upon this blest revolving Day.

Mrs. Vincent.

George, the Praise of ev'ry Tongue,
May'st thou reign, and rule us, long ;
Whilst All thy bright Example see,
And, ardent, strive to copy thee.

Mr. Lowe.

When Battles shall no more appear,
'That croud the Great important Year,
May thy fatiguing Labours cease,
And thou enjoy, who giv'st us, Peace !

Mrs. Vincent.

Beauty adds her Wish and Care,
('Tis thine to guard and bless the Fair,)
That Years may roll in smiling Train,
And Glories brighten all thy Reign.

CHORUS.

To George the Good our Notes we'll raise ;
Oft' be these returning Days :
Let us shout, let Eccho ring,
Long, O long live George our King !

S O N G

SONG XXIX.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Worgan.*

STELLA told me Yesterday,
 Struggling, panting, out of Breath,
 Shepherd, what d'ye mean, I pray?
 Would you tumble me to Death?

You tear my Gown, you spoil my Hair;
 I ne'er was treated so before:
 I wonder how these Tricks you dare!
 Begone, or see my Face no more!

With such fierce Looks, and Words, dismay'd,
 The frighted Shepherd stood aghast;
 A Thousand poor Excuses made,
 In hopes to soothe the Fair at last.

Indeed I did not mean amiss;
 Forgive this rash Offence, he cry'd:
 I'll go next Time without a Kiss;
 But could not then, altho' I'd dy'd.

To hear, and see you ev'ry Day;
 To view those Eyes, like Di'monds, bright,
 Will tempt one's Wish to go astray,
 And make it languish for Delight.

But who your Touch unmov'd can bear
 Must or be more, or less, than Man:
 It makes one think of Heav'n, I swear;
 Condemn me, *Stella*, if you can.

S O N G X X X .

*Sung by Miss Brent, in the English Opera of ARTA-
XERXES.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love,
A Conquest I believ'd ;
The flatt'ring Error cease to prove ;
O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
Which Love did first create ;
What was my Pride is now my Shame,
And must be turn'd to Hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring Mind
The Weakness of my Heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a Traitor's Part.

S O N G X X X I .

*Sung by Mr. Peretti, in the English Opera of ARTA-
XERXES.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

IN Infancy our Hopes and Fears
Were to each other known ;
And Friendship, in our riper Years,
Has twin'd our Hearts in one :
O ! clear him then from this Offence ;
Thy Love, thy Duty, prove ;
Restore him with that Innocence
Which first inspir'd my Love.

S O N G

S O N G XXXII.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in the English Opera of ARTA-
XERXES.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD on *Lethe's* dismal Strand
Thy Father's troubled Image stand !
In his Face what Grief profound !
See, he rolls his haggard Eyes !
Hark ! " Revenge ! Revenge !" he cries,
And points to his still-bleeding Wound :
Obey the Call, revenge his Death,
And calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.

S O N G XXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in ARTAXERXES.

THY Father!—away!—I renounce the soft Claim,
Thou Spot to my Honour! thou Blast to my Fame!
Let Justice the Traitor to Punishment bring;
His Father he lost when he murder'd his King.

S O N G XXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in ARTAXERXES.

WHEN real Joy we miss,
'Tis some Degree of Bliss
To reap ideal Pleasure,
And dream of hidden Treasure.
The Soldier dreams of Wars,
And conquers without Scars;
The Sailor in his Sleep
With Safety ploughs the Deep;
So I, through Fancy's Aid,
Enjoy my Heav'nly Maid,
And, blest with thee and Love,
Am greater far than *Jove*.

SONG XXXV.

The SHEPHERD and CUPID.

'T WAS early on a Holiday,
 A harmless Shepherd chanc'd to stray,
 And wand'ring near a Crystal Brook,
 He sat him down to bait his Hook ;
 Thus said the Shepherd, free from Care,
 " If I the Gudgeon should ensnare,
 " Or any of the scaly Fry,
 " I'd envy none beneath the Sky."

His Sport was harmless as his Mind ;
 Upon his Hand his Head reclin'd ;
 And, list'ning to the Wood-Lark's Note,
 He watch'd the Motion of his Float :
 It scarce obtain'd a single Swim,
 Ere *Cupid* round the Swain did skim
 With feather'd Wings, extended wide,
 And settled by the Shepherd's Side.

The Swain had heard of Bows, and Darts,
 And *Cupid's* Snares, that torture Hearts ;
 Became uneasy at the Sight,
 But artfully conceal'd his Fright ;
 " I prithee, *Cupid*, tell, I pray,
 " What brought thee out so soon To-day ?"
 " In Truth, said he, my Sport's like thine ;
 " I hither came to wet my Line."

" If that be true, thou pretty Boy,
 " Then leave with me that glitt'ring Toy ;
 " I mean the Arrow in thy Hand ;
 " Then equally we'll share our Stand :
 " Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing ;
 " Pray take with it my Bow and String."

The

The Swain secure his Cheek did stroke;
And, sily, *Cupid's* Arrow broke.

But, lo! an Angel's Voice he heard,
And soon an Angel's Form appear'd,
With Eyes so bright, as Poets say,
Should *Phæbus* sleep, might rule the Day:
The Shepherd listen'd to her Song;
I fear the Shepherd gaz'd too long:
For as her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
Her fatal Looks the Shepherd flew.

At first he felt uncommon Smart,
And fear'd the Chit conceal'd a Dart:
Then faintly turning, " Child," said he,
" This evil Arrow comes from thee."
' O! Shepherd, it is no such Thing;
' Thou hadst my Arrow, Bow, and String:
' But now I guess for whom you smart;
' The Nymph you saw has pierc'd your Heart.'

S O N G XXXVI.

Duetto, *Sung by Mr. Tenducci, and Miss Brent, in
the English Opera of ARTAXERXES.*

FAIR *Aurora*, prithee stay;
O retard unwelcome Day;
Think what Anguish rends my Breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest,
From the Idol of my Heart
Forc'd at thy Approach to part.

SONG XXXVII.

*The COCK-LANE GHOST, or FANNY'S PHÆ-
NOMENON.*

*Sung by Mrs. Clive, by way of Epilogue to The Drum-
mer, or The Haunted House, on account of its late
occasional Revival.*

WITH Wonder, each Year, we the old Year
out-do,
We scorn to consider how far a Tale's true, [new:
'Tis enough that it's talk'd of — and that the Thing's
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

For Greek-giving Oracles this Ghost a Match is,
With Thumping, and so forth, it Questions dis-
patches, [scratches :
For some must be claw'd off, it shews, when it
Which Nobody can deny.

This Ghost is a Ghost of an odd Composition,
For it never appears — so it's no Apparition,
But with 'Thumps, like Free-Masons, makes known
its Condition :

Which Nobody can deny.

With Wonder the Multitude's wide Mouth receive it;
But yet for a much greater Wonder I'll give it,
That Grey Beards sat up, and protest they'll believe it;
Which Nobody can deny.

We can't yet unriddle what this Ghost is hatching ;
Nor can the Learn'd find out, tho' nightly they're
watching,
How, without Flesh and Blood, it can come by its
Scratching :

Which Nobody can deny.

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Tho' this Tale-telling *Ghost* with a Baby begun,
What Work may it make if its Rapping goes on,
And he should discover what grown Folks have done!
Which Nobody can deny.

There's a Time, we are told, to suit each Inclination,
When Cunning works best on Credulity's Passion :
So our Play is well tim'd—as the *Ghost* is in Fashion :
Which Nobody can deny.

S O N G XXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Young, in QUEEN MAB.

WHEN Parents are cruel, and Guardians un-
kind,
To force Inclination, and fetter the Mind,
The Fairy steps in, with the Maiden takes part,
Assuages her Grief, and brings Joy to her Heart.

Then come, ye Sprites,
Attend to the Rites,
And Mystic Delights ;
Trip, trip on the Green,
Unheard, and unseen,
With our Subjects and Queen.

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung by Miss Young, in QUEEN MAB.

THOU best-belov'd Offspring of *Puck*, our dear
Nimble, airy, [Friend,
Blithsome Fairy,
Careful I'll thy Steps attend,
Whether wantonly teasing the Clowns of the Green,
Or dancing by Moonlight with *Mab* our fair Queen.

'The Sons of dull Mortals shall watch thee in vain :

Thou still ranging,

Ever changing,

Short and injur'd tread the Plain :

The Maids shall admire thee as soon as thou'rt seen,
And court thee by Moonlight to dance on the Green.

'Thou Rival, in Swiftneſs, to Lightning and Air,

I'll protect thee,

And direct thee

How t' escape th' intended Snare ;

And when thou return'ſt thou ſhall fit by our Queen,
While Fairies do Homage to *Mab* on the Green.

SONG XL.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the JOVIAL CREW.

I Made Love to *Kate*,

Long I ſigh'd for ſhe,

Till I heard of late,

She'd a Mind for me :

I met her on the Green,

In her beſt Array ;

So pretty ſhe did ſeem,

She ſtole my Heart away.

Oh! then we kiſs'd and preſs'd ; wẽre we much to
blame ?

Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
ſame.

As I fonder grew,

She began to prate,

Quoth ſhe—I'll marry you,

And you ſhall marry *Kate* ;

But then I laugh'd, and ſwore,

I lov'd her more than ſo ;

Ty'd each to a Rope's End

Is tugging to and fro.

Again

Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to blame?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,

She was wond'rous sick,

Dicky Katy led,

Katy she led Dick:

Long we toy'd and play'd

Under yonder Oak,

Katy lost the Game,

Tho' she play'd in Joke;

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;

Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

SONG XLI.

The GOLDFINCH to CHLOE.

A young Lady, remarka'ly fond of a Song of Mr. Handel's, beginning with, 'Tis Liberty, &c. had a tame Goldfinch, which used to hop about her Harpsichord whilst she sung it; which, at last, flying away, occasion'd the following Words.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing Notes, as Chloë sung
The Charms of Heav'nly Liberty,
A gentle Bird, till then with Bondage pleas'd,
With Ardour panted to be free;
His Prison broke, he seeks the distant Plain;
Yet ere he flies, tunes forth this parting Strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant Vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow Return of Spring;
Rather in leafless Groves to dwell,
Than in my Chloë's warmer Cell:
Forgive me, Mistress, since by thee
I first was taught *sweet Liberty.*

Soon as the welcome Spring shall chear,
 With genial Warmth, the drooping Year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmost Spray,
 Thy sweeter Notes improv'd my Lay,
 And in my Prison learn'd from thee,
 To warble forth *sweet Liberty*.

Waste not on me an uselefs Care,
 That kind Concern let *Strephon* share ;
 Slight are my Sorrows, slight my Ills,
 To those which he, poor Captive ! feels,
 Who, kept in hopelefs Bonds by thee,
 Yet strives not for his Liberty.

S O N G XLII.

The Song of DIANA. Set by Dr. Boyce.

Sung at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mrs. Vernon.

W ITH Horns and with Hounds I waken the
 Day,
 And hie to my Woodland Walks away ;
 I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon ;
 With Shouting, and Hooting, we pierce thro' the Sky,
 And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

S O N G XLIII.

JEALOUSY. Set by Dr. Arne.

J EALOUSY, begone, and leave me !
 From my Bosom, ah ! remove :
 While thou stay'st, thou dost but grieve me ;
 Hence, thou Foe to sacred Love !
 Whilst by thee the Heart's directed,
 All Things double Faces wear ;
Chloe, in thy Glass reflected,
 Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmlefs

Harmless Looks and slight Expressions,
 Where Love's Eye no Meaning reads,
 To some Rival are Confessions
 Of a Heart that for him bleeds.
 Cruel Spy! that ne'er discovers
 What may ease the frantick Mind,
 Hence! nor blast the Blifs of Lovers :
 Leave us happy, leave us blind.

S O N G XLIV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

JENNY bright as the Day,
 And as buxom as *May*,
 I happen'd to kiss ;
 When she angry did say,
 What's the Meaning of this ?
 Why these Freedoms, I pray ?

Dear *Jenny*—I need no Apology use ;
 Your Charms for my Crimes are sufficient Excuse :
 Sure Lips sweet as those, were for Kissing decreed ;
 Cry'd she, Very fine! very pretty indeed.

Repeating this Strain then again and again,
 I kiss'd her, and press'd her, still more to obtain,
 Till she sprung from my Arms and flew over the
 Plain.

Like *Daphne*, she strove my Embrace to elude ;
 Like *Phæbus*, I quicken'd my Pace and pursu'd.
 What follow'd, ye Lovers, must never be said ;
 But, 'twas all very fine, very pretty indeed.

S O N G

SONG XLV.

The NON-PAREILLE. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE Nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as
 Day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming Hawthorn in *May*;
 Her Temper was smooth as the Down on the Dove;
 And her Face was as fair as the Mother's of Love:
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
 And receives gentle Odours from flow'ry Beds;
 Yet warm in Affection as *Phæbus* at Noon,
 And as chaste as the Silver-white Beams of the Moon.

Her Mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n Snow,
 And as lively as Tints from young *Iris* his Bow;
 As clear as the Stream, and as deep as the Flood;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good:
 The Sweets that each Virtue, or Grace, had in Store,
 She cull'd as the Bee does the Bloom of each Flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

SONG XLVI.

*In the Serenata of SOLOMON. Set by Dr. Boyce.**Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall.*

BALMY Sweetness ever flowing,
 From her dropping Lip distils;
 Flowers on her Cheeks are blowing;
 And her Voice with Music thrills:
 Zephyrs o'er the Spices flying,
 Watting Sweets from ev'ry Tree,
 Sick'ning Sense with Odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.

SONG

S O N G XLVII.

Sung by Miss Brent, in the Opera of ELIZA.

WHO'd know the Sweets of Liberty?
 'Tis to climb the Mountain's Brow;
 Thence to discern rough Industry
 At the Harrow or the Plow:
 'Tis where my Sons their Crops have sown,
 Calling the Harvest all their own.

'Tis where the Heart to Truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly Fear;
 'Tis where the Eye, with milder Pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet Pity's Tear,
 Such as *Britannia* yet shall see;
 These are the Sweets of Liberty.

S O N G XLVIII.

The LUCKY FALL. Set by Dr. Arne.

A Band of *Cupids* t'other Day
 Were in a Myrtle Grove,
 Till tir'd of ev'ry Boyish Play,
 They made a Match to rove;
 "But where?" cry'd one (the Cock of all)
 "Let's fix upon a Place:
 "Hang *Paphos*, and *Olympus* Hall;
 "I vote for *Chloe's* Face."

No sooner said, than off they flew;
 And gathering round the Fair,
 As Swarms of Bees on Flowers do,
 They settled here and there;
 Some on her Lips, her Nose, and Chin;
 A Score on either Cheek,
 While Fifty to her Eyes went in
 To play at *Hide and Seek*.

But

But Gravity itself must smile,
 The Wranglers to have heard,
 For Place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own preferr'd ;
 Till chancing from her Lips to slide,
 One fell on *Chloe's* Breast ;
 And then in Extasy he cry'd,
 " Who's Station's now the best ?"

S O N G XLIX.

PEGGY, or the FICKLE FAIR. Set by *Dr. Arne.*

YE Shepherds, who, blest in your Loves,
 Live Strangers to Sorrow and Fear,
 O! pity a Brother that proves
 The Heart-breaking Pangs of Despair.
 What boots it my Heifers and Ewes
 All thriving and pregnant I find ?
 Poor Blessings, poor Comforts, are these,
 Since *Peggy* is false and unkind !

Bear witness, each Fountain and Vale,
 Bear witness, each Garden and Grove,
 How oft she has heard my fond Tale,
 And smil'd on the Suit of my Love.
 But, oh ! cruel Change that I find,
 The Gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the North's chilling Wind,
 That blasts the young Buds of the Year.

Range wildly, my Flocks and my Herds ;
 Begone from your Master, poor *Tray* :
 My Pipe shall no more wake the Birds ;
 I'll break it, and fling it away.
 Some Desert, all barren and bleak,
 Shall shield me from every Eye :
 There, *Peggy*, I'll weep for thy sake ;
 I'll weep, cruel Maid, and I'll die.

S O N G

S O N G L.

The COMPARISON. Set by Dr. Arne.

PARTING to Death we will compare ;
For sure, to those who love sincere,
So dreadful is the Pain,
Such Doubts, such Horrors, rend the Mind :
But, Oh ! when adverse Fate grows kind,
How sweet to meet again !

To those try'd Hearts, and those alone,
Who have the Pangs of Absence known,
The blisful Change is given ;
And who—Oh ! who, wou'd not endure
The Pangs of Death, if they were sure
To reap the Joys of Heav'n ?

S O N G LI.

An ODE to LOVE. Set by Dr. Arne.

PARENT Divine of Heav'nly Love,
Propitious to thy Vot'ry prove ;
Thy sacred Influence impart,
And teach me to disclose my Heart,

That its fond Languishings display'd,
May gently move the pitying Maid,
And Musick's Love-taught Pow'rs reveal
What Fear forbids my Tongue to tell.

O ! let that pure, that living Fire,
Which warms my Soul with soft Desire,
In artless genuine Truth exprest,
Raise equal Ardours in her Breast ;

Creep

Creep softly thro' each tender Part,
And melt to Sympathy her Heart :
So shall the grateful Muse repay
'Thy Pow'r, which first attun'd her Lay.

SONG LII.

The LOVER'S PETITION. Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIRER than the op'ning Lillies,
Sweeter than the Morning Rose,
Are the blooming Charms of *Phillis* ;
Richer Sweets does she disclose.
Long secure from *Cupid's* Pow'r,
Soft Repose had lull'd my Breast,
Till in one short fatal Hour,
She depriv'd my Soul of Rest.

Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish,
From whose Shafts I bleed and burn !
Teach, O ! teach the Maid to languish !
Strike fair *Phillis* in her Turn.
From that Torment in her Breast,
Soon to Pity she'll incline,
And, to give her Bosom Rest,
Kindly heal the Wound in mine.

SONG LIII.

The CAUTION. Set by Dr. Arne.

PHILIRA's Charms poor *Damon* took ;
How eager he for billing !
When, lo ! the Nymph the Swain forsook,
To shew her Pow'r of killing :
In either Eye she sheath'd a Dart ;
He felt it, never doubt him :
Odzooks ! a Man were thro' the Heart,
Ere he cou'd look about him.

But

But mark the End, — with Scythe so sharp,
Time o'er the Forehead struck her;
 And all her Charms began to warp—
 Then she was in a Pucker:
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her *Time* she pass'd no better;
 Yet still had Hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely Swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry Lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous Trial;
 But each with Scorn her Warmness treats;
 Each frowns in cold Denial.
 Coquettes, take warning; change your Tune;
 This woeful Case remember:
 The Bedfellow you slight in *June*,
 You'll wish for in *December*.

SONG LIV.

PEGGY WYNNE. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE Poets in Conscience have teas'd us too long
 With *Phillis*, and *Chloe*, in every Song:
 Quite tir'd of such Nonsense, new Themes I begin,
 And sing of the Beauties of sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

They tell us of *Venus*, and *Juno*, of old,
 That one was a Jilt, and the other a Scold;
 But unto those Goddesses nothing akin
 Is gentle, and modest, and sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

A Thousand Times *Cupid* has strove to ensnare,
 And make me an amorous Slave to the Fair;
 But never could get me entrapp'd in his Gin,
 Till baited at last with my dear *Peggy Wynne*.

That

That Zephyrs are soft, and are sweet, I must own ;
 And Lillies and Roses are pretty when blown ;
 But match'd with her Breath, or compar'd with her
 Skin,
 Believe me, they're nothing to dear *Peggy Wynne*.

Should Fortune think proper to better my Fate,
 And make me a Lord, with a noble Estate ;
 For all her fine Favours I'd not give a Pin,
 Unless she'd bestow on me sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

All Charms she possesses, Shape, Feature, and Size ;
 And then such a tempting dear Look with her Eyes !
 Well ! Heav'n forgive us ! if Wishing's a Sin,
 When we gaze on the Beauties of sweet *Peggy Wynne*.

S O N G L V.

A favourite Song in the Oratorio of JUDITH.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Brent.

VAIN is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle Hour ;
 Born just to bloom and fade :
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the Pride of Human Wit ;
 The Shadow of a Shade.

S O N G L V I.

In the Oratorio of JUDITH. Set by Dr. Arne.

WAKE, my Harp, to melting Measures,
 Pour thy softest, sweetest Treasures,
 Such as lift the Thoughts on high ;
 Till the rapt Soul, Earth forsaking,
 Heaven-ward its Flight is taking
 On the Wings of Harmony.

SONG LVII.

*Sung by Miss Brent, in the Masque of ALFRED.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LOVE's the Tyrant of the Heart,
 Full of Mischief, full of Woe;
 All his Joys are mixt with Smart;
 Thorns beneath his Roses grow:
 And Serpent-like he stings the Breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and carefs'd.

SONG LVIII.

CHLOE's Smiles can never please me;
 Smiles of Folly I disdain:
Chloe's Frowns will never teaze me;
 Frowns of Folly give no Pain.

Yet if she would give me Pleasure,
 She must give her Follies o'er:
 Wisdom is the only Treasure
 I can wish, or dare adore.

Let her try with Worth to please me;
 Worth I never could disdain;
 Wisdom's Frowns would ever teaze me,
 And her Anger cause me Pain.

SONG LIX.

THO' Di'monds shine brighter than *Phillis's*
 Eyes,
 Tho' her Cheeks are out-blush'd by the Rose;
 Tho' no Flow'rets around her sweet Steps deign to
 rise,
 And her Skin is not whiter than Snows;
 Tho' her Voice is not sweeter than *Philomel's* Lays,
 Nor her Lips with Ambrosia distil;

Tho'

Tho' the *Muses* have never grown proud in her Praise,
 Nor *Apollo* hath envy'd her Quill;
 Yet her Charms are as great as a Woman can boast,
 And her Virtues are equall'd by few:
 Shes too good for a Belle, she's too wise for a Toast;
 And I love her——aye, that's what I do.

S O N G L X.

Sung by Mr. Andrews at Sadlers Wells.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

RECITATIVE.

TO yonder Beech's friendly Shade,
 Repair, my *Aura*, lovely Maid;
 And while our Lambkins Frolick make,
 Thy Shepherd's Treasure smiling take.

AIR.

Were to my Wish thy Temples bound,
 How *India's* Gems should blaze around!
 Yet Wishes are but idle Breath;
 Accept, in lieu, a Rosy Wreath:
 Had I proud *Persia* at my Beck,
 What gaudy Robes my Fair should deck!
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy Care.

Of burnish'd Gold, or Silver fair,
 Those Feet of thine should Sandals bear;
 But, all I have to offer now,
 The Hide of *Dap*, thy fav'rite Cow.
 Said *Aura*—Sandals, Robes, and Crowns,
 Are slender Proofs 'gainst Fortune's Frowns;
 We've Health and Ease—Is Heaven scant?
 Here, take my Hand—we've all we want.

S O N G

SONG LXI.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. *A Cantata.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless *Theseus* scarce had got on board,
 When *Ariadne* wak'd, and mis'd her Lord :
 Sudden she rose, and to the Beach she flew,
 And saw his Vessel less'ning to her View :
 She smote her Breast ; she rav'd, and tore her Hair ;
 Then, in soft Complaints, she vented her Despair.

AIR.

Ah ! *Theseus*, *Theseus*, stay !
 Cease, cease, ye Winds, to blow !
 Kind *Neptune*, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my Love away !
 Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Could I have serv'd thee so ?
 Ah ! *Theseus*, faithless *Theseus*, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee Pow'r to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly God who rules the jovial Bowl,
Bacchus, whose Gifts re-animate the Soul,
 Heard and beheld poor *Ariadne's* Grief,
 And, gently, thus administer'd Relief.

AIR.

Cease, lovely Nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling Tear ;
 Though *Theseus* plough the Deep,
 You've still a Lover here :

I am

I am *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
 God of Revelry and Joy ;
 If *Ariadne* will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry Hour employ.
 Come, *Silenus*, fill a Cup
 Of my choicest cordial Draught ;
 Fill it, Man, why fill it up ;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy Thought :
 Fill it higher, to the Brink :
 Come, my lovely Mourner, drink !

RECITATIVE.

With soft Reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her Lips the nectar'd Cup apply'd :
 The potent Draught, with more than Magic Art,
 Flew thro' her Veins, and seiz'd her yielding Heart :
 In Wine ambrosial all her Cares were drown'd,
 And with Success the jovial God was crown'd ;
 While old *Silenus*, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolick Song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond Maidens, who droop and who
 pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond Lovers, the Virtue of Wine :
 Let the Nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more
 fair,
 Take a comforting Glass, and 'twill drown all Despair ;
 And let the fond Youth, who wou'd win the coy Maid,
 Instead of his *Cupid's*, seek *Bacchus's* Aid.
 Jolly *Bacchus* ne'er fails of performing his Part :
 Let him gain the Head, and you'll soon gain the Heart.

SONG

SONG LXII.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Ofwald.*

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd *Arcadia's* flow'ry Plains
The gay *Pastora* once was heard to sing;
Close by a Fountain's crystal Spring,
She warbled out her merry Strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, wou'd ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry Humour try,
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Often laugh, and sometimes die:
Soft Denials
Are but Trials,
You must follow when we fly;
Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry Humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly Maid,
Yet never durst his Love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his Fate:
He sigh'd, he smil'd, he kneel'd and pray'd—
She frown'd—he rose and walk'd away;
But soon returning, look'd more gay,
And sung, and danc'd, and on his Pipe a chearful
Air he play'd.

AIR.

Pastora fled t'a shady Grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;

Cupid

Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his Love :
The Nymph look'd back – well pleas'd to see
That *Damon* ran as fast as she.

SONG LXIII.

DUETTO, in the Oratorio of JOSEPH.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close ?
What's sweeter than an *April* Morn,
Or *May-day's* Silver fragrant Thorn ?
What than *Arabia's* spicy Grove ?
Oh ! sweeter far the Breath of Love.

SONG LXIV.

CANTATA. *Translated from the French by the late
Lord Lansdown.*

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mr. Beard.

FROLICK and free, for Pleasure born,
Dull, self-denying Fools I scorn :
The proffer'd Bliss I ne'er refuse,
'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
Lov'st thou, my Friend ? I love at Sight :
Drink'st thou ? this Bumper does thee Right :
At random with the Stream I flow,
And play my Part, where'er I go.

But, God of Sleep, since we must be
Oblig'd to give some Hours to thee ;
Invade me not, while the full Bowl
Glow's in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul !
Be that the only Time to snore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more :
Short, very short, be then thy Reign,
For I'm in Haste to live again.

But,

But, Oh! if melting in my Arms,
 The Nymph belov'd, with all her Charms,
 In some soft Dream should then surprise,
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Gentle Slumber, prithee stay!
 Slowly, slowly, bring the Day!
 May no rude Noise my Bliss destroy!
 Such sweet Delusion's real Joy.

S O N G L X V.

CANTATA—*The MORNING.* Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring Sun begins to rise
 On yonder Hill, and paints the Skies;
 The Lark his warbling Mattin sings;
 Each Flow'r in all its Beauty springs;
 The Village up, the Shepherd tries
 His Pipe, and to the Woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd Green
 My *Delia*, lovely Maid, were seen,
 Fresher than the Roses' Bloom,
 Sweeter than the Meads' Perfume.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away,
 To *Delia's* Ear the tender Notes convey:
 As some lone Turtle his lost Love deplores,
 And with shrill Echoes fills the sounding Shores,
 So I, like him abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless Complaints my absent *Delia* mourn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along:
 The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,
 The Winds to blow, the waving Woods to move,
 And Streams to murmur, ere I cease to love:

But,

D

Not

Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
Nor balmy Sleep to Lab'ers spent with Pain,
Nor Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshine to the Bee,
Are half so pleasing as thy Sight to me.

S O N G LXVI.

Worldly Happiness in spite of Philosophy.

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO curb the Will, with vain Pretence
Philosophy her Force employs,
And tells us, in despite of Sense,
That Life affords no real Joys :
Such idle Whims my Heart abjures ;
Envy me not, immortal *Jove*,
If I prefer my Bliss to your's,
Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n Desires to Men,
Deny us not Enjoyment free :
Must I be happy only then,
When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?
Such idle Whims my Heart abjures ;
Envy me not, immortal *Jove*,
If I prefer my Bliss to your's,
Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love.

S O N G LXVII.

Cantata. LYDIA from SAPHO. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

BENEATH this sad and silent Gloom
I waste in Sighs my youthful Bloom ;
But not the Shades, that banish Day,
Drive *Lydia's* brighter Form away.

Her

Her easy Shape, her lovely Mien,
Th' attractive Smile of Beauty's Queen,
Her sparkling Eyes and flowing Hair,
A Wit so smart, so soft an Air,
The spiteful Gods contriv'd for Ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my Undoing.

AIR.

Lovely Maid, all Charms adorning,
Born to give supreme Delight,
Fairer than the rosy Morning,
Or the Silver Queen of Night,
Why ungrateful dost thou leave me ?
Stay, thou cruel Fair one ! stay :
Death attends, if thou deceive me—
Lydia, why so far away ?

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd*.

I dream, or her unequal'd Charms
Are folded in my Rival's Arms :

See ! she clasps the happy Boy.

Anguish waste,
Lightning blast,
Tortures rend him,
Death attend him,

Ere he taste the rising Joy !

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
The faithless Wretch whom I despise.

AIR.

Wander, *Lydia*—so will I,
And to nobler Conquests fly :

Roving, ranging,
Ever changing,
Gay and airy,
Born to vary,

Soon the treach'rous Fair shall see
I can be false as well as she.

D 2

SONG

Arne.

Her

SONG LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Masque of ALFRED.

Set by Dr. Arne.

GENIUS of *Britannia's* Isle!
 Hope inspiring,
 Ardour firing,
 Gracious deign one Heav'nly Smile;
 Help this Island to defend;
 O protect me,
 O direct me,
 To attain the glorious End!

SONG LXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
 And Flow'rs were fair to see;
 When *Mary* was complete Fifteen,
 And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
 Blithe *Jockey's* Looks her Heart did move
 To speak her Mind thus free:
 "Gang down the Burn, my gentle Love,
 "And soon I'll follow thee."

Now *Jockey* did each Lad surpass
 That dwelt on this Burn-side;
 And *Mary* was a bonny Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride:
 Her Cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her Eyes were azure blue,
 Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

What

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet;
 For, ganging home, I heard them say
 They lik'd a Walk so sweet:
 His Cheek to her's he fondly laid;
 She cry'd, " Sweet Love, be true;
 " And when a Wife, as now a Maid,
 " To Death I'll follow you."

S O N G LXX.

Sung by Signora Frasi, in the English Opera of ELIZA.

Set Dr. Arne.

HAPPY Day! for ever dear,
 Brightest of the circling Year;
 Smiles like thine can Freedom charm,
 Glory crown, and Virtue warm.
 Peace comes smiling up to thee;
 Pleas'd, comes onward Liberty;
 Plenty too brings up the Band,
 Dancing o'er this happy Land.

S O N G LXXI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

ATTEND, all ye Fair, and I'll tell you the Art
 To bind ev'ry Fancy with Ease in your Chains,
 To hold in soft Fetters the conjugal Heart,
 And banish from *Hymen* his Doubts and his Pains.

Good-humour will light up a magical Fire;
 It sweetens the Voice and impassions the Kiss:
 The Mouth sweetly smiling awakens Desire,
 And Beauty displays each Incentive to Bliss.

Ye Fair, take the Hint which I freely impart :
Neglecting to please, other Efforts are vain :
Exert but Good-humour, you'll conquer the Heart ;
And Love, with the Graces, will dance in your
Train.

S O N G LXXII.

CÆLIA, *A CANTATA.* Set by Sig. Pasqualli.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

OH! 'tis *Elizium* all—In Beauty drest,
To Fancy's Eye my *Cælia* stood confest :
Her Glance spake Extacy : — “ No more,” she cries,
“ No more my Love shall weep and waste in Sighs,
“ Be chearful, *Thyrst*, and again adorn
“ With lovely Mirth thy Soul for my Return ;
“ And then embrace me.”— Oh ! 'twas Heav'n to
hear !

Starting I wake, but find no *Cælia* near.

AIR.

To my Lips than Nectar sweeter,
Where'soe'er I turn my Eyes,
Only thee I view, dear Creature ;
Ev'ry other Object dies.
Still thy charming Form is playing,
Whether soft reclin'd by Streams,
Or thro' shining Crouds I'm straying,
When dissolv'd in pleasing Dreams.

S O N G LXXIII.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in the
Overture of THOMAS and SALLY.*

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Brent.

TO ease his Heart, and own his Flame,
Blithe *Jockey* to young *Jenny* came ;
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Her

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Her Milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd her Fingers long and small :
Unusual Joy her Heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Then round about her slender Waist
He clasp'd his Arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her Hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

With gentle Voice she bid him rise ;
He bless'd her Neck, her Lips, and Eyes :
Her Fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton Thought she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her Rock and Reel,
And angry turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his Bride :
'Twas then her Love she did reveal,
And flung away her Spinning-Wheel.

LXXIV.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
To Camps inur'd and Deeds of Arms,
Struck with the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Now falls the fair *Lucinda's* Slave.

No more he seeks the hostile Plain,

But to the solitary Grove

(The soft Retreat of Peace and Love)

In gentle Murmurs breathes his Pain ;
And thus, with suppliant Voice and broken Sighs,
The Hero su'd the Beauty of the Skies.

AIR.

Teach a young unskilful Lover
Those soft Arts that charm the Fair ;
Teach me, *Venus*, how to move her,
How my raging Pain declare.

RECITATIVE.

The Goddess listen'd to his Pray'r,
She saw him languish and despair ;
Then downward thro' the lucid Skies,
She bad her Iv'ry Chariot roll,
And, whilst soft Pity fill'd her Eyes,
Thus sooth'd the Anguish of his Soul.

AIR.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise
The Force of her Wit, and the Charms of her Face,
Commend e'ery Feature, each Beauty display,
With Pleasure she'll listen to all you can say :
Let her Humour and Taste be the Road you pursue,
And the Love of herself will insure her to you.

S O N G LXXV.

CANTATA. *By Mr. Stanley.*

AIR.

WHILE others barter Ease for State,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me, (with rosy Chaplets crown'd,) M
Stretch'd on the the Flow'r-enamell'd Ground,
The Grape's nectareous Juices quaff,
Aternate sing, and love, and laugh.
Already see the purple Juice
Resplendent o'er my Cheek diffuse
A second Youth ! — Again, the Bowl
With warm Desires inflames my Soul.

D 3

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
 The Joys which Wine and Beauty give;
 Soon must I quit my wonted Mirth,
 And mingle with my Parent Earth,
 Where Kings, divested of their State,
 With Slaves sustain a common Fate.

AIR.

Let then the present Hour be mine,
 Blest in the Joys of Love and Wine:
 Come, ye Virgin Throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly Dance:
 To the Lyre's enchanting Sound
 Nimbly tread the blithsome Round;
 While the genial Bowl inspires
 Soft Delight and gay Desires.

SONG LXXVI.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

AS *Delia*, blest with e'ery Grace,
 Invok'd soft Music's needless Aid,
 Completely conquer'd by her Face,
 Thus gentle *Strephon* smiling said:

AIR.

Where partial Nature may deny
 The Pow'r of Beauty's melting Glance,
 Let tedious Labour toil and try
 To swell the Song, or form the Dance;
 But let your Charms alone suffice,
 And trust the Music of your Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to over-hear,
Thus spoke as he approach'd more near :
He flatters ; do not trust the Swain,
But listen to my honest Strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of Beauty's Pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful Lay ;
Your Voice and Person ev'ry Hour
By Dozens steal our Hearts away :
Then how trifling is the Prize,
Since Fops have Ears, and Fools have Eyes !

Ah ! lovely Nymph, indeed to blefs,
Select the worthiest Swain you've won,
Who, prizing Sound and Colour less,
Admires you for your Sense alone ;
Then leave all little Arts behind,
And study to improve the Mind.

SONG LXXVII.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

THE God *Vertumnus* lov'd *Pomona* fair,
A Nymph that made the Orchard's Growth her
Care,

Nor thought of Love — A Thousand Shapes he tries,
But all in vain, to please the Virgin's Eyes :
At length a Matron's sober Form he wears,
Furrow'd with Age, and crown'd with Silver Hairs ;
Enters, with tott'ring Step, the silent Grove,
And thus attempts to warm her Heart with Love :

AIR.

AIR.

What beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight !
 How closely yonder Vine
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height
 Her wanton Ringlets twine !
 That Elm (no more a barren Shade)
 Is with her Clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair Vine, without his Aid,
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my Fair one, move thy Heart
 Connubial Joys to prove,
 Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love :
 Know thy own Blifs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.

While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame :
 So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
 Deform the blooming Spring ;
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wonted Tribute bring.

RECITATIVE.

In vain he pleaded ; but at length resum'd
 His own bright Form, where Youth Celestial bloom'd ;
 Around his Temples blush'd a roseate Wreath,
 His golden Locks luxuriant wav'd beneath :
 The wond'ring Nymph this pleasing Change survey'd,
 Till by Degrees her former Scorn decay'd,
 Her Heart dissolv'd—A soft unknown Desire
 She felt, and, sighing, own'd a mutual Fire.

AIR.

AIR.

When Youth and kind Occasion press,
 And Love appears in Beauty's Dress,
 What Nymph but must comply?
 But rigid Rules, and Council sage,
 The weak Efforts of wither'd Age,
 Alas! in vain we try.

SONG LXXVIII.

In ACIS and GALATEA.

LOVE sounds th' Alarm,
 And Fear is a flying;
 When Beauty's the Prize,
 What Mortal fears dying?
 In Defence of my Treasure
 I'll bleed at each Vein;
 Without her no Pleasure,
 For Life is a Pain.

SONG LXXIX.

VALENTINE'S-DAY: A Ballad.

WHEN Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn,
 And Dew-drops glisten'd on the Thorn;
 When Sky-larks tun'd their Carols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat;
Philander, from his downy Bed,
 To fair *Lisetta's* Chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy *Valentine*!

Soft Love, that balmy Sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
 Which (that a Kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:

He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's Trap,
Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis'* Lap,
And near forgot that his Design
Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone!
Philander, charming Youth, be gone!
For this Time, to your Vows sincere,
Make Virtue, not your Love, appear:
No Sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes
(Forgive the simple fond Disguise);
To gen'rous Thoughts your Heart incline,
And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
Fair Honour govern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, ere setting Sun,
To join two virtuous Hearts in one:
Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove
The sweet Effects of mutual Love;
And, from that Hour to Life's Decline,
She blest'd the Day of *Valentine*.

S O N G LXXX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

O Love, thou bitter Foe to Rest,
Who hast, within this harmless Breast,
So home the sick'ning Arrow sent,
Relieve a poor unwary Maid,
Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,
Nor knew what Self-delusion meant.

Since Custom, cruel to the Fair,
Forbids my Passion to declare;
Assist, blind God of soft Desire:
To thy Omnipotence I kneel;
Let him my secret Anguish feel,
And burn for me with equal Fire.

He

Then

Then, if the lovely Youth appear
 By turns inclin'd to Hope and Fear,
 And tenderly his Passion move,
 My Heart shall flutter to his Sighs ;
 With gentle Looks I'll meet his Eyes,
 And never, never cease to love.

S O N G LXXXI.

*Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Cibber, in the WAY
 TO KEEP HIM.*

YE fair married Dames, who so often deplore,
 That a Lover once bless'd is a Lover no more ;
 Attend to my Counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The Bloom of your Cheek, and the Glance of your
 Eye,

Your Roses and Lilies, may make the Men sigh :
 But Roses and Lilies, and Sighs pass away,
 And Passion will die, as your Beauties decay.

Use the Man that you wed like your fav'rite Guittar ;
 Tho' Music in both, they are both apt to jar :
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate Touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your Hand,
 Grow tame by your Kindness, and come at Command :
 Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill ;
 For Hearts, like your Birds, may be tam'd to your
 Will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind ;
 Turn the chief of your Care from your Face to your
 Mind ;

'Tis there that a Wife may her Conquests improve,
 And *Hymen* shall rivet the Fetters of Love.

S O N G

SONG LXXXII.

*Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Mr. Champness, in HAR-
LEQUIN'S INVASION.*

COME, chear up, my Lads, 'tis to Glory we
steer,
To add something new to this wonderful Year :
To Honour we call you, nor press you like Slaves ;
For who are so free as we Sons of the Waves ?

CHORUS.

Hearts of Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are our Men ;
We always are ready,
Steady, Boys, steady ;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our Foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away :
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of Oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible Foes,
They'll frighten our Women, and Children and
Beaus ;
But should their Flat-Bottoms in Darkness get o'er,
Still *Britons* they'll find, to receive them ashore.
Heart of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,
In spite of the Devil, and *Brussels Gazette* :
Then chear up, my Lads, with one Voice let us sing
Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen, and King.
Heart of Oak, &c.

SONG

S O N G LXXXIII.

BRITANNIA, Queen of Ocean ! rise ;
 Perfidious *Gallia's* Threats despise ;
 Send forth the Fleet : — Each hostile Shore
 Shall tremble when thy Cannons roar.

Thy Sword the Hand of Justice draws,
 And Heav'n approves thy righteous Cause :
 Nor Forts, nor Forces, stop thy Way ;
 So *Minden*, so *Quebec*, can say.

Not more affrighted flies the Deer,
 When he perceives the Hunter near,
 Than *Gallia's* Fleets, when they descry
 The *British* Ensign waving high.

Then strike again some deadly Blow,
 And urge thy Vengeance on the Foe,
 Till vanquish'd Tyranny submit
 To what is just, and what is fit.

Nor may kind Heav'n the Time prolong,
 Ere thou shalt verify my Song ;
 Shalt bid the horrid Havock cease,
 And give the Nations lasting Peace.

Return, sweet Peace ! return once more,
 With Commerce spread the Ocean o'er ;
 Ah ! soon return, and spread the Sail,
 And Riches bring with ev'ry Gale.

S O N G LXXXIV.

Set by Dr. Arne, in the Oratorio of ALFRED the GREAT.

IF those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,
 Press not the gay and stately Bed ;
 The new-mown Hay and breathing Flow'r
 A softer Couch beneath them spread.

If

If those who sit at Shepherd's Board,
Soothe not their Taste with wanton Art;
They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful Heart.

If those who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
No high and sparkling Wines can boast;
With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
And crown them with the Village Toast.

If those who join in Shepherd's Sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd Ground,
Have not the Splendor of a Court;
Yet Love adorns the merry Round.

S O N G LXXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne, in the Oratorio of ALFRED the GREAT.

THE Shepherd's plain Life,
Without Guilt, without Strife,
Can only true Blessings impart:
As Nature directs,
That Bliss he expects
From Health, and from Quiet of Heart.

Vain Grandeur and Pow'r,
Those Joys of an Hour,
Tho' Mortals are toiling to find;
Can Titles or Show
Contentment bestow?
All Happiness dwells in the Mind.

Behold the gay Rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the Depth of the Vale.
Yon Oak, that on high
Aspires to the Sky,
Both Lightning and Tempests assail.

D U E T T O.

DUETTO.

Then let us the Snare
Of Ambition beware,
That Source of Vexation and Smart ;
And sport on the Glade,
Or repose in the Shade,
With Health, and with Quiet of Heart.

SONG LXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Beard at Ranelagh.

AS Colin rang'd early one Morning in Spring,
To hear the Wood's Choristers warble and sing;
Young *Phæbe* he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet Melody sung the fair Maid :
And thus, &c.

Of all my Experience how vast the Amount,
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count !
Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these Years, and yet still be a Maid ?
To live, &c.

Ye Heroes triumphant by Land and by Sea,
Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me ;
Of Prowess approv'd, of no Dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid ?
Will you, &c.

Ye Counsellors sage, who, with eloquent Tongue,
Can do what you please, with Right and with Wrong ;
Can it be or by Law, or by Equity said,
That a comely young Girl ought to die an old Maid ?
That a comely, &c.

Ye

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a Maid,
Who is sick, &c.

Ye Fops, I invoke not to list' to my Song,
Who answer no End, and to no Sex belong,
Ye Echoes of Echo, ye Shadows of Shade ;
For if I had you, I might still be a Maid.
For if, &c.

Young *Colin* was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd Relief, like a kind-hearted Swain ;
And *Phæbe*, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a Maid.
Of being neglected, and dying a Maid.

S O N G LXXXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

RESOLV'D, as her Poet, of *Celia* to sing,
For Emblems of Beauty I search'd thro' the
Spring ;

To Flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet Maid,
But Flowers, tho' blooming, at Ev'ning may fade.
Of Sunshine and Breezes I next thought to write,
Of Breezes so calm, and of Sunshine so bright ;
But these with my Fair no Resemblance wild hold,
For the Sun sets at Night, and Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Evening array'd in pale Blue,
While the Sun-Beams behind them peep'd glittering
through,

Tho' to rival her Charms they can never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like *Celia's*
sweet Eyes :

Ye

These

These Beauties are transient ; but *Celia's* will last,
When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn, are
past ;

For Sense and Good-Humour no Season disarms,
And the Soul of my *Celia* enlivens her Charms.

At length on a Fruit-Tree a Blossom I found,
Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance around.
I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my Pray'r :
This Blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my Fair ;
These Colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate Texture, and ravishing Smell,
Be her Person's dear Emblem : But where shall I find,
In Nature, a Beauty that equals her Mind ?

This Blossom, now pleasing, at Summer's gay Call
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall ;
But behind it the Fruit, its Successor, shall rise,
By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous Disguise :
So *Celia*, when Youth, that gay Blossom, is o'er,
By her Virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry Beauty, that brighten'd her Prime,
When her Merit is ripen'd by Love, and by Time.

SONG LXXXVIII.

*Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mrs. Scot, in the DESERT
ISLAND.*

WHAT tho' his Guilt my Heart hath torn,
Yet lovely is his Mien ;
His Eyes, mild op'ning as the Morn,
Around each Grace is seen.
But, oh ! ye Nymphs, your Loves ne'er let him win,
For, oh ! Deceit and Falshood dwell within.

From his red Lip his Accents stole,
More soft than vernal Snows ;
They melting came, and in the Soul
Desire and Joy arose :

But

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But, oh ! ye Nymphs, ne'er listen to his Art,
For, oh ! base Falshood rankles in his Heart.

He left me in this lonely State,

He fled and left me here,

Another *Ariadne's* Fate,

To mourn the live-long Year.

He fled ; but, oh ! what Pains the Heart must prove,
Reviling thus the Crimes of him we love !

S O N G LXXXIX.

The HEROIC FAIR.

AWAY with soft Sighs ! for our Danger alarms !
Our Country solicits our Smiles to its Aid ;
Let our Beauty inspirit its Vot'ries to Arms,
And Heroes alone win the Heart of the Maid.

Last Month my dear *Colin*, with Tear-swimming Eyes,
Pres'd my Hand, while he look'd a whole Volume
of Woe ;

Ev'n then (for my Heart never wore a Disguise)
If you love me, said I, go and conquer the Foe.

Go, and rush to the Fight, go and conquer the Foe ;
Securing your Country's, secure your own Bliss ;
Love shall nerve your bold Arm, Love shall prosper
each Blow,

And the Ruin of *France* shall secure you a Kiss.

Go then ! He obey'd, resolv'd not to stay,
But pres'd my Lips first ; how else could we part ?
I sigh'd him Success, as the Youth went away ;
For his Worth had secur'd ev'ry Wish of my Heart.

If by my Example my Sex was inspir'd,
No Nation would dare to provoke *British* Rage ;
Our Swains with true Courage would always be fir'd,
And our Smiles create Heroes in every Age.

S O N G

SONG XC.

*Set by Mr. Worgan.**Sung by Mr. Lowe, in THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.*

YE Fair, who shine thro' *Britain's* Isle,
 And triumph o'er the Heart;
 For once attentive be a while
 To what I now impart.
 Would you obtain the Youth you love,
 The Precepts of a Friend approve,
 And learn the Way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
 The Bloom of eighteen Years,
 And *Isabel* from School is freed,
 Then Beauty's Force appears;
 The youthful Blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for Man, and longs to know
 The surest Way to keep him.

When first the pleasing Pain is felt
 Within the Lover's Breast;
 And you by strange Persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With Prudence lure the happy Boy,
 And that's the Way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park, or Play,
 Assume a modest Pride;
 And, lest your Tongue your Mind betray,
 In fewer Words confide:
 The Maid, who thinks to gain a Mate
 By giddy Chat, will find too late,
 That's not the Way to keep him.

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In Dressing ne'er the Hours kill,
That Bane to all the Sex ;
Nor let the Arts of dear *Spadille*
Your Innocence perplex.

Be always decent as a Bride ;
By virtuous Rules your Reason guide ;
For that's the Way to keep him.

But when the nuptial Knot is fast,
And both its Blessings share,
To make those Joys for ever last,
Of Jealousy beware ;
His Love with kind Compliance meet ;
Let Constancy the Work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G XCI.

An ODE for the LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

B RITONS, attend ; I sing, in merry Lay,
The Feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's Day :
What Surfeits caught, what Feeding when they dine ;
What sober Citizens get drunk by Nine ;
What Sights are seen ; what Rattling, Fufs and Noise,
Of Coaches, Carts, Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,
Who Streets, Bulks, Windows, Tops of Houses throng,
To view his Lordship pass in State along.

AIR.

(Oh ! London is a fine Town, &c.)

Oh ! Lord-Mayor's Show, so brave and gay, does
Honour to the City ;
And Old and Young, and Rich and Poor, must own
'tis vastly pretty,
To see the gilded Coach and Six, and Man in Ar-
mour ride,
In Pomp and Splendor, from *Guildhall*, unto the
Water-side.

And

And when, in Barges closely pent, such Plenty of
good Cheer,

What Pity 'tis so fine a Sight should come but once
a Year!

Oh! Lord-Mayor's Show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The Bustle o'er, the Cavalcade gone by,
The Mob dispers'd, *To Dinner's* all the Cry.
With hasten'd Steps, as keenest Hunger calls,
The starv'd Mechanics seek their diff'rent Halls;
At the full groaning Board each takes his Seat,
With brandish'd Knife and Fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

(*Ghosts of every Occupation, &c.*)

Cits of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Age and ev'ry Station,
Parsons, Justices of Quorum,
All with Napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Press to have their Plates fill'd first:
With the Victuals here such Work is,
Snatching Turtle, Geese, and Turkeys
Hares with Puddings in their Bellies,
Cheesecakes, Custards, Tarts and Jellies:

Bawling, swearing,

Cutting, tearing,

Sweating, puffing,

Licking, stuffing,

Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their Prowess now in eating having prov'd,
The Dishes empty'd, and the Cloth remov'd;
Again the Table smiles with Wine and Ale,
And Toasts and Bumpers ev'ry where prevail;
Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring lie,
And some with jovial Songs old Care defy.

AIR.

AIR.

(*Come hither, my Country'Squire, &c.*)

Come fill the Glas to the Brink;
Brisk Wine soon away Sorrow drives:
Like Cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
Confusion to Bailiffs and Wives.

CHORUS.

Such Soaking, such Smoaking, and Joking,
Such Guzzling here you see;
The Buck and furr'd Gown together sit down,
And all are good Company.

To enjoy Life while we may,
I'll prove from the Scripture, is right;
Old *Lot* us'd, they say, to fuddle all Day,
And lie with his Doxy at Night.

CHORUS.

Such Soaking, such Smoaking, and Joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious Grape too potent grows;
Mirth and Good-Humour turn to Words and Blows;
Now *Rogue* and *Cuckold* through the Hall resound,
And Wigs, and Canes, and Cravats strew the Ground;
Till bright *Aurora* rears her rosy Head,
And bids the noisy Crew reel home to Bed:

AIR.

(*There was a jovial Beggar, &c.*)

Let Heroes, both by Land and Sea,
Their Deeds in Battle boast;
They only Fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.

Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go,
Then a guttling we will go.

E

In

In Story we are told of one,
 An Ox flew with his Fist ;
 Then at a Meal he eat him up ;
 Gods ! what a glorious Twist !
 Then a guttling, &c.

If then good Eating's so renown'd,
 Be this each *Briton's* Pray'r,
 " God blefs the Court of Aldermen,
 " The Sheriffs, and Lord-Mayor,
 " When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,
 " When a guttling they do go."

S O N G XCII.

KITTY ; or, *The Female Phaëton.*

Set by Dr. Arne. Words by Mr. Prior. Sung at Vauxhall.

FAIR *Kitty* beautiful and young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the Fair from whence she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd :
 Inflam'd with Rage and sad Restraint,
 Which wise Mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about
 And visit with her Cousins ?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens ?

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What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden Charms to boast,
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a Toast ?
 While I am scarce a Toast ?
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a Toast ?

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try ;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why :
 Fond Love prevail'd, Mamma gave way ;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire,
 And set the World on Fire.
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

S O N G X C I I I .

THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my Teens, and threw Play-
 Things aside,
 I conceiv'd myself Woman, and fit for a Bride ;
 By the Men I was flatter'd, my Pride to enhance,
 For the Maids will believe, and the Men will ro-
 mance.

They swore that my Eyes the bright Di'mond ex-
 cell'd,
 Such a Face, and such Tresses, sure ne'er were beheld !
 That to gaze on my Neck was all Rapture and Trance !
 Oh! the Maids will believe, and the Men will ro-
 mance.

E z

Young

Young *Polydore* saw me one Night at the Ball,
 And swore, to my Charms he a Conquest must fall;
 On his Kneès he entreated my Hand for a Dance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the Pastime was o'er,
 And declar'd he ne'er saw so much Beauty before;
 He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will romance.

Then Day after Day I his Company had:
 At length he declar'd all his Flame to my Dad;
 But my Father lov'd Money, and would not advance,
 And reply'd to my Lover, Young Men will romance.

But tho' my Papa would not give us a Shilling,
 My *Polydore* swore he to wed me was willing;
 So to Church we both went, and at Night had a
 Dance,

And, believe me, my *Polydore* did not romance.

S O N G XCIV.

The SHEPHERDESS. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Seek my Shepherd gone astray;
 He left our Cot the other Day:
 Tell me, ye gentle Nymphs and Swains,
 Pass'd the dear Rebel through your Plains?
 Oh! whither, whither, must I roam,
 To find and charm the Wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the shaven Green,
 Or joys he in the Mountain Scene?
 Leads he his Flocks along the Mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler Shade?
 Oh! teach a wretched Nymph the Way
 To find her Lover gone astray.

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To paint, ye Maids, my truant Swain ;
 A manly Softness crowns his Mien ;
Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis Heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing Poison shun,
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no Time shall quench his Flame ;
 To me the Perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my Heart an easy Prize ;
 And when he tun'd his Syren Voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by Choice.

But fated now he shuns the Kiss
 He counted once his greatest Bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer Passions burn,
 And pant and die for his Return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying Love ?

S O N G XCV.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE Fair possess'd of ev'ry Charm
 To captivate the Will ;
 Whose Smiles can Rage itself disarm,
 Whose Frowns at once can kill ;
 Say, will you deign the Verse to hear,
 Where Flatt'ry bears no Part ;
 An honest Verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the Heart ?

Great is your Pow'r ; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a Net,
 Ye all could make a Cage :

Each Nymph a thousand Hearts may take ;
 For who's to Beauty blind ?
 But to what End a Pris'ner make,
 Unless we've Strength to bind ?

Attend the Counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best Art, the Art to hold,
 And lock the Lover's Chain.
 Gamesters to little Purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' Beauty may the Charm begin,
 'Tis Sweetness makes it last.

S O N G XCVI.

HAIL, Masonry, thou Craft divine ;
 Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd ;
 Which doth with Jewels precious shine,
 From all but Masons Eyes conceal'd.

CHORUS.

Thy Praises due who can rehearse,
 In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse ?

As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
 A Mason other Men excels ;
 For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
 But in his Breast securely dwells ?
 His silent Breast and faithful Heart
 Preserve the Secrets of the Art.

From scorching Heat, and piercing Cold,
 From Beasts whose Roar the Forest rends,
 From the Assaults of Warriors bold,
 The Mason's Art Mankind defends.
 Be to this Art due Honour paid,
 From which Mankind receives such Aid.

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Ensigns of State, that feed our Pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain !
 By Masons true are laid aside :
 Art's free-born Sons such Toys disdain,
 Ennobled by the Name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free,
 Friendly Converse of Brotherhood,
 The Lodge's lasting Cement be,
 Which has for Ages firmly stood.
 A Lodge thus built for Ages pass
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our Songs be Justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the Art,
 From *Jabel* down to *Burlington* ;
 And let each Brother bear a Part.
 Let noble Masons Health go round,
 Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.

S O N G XCVII.

KITTY FELL. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHILE Beaus to please the Ladies write,
 Or Bards to get a Dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd Passions tell ;
 Let me in humble Verse proclaim
 My Love for her who bears the Name
 Of charming *Kitty Fell*.
 Charming *Kitty*, lovely *Kitty*,
 Oh—charming *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

That *Kitty*'s beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas ! I know full well :
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The Dart more sharp than pointed Steel,
 That came from *Kitty Fell*.
 Charming *Kitty*, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by Reason's Aid,
To cure the Wounds which Love had made,
And bade a long Farewel :
But t'other Day she cross'd the Green ;
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming *Kitty Fell*.
Charming *Kitty*, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that Way :
To Church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :
Why, don't you hear the Bell ?
To Church—oh ! take me with thee there,
I pray'd : She would not hear my Prayer,
Ah ! cruel *Kitty Fell*.
Cruel *Kitty*, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,
Condemn'd in Chains to dwell :
For tho' she casts a scornful Eye,
In Death my fault'ring Tongue will cry,
Adieu ! dear *Kitty Fell*.
Charming *Kitty*, cruel *Kitty*,
Adieu, sweet *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

S O N G XCVIII.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

*Taken from a celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr.
Hogarth.*

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the Gate of Calais, *Hogarth* tells,
Where sad Despair and Famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame *Grandfire's* Cook,
As home he steer'd his Carcase, that Way took ;
Bending beneath the Weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
Good Father *Dominick* by chance came by,
With rosy Gills, round Paunch, and greedy Eye ;
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Who, when he first beheld the greasy Load,
His Benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid Fat his Fingers prefs'd.
He lick'd his Chaps, and thus the Knight address'd.

AIR.

(*A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast Beef! lov'd by all Mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my Mind,
And swimming in thy Gravy,
Not all thy Country's Force combin'd
Should from my Fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The Theme of *English* Ballad ;
On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's Palate :
Then how much doth thy Taste exceed
Soup-meagre, Frogs and Sallad !

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd Soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a Sight before had never seen,
Like *Garrick's* frighted *Hamlet*, gaping stood,
And gaz'd with Wonder on the *British* Food.
His Morning's Mefs forsook the friendly Bowl,
And in small Streams along the Pavement stole.
He heav'd a Sigh, which gave his Heart Relief,
And then in plaintive Tone declar'd his Grief.

AIR.

(*Foot's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
Begar it is de roast Beet from *Londre* ;
Oh ! grant to me von letel Bite.

But to my Guts if you give no Heeding,
And cruel Fate dis Boon denies ;
In kind Compassion unto my Pleading,
Return, and let me feast my Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His Fellow-guard, of right *Hibernian* Clay,
Whose brazen Front his Country did betray,
From *Tyburn's* fatal Tree had hither fled,
By honest Means to gain his daily Bread.
Soon as the well-known Prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring Accents dolefully he cry'd,

AIR.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet Beef, that now causes my Stomach to rise,
Sweet Beef, that now causes my Stomach to rise,
So taking thy Sight is,
My Joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by Pailfuls runs out at my Eyes.
While here I remain, my Life's not worth a Farthing,
While here I remain, my Life's not worth a Farthing.
Ah hard-hearted *Loui* !
Why did I come to you ?
The Gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the Ground hard by poor *Sarwey* fate,
Who fed his Nose, and scratch'd his ruddy Pate ;
But when *Old England's* Bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd Mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
With lifted Hand he bless'd his native Place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his Case.

AIR.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, Oh ! *Sawney*, is thy Lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such Meat as can't be got,
 When Hunger is so great !
 O the Beef ! the bonny Beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a Slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down !

Ah *Charley* ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the De'el had pick'd mine Ey'n,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
 O the Beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my Muse to *England* takes her Flight,
 Where Health and Plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling Freedom guards great *George's* Throne,
 And Whips, and Chains, and Tortures are not known.
 Tho' *Britain's* Fame in loftiest Strains should ring,
 In rustic Fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a Time a young Frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large Ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his Size he could quickly attain.
 O the Roast Beef of *Old England*,
 And O the *Old English* Roast Beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little Frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old Dame,
 Cry'd " Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

But

But deaf to Advice he for Glory did thirst ;
 An Effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

Then, *Britons*, be valiant, the Moral is clear ;
 The Ox is *Old England* ; the Frog is Monsieur,
 Whose Puffs and Bravadoes we need never fear.
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

For while by our Commerce and Arts we are able
 To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our Table,
 The *French* may e'en burst like the Frog in the Fable.
 O the Roast Beef of *Old England*,
 And O the *Old English* Roast Beef.

S O N G XCIX.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Brent in the Jovial Crew.

HOW few, like you, would dare advise
 To trust the Town's deluding Arts,
 Where Love in daily Ambush lies,
 And triumphs over heedless Hearts !

How few, like us, would thus deny
 T' indulge the tempting dear Delight,
 Where daily Pleasures charm the Eye,
 And Joys superior crown the Night !

S O N G C.

ODE to MAY. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

FAIREST Daughter of the Day,
 Lovely Goddess, sprightly May ;
 Hither come with Roses crown'd,
 Painting where you tread the Ground.

At

At the lov'd Approach of thee,
Shoots the Mulb'ry, luscious Tree ;
Vines their ruddier Leaves unfold,
Nor the Fig-tree dreads the Cold.

Nymph divine, behold the Flowers
Rise to grace thy vernal Showers ;
Woodbines spangled o'er with Dew,
Deck their Arborets for you.

Tulips rear their glitt'ring Heads,
Pinks adorn the fragrant Beds,
And the silver Lilies swell,
And the golden Asphodel.

Goddeſs, with thy Veſt of Green,
Goddeſs, with thy youthful Mien,
Come, and bring thy Mines of Wealth,
Gladneſs and her Parent Health ;

Bring along ~~the~~ Virgin Train,
Chace away grim Care and Pain :
Now the Loves and Graces all
Throng obedient to thy Call.

S O N G C I.

*Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miſs Brent in the Jovial
Crew.*

AT Night by Moon-Light on the Plain,
With Rapture, how I've ſeen,
Attended by her harmleſs Train,
The little Fairy Queen
Her Midnight Revels ſweetly keep !
While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep,
They trip it o'er the Green.

And

And when they danc'd their chearful Round,
 The Morning would disclose,
 For where their nimble Feet do bound,
 Each Flow'r unbidden grows ;
 The Daisy (fair as Maids in *May*)
 The Cowslip in his Gold Array,
 And blushing Vi'let rose.

S O N G C H.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

SURE a Lass in her Bloom, at the Age of Nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;
 I know not I vow any Harm I have done,
 But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun,
 But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a Pity a Girl such as I,
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry?
 With Ways so devout I'm not like *as* be won,
 And my Heart it loves Frolic too well for a Nun.
 And my Heart, &c.

To hear the Men flatter, and promise, and swear,
 Is a thousand Times better to me, I declare ;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by Wiles be undone ;
 Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.
 Nay, besides, &c.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
 To live or to die in this Case were all one,
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun,
 Nay, I sooner, &c.

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Perhaps, but to teaze me, she threatens me so ;
 I'm sure, was she me, she would stoutly say No :
 But, if she's in Earnest, I from her will run,
 And be married, in Spite, that I mayn't be a Nun,
 And be married, in Spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

S O N G C H E.

The SPINNING WHEEL.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Colin*, fishing near the Mill,
 Saw *Sally* undearneath the Hill,
 Whose Heart Love's tender Pow'r cou'd feel,
 Whose Heart Love's tender Pow'r cou'd feel.
 The Mill was stopt, no Miller there :
 She smil'd to see the Youth appear,
 She smil'd to see the Youth appear,
 But turn'd about her Spinning-wheel,
 But turn'd about her Spinning-wheel.

Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom ;
 Thy Breath is like the Spring's Perfume ;
 On thy sweet Lips my Love I'll seal,
 On thy sweet, &c.
 Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,
 Are like to *Sally's* Breast and Neck,
 Are like, &c.
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel,
 But still, &c.

Tho' fair one, Beauty's transient Pow'r
 Fades like the new-blown gaudy Flow'r ;
 Not so where Virtue loves to dwell,
 Not so, &c.

For

For where sweet Modesty appears,
 We never see the Vale of Years,
 We never, &c.
 She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning-wheel,
 She smil'd, &c.

The Pomp of State, the Pride of Wealth,
 Says she, I scorn for Peace and Health,
 Where honest Labour earns her Meal,
 Where honest, &c.

Who tells the Flatt'rer's common Tale,
 Can never o'er my Heart prevail,
 Can never, &c.
 And make me leave my Spinning-wheel,
 And make, &c.

The Swain who loves the virtuous Mind,
 Alone can make young Sally kind ;
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel.
 It is the Voice, says he, of Love,
 Come hasten to yon Church above,
 Come hasten to yon Church above.
 She blush'd and left her Spinning-wheel,
 She blush'd and left her Spinning-wheel.

SONG CIV.

The SHEPHERD. Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive Train I'll join ;
 Adieu ! ye rural Sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have Griefs like mine
 With Pastimes or Delights to do ?
 Let Hearts at Ease such Pleasures prove,
 But I am all Despair and Love.

Ah

Ah well a day ! how chang'd am I !
 When late I seiz'd the rural Reed,
 So soft my Strains, the Herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed ;
 But now my Strains no longer move,
 They're Discord all, Despair and Love.

Behold around my straggling Sheep,
 The fairest once upon the Lea ;
 No Swain to guide, no Dog to keep,
 Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me ;
 The Shepherds mourn to see them rove,
 They ask the Cause, I answer, Love.

Neglected Love first taught my Eyes
 With Tears of Anguish to o'erflow ;
 'Tis that which fill'd my Breast with Sighs,
 And turn'd my Pipe to Notes of Woe ;
 Love has occasion'd all my Smart,
 Dispers'd my Flock, and broke my Heart.

S O N G C V.

The RARITIES of LONDON. A MEDLY.

(Gebo Dobbin.)

C OME Roger, and listen to where I have been,
 Ize tell thee what wonderful Zights I have zeen ;
 Such Places for Pastime, as now bear Renown,
 In that famous Zity, call'd fair London Town.

Oh brave London ! Oh sweet London !

In that famous Zity, call'd fair London Town.

(John and Betty.)

First you must know,

That we did go

Into the Zity ;

And zaw, not far

From Temple-Bar,

The Wax-work pretty.

(I made

(*I made love to Kate, &c.*)

Then they carried me
To Church built by St. Paul;
Tho' Thousands I did see,
'Twas bigger than 'em all;
And up the winding Stairs,
Amaz'd, we did ascend;
So many, waunds! I thought
We ne'er should zee an End;
But how I gap'd and star'd,
When to the Top we came!
Had you been in my Place,
Why you'd have done the same.

(*Tom loves Mary passing well, &c.*)

To Guild-Hall next we did repair,
That we might view the Giants;
They told me they stood always there,
To bid the French Defiance;
That when they heard the Clock strike One,
They would come down and greet me:
I cod! I did not like such Vun,
I was afraid they'd eat me.

(*Stick a Pin there.*)

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
The Lions, the Armour, and Crown to behold;
When the Show-man at last bid the Lasses so fair,
In old Harry's Pincushion stick a Pin there,
Stick a Pin there, &c.

(*My fond Shepherds of late, &c.*)

Back to Westminster-Abbey we stray'd,
Where are zeen all the Kings, Queens, and Tombs;
But I never zaw, since I was made,
Such a Number of deadly high Rooms;

Then

Then the Organs play'd up too so fine ;
 What the Boys sung, I understood not ;
 But the People in Chorus did join,
 That in Heaven I thought I was got.

(The Attic Fire.)

At Play-house too I did admire
 A Man who walk'd upon a Wire,
 As though it was the Ground ;
 And then the Sails of our old Mill,
 When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still,
 So vast he did turn round.

(Kitty Fell.)

But now the Time, alas ! was come,
 When I must think of going home,
 Ah me, unhappy Clown !
 I dreamt of what I'd zeen all Night,
 And early by the Morning Light,
 I left dear *London Town*.
 Charming *London !* happy *London !*
 Adieu ! dear *London ! London Town*.

S O N G C V I .

NO Nymph that trips the verdant Plains,
 With *Sally* can compare ;
 She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
 And rivals all the Fair :
 The Beams of *Sol* delight and clear,
 While Summer Seasons roll :
 But *Sally's* Smiles can all the Year
 Give Pleasure to the Soul.

When

When from the East the Morning Ray
 Illumes the World below,
 Her Presence bids the God of Day
 With Emulation glow :
 Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
 Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;
 The playful Lambkins skip around,
 And hail the Sister fair.

The Lark but strains his livid Throat,
 To bid the Maid rejoice ;
 And mimicks, while he swells his Note,
 The Sweetness of her Voice :
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
 While *Flora* she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry Flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for *Sally* bloom.

The am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
 From Morn to Eve their Tale ;
 Her Beauty and unspotted Fame
 Make vocal every Vale ;
 The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
 Her echo'd Name conveys ;
 And ev'ry Voice, and every Reed,
 Is tun'd to *Sally's* Praise.

No more shall blithsome Lads and Swain,
 To mirthful Wake resort ;
 Nor ev'ry May-Morn on the Plain,
 Advance in rural Sport :
 No more shall gush the purling Rill,
 Nor Music wake the Grove,
 Nor Flocks look snow-like on the Hill,
 When I forget to love.

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S O N G C V I I.

The HONEST FELLOW. Set by Dr. ARNE.

PHO! Pox o'this Nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your *Phyllis* and *Chloe* no more;
 Their Face, and their Air, and their Mien, what
 a Rout!

Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bottle about.
 Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bottle about.

Let finical Fops play the Fool and the Ape;
 They dare not confide in the Juice of the Grape,
 But we honest Fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
 Of puling for Love, while he's able to drink?
 Of puling, &c.

'Tis Wine, only Wine, that true Pleasure bestows,
 Our Joys it increaseth, and lightens our Woes;
 Remember what Toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The Man that is drunk is as great as a King.
 The Man, &c.

If *Cupid* assaults you, there's Law for his Tricks,
Anacreon's Cases see, Page Twenty-six;
 The Precedent's glorious, and just by my Soul;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young Dog in a Bowl.
 Lay hold, &c.

What's Life but a Frolick, a Song, and a Laugh?
 My Toast shall be this whilst I've Liquor to quaff;
 May Mirth and good Fellowship always abound;
 Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it go round.
 Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it go round.

S O N G.

CVIII.

The PHOENIX. Set by Dr. Arne.

A MANDA's fair, by all confess'd ;
 Her Skin soft, snowy, white,
 As Down, that cloaths the Turtle's Breast ;
 Her Eyes like Di'monds bright ;
 Yet farther still the Nymph excels
 In each celestial Grace,
 That midst the Heart's soft Lab'rinth dwells,
 Or in the Soul takes Place.

How much superior Beauty awes,
 The coldest Bosoms find ;
 But with resistless Force it draws,
 To Sense and Virtue join'd.
 The Casket, where to outward Show
 The Artist's Hand is seen,
 Is doubly valued when we know
 It hold a Gems within.

S O N G C I X.

A HUNTING SONG.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the Horn calls away ;
 Come the Grave, come the Gay ;
 Wake to Music that wakens the Skies,
 Quit the Bondage of Sloth, and arise.

Air.

AIR.

From the East breaks the Morn,
 See the Sun-beams adorn
 The wild Heath, and the Mountains so high,
 The wild Heath, and the Mountains so high;
 Shrilly opes the staunch Hound,
 The Steed neighs to the Sound,
 And the Floods and the Vallies reply,
 And the Floods and the Vallies reply.

Our Forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their Greatness of Blood,
 By encount'ring the Hart and the Boar,
 By encount'ring, &c.
 Ruddy Health bloom'd the Face,
 Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,
 And taught Woodlands and Forests to roar,
 And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble Descent,
 Hills and Wilds we frequent,
 Where the Bosom of Nature's reveal'd,
 Where the, &c.
 Tho' in Life's busy Day,
 Man of Man makes a Prey,
 Still let our's be the Prey of the Field,
 Still let our's, &c.

With the Chace in full Sight,
 Gods! how great the Delight!
 How our mortal Sensations refine!
 How our, &c.

Where is Care, where is Fear?
 Like the Winds, in the Rear,
 And the Man's lost in something divine,
 And the Man's, &c.

AIR.

Now

Now to Horse, my brave Boys ;
 Lo ! each pants for the Joys,
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 Then at Eve we'll dismount,
 Tolls and Pleasures recount,
 And renew the Chace over the Bowl,
 And renew the Chace over the Bowl.

S O N G C X.

The FRUITLESS ENDEAVOUR.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN gentle *Harriot* first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential Awe,
 I felt my Bosom mov'd ;
 Her easy Shape, her charming Face,
 She smil'd and talk'd with so much Grace,
 I gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd.

Up to the busy Town I flew,
 And wander'd all its Pleasures thro',
 In hopes to ease my Care :
 The busy Town but mocks my Pain,
 Its gayest Pleasures all are vain,
 For *Harriot* haunts me there.

The Labours of the learned Sage,
 The comic Humour of the Stage,
 By turns my Time employ ;
 I relish not the Sage's Lore,
 The Stage's Humour please no more,
 For *Harriot's* all my Joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial Throng,
 Sometimes the Female Train among,
 To chase her Form away ;

The jovial Throng is noisy, rude,
Nor other Female dares intrude
Where *Harriot* bears a Sway.

Since then nor Art nor Learning can,
Nor Company of Maid or Man,
For Want of thee atone;
O come, with all thy conqu'ring Charms,
O come! and take me to thy Arms,
For thou art all in one.

S O N G CXI.

A BALLAD in the Modern Taste. Set by Dr. Arne.

ONE Morning young *Roger* accosted me thus,
Come here, pretty Maiden, and give me a Buss;
Lord! Fellow, said I, mind your Plough and your
Cart;
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
thank you for nothing with all my Heart.

Well, then to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a Box with a Paper of Snuff;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much Art,
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my Heart.

He said, if so be, he might make me his Wife—
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my Life;
Yet could not help laughing to see the Fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my Heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my Consent,
And with him on Sunday to Chapel I went,
But said 'twas my Goodness, more than his Desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my Heart.

The Parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of Honour, and Love and Obey;
But faith, when his Reverence came to that Part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my Heart.

At Night our brisk Neighbours the Stocking would
throw.

I must not tell Tales, but I know what I know;
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his Smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my Heart.

S O N G CXII.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

ATTEND, ye Nymphs, while I impart
The secret Wishes of my Heart,
And tell what Swain, if one there be,
Whom Fate designs for Love and me.

Let Reason o'er his Thoughts preside,
Let Honour all his Actions guide;
Stedfast in Virtue let him be,
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let solid Sense inform his Mind,
With pure Good-Nature sweetly join'd;
Sure Friend to modest Merit be
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive Sigh,
Where Grief bedews the drooping Eye,
Melting in Sympathy I see
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

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Let fordid Av'rice claim no Part
 Within his tender, gen'rous Heart ;
 Oh ! be that Heart from Falshood free,
 Devoted all to Love and me.

☞ Every Verse to be repeated.

S O N G CXIII.

CURE for the VAPOURS.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

WHY will *Delia* thus retire,
 And languish all her Life away
 While the sighing Crowd admire,
 'Tis too soon for Hartshorn-tea,
 'Tis too soon for Hartshorn-tea :
 All those dismal Looks and Fretting
 Cannot *Damon's* Life restore ;
 Long ago the Worms have eat him ;
 You can never see him more,
 You can never see him more.
 Long ago the Worms have eat him ;
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your Toilette,
 In the Glass your Face review ;
 So much Weeping soon will spoil it,
 And no Spring your Charms renew,
 And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a Woman,
 Well I know what Vapours mean ;
 The Disease, alas ! is common,
 Single we have all the Spleen.
 Single, &c.

All the Morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the Sorrow yet:
Chuse, among the pretty Fellows,
One of Humour, Youth and Wit,
One of, &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry Morning,
At the least an Hour or two;
Once again at Night returning,
—I believe the Dose will do,
—I believe the Dose will do.
Once again at Night returning,
—I believe the Dose will do.

S O N G CXIV.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

HARK! the Birds begin their Lay,
Flowrets deck the Robe of May;
See the little Lambkins bound,
Playful o'er the Clover-ground;
While the Heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow Cowslips blow;
While the Heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow Cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs and Swains advance,
O'er the Lawn in perfect Dance;
Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough
Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow;
While the Lasses, in Array,
Wait upon the Queen of May;
While the, &c.

Innocence, Content and Love,
Fill the Meadows and the Grove;
Mirth that never wears a Frown,
Health with Sweetness all her own;

Labour

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Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toil;
Labour puts, &c.

Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know!
Monarchs cannot such bestow;
Love improves each happy Hour,
Grandeur has not such in Store.
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence;
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.

S O N G CXV.

CELIA'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT Sadness reigns over the Plain!
How droop the sweet Flowrets around!
How pensive each Nymph and each Swain!
How silent each musical Sound!
No more the soft Lute in the Bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool Ev'nings away;
Sad Sighs measure out the long Hours,
Since *Damon* has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our Village's Pride,
This Change from his Absence is seen;
Twas he that our Music supply'd,
When gayly we danc'd on the Green:
At Shearing, at Wake, and at Fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry Feast in the Year
Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hostile Alarms?
No Justice oblig'd him roam,
Or take up those terrible Arms;

Let those who are cruel and rough,
Be heedless of Life, and of Limb;
The Country had Soldiers enough,
Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where e'er the Adventurer goes,
On Land or the dangerous Main,
Kind Heaven protect him from Woes,
And give him to *Celia* again.
Oh! give him to *Celia* again,
My true Love in Safety restore;
I'll cease on his Breast to complain,
From my Arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G CXVI.

Sung by Miss Brent and Mr. Lowe at Vauxhall.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

DAMON.

COME, my *Laura*, heav'nly Maid,
To this cool refreshing Shade,
Where the Vi'let, Pink, and Rose,
All their blooming Sweets disclose;
See, the Nymphs and Swains are met,
Happy in the cool Retreat;
Hail to Mirth, and am'rous Play,
'This is Shepherd's Holiday.

LAURA.

Wander then, ye giddy Flocks,
O'er the Hill, or 'mongst the Rocks;
From her Shepherd, Night or Day,
Laura never means to stray:
Come, begin, ye sportive Throng,
Tune the Pipe and raise the Song;
Celebrate, without Delay,
'This our Shepherd's Holiday.

DAMON

DAMON.

Sound the rattling Tabor, sound,
 Let my *Laura's* Health go round ;
 Kinder she than vernal Show'rs,
 Sweeter far than May-born Flow'rs :
 Dimpl'd Smiles and heav'nly Truth
 Join t' adorn her blooming Youth ;
 These soft Charms, without Allay,
 Crown the Shepherd's Holiday.

LAURA.

Happy *Laura* ! oh how blest,
 Thus of *Damon's* Love possess'd !
 Witness Hill, and Dale, and Grove,
 Here I plight eternal Love :
 Would the Gods on me bestow
 Pow'r to lighten human Woe,
Damon's Life should glide away,
 Like a Shepherd's Holiday.

SONG CXVII.

The MARQUIS of GRANBY.

THO' *Austria* and *Russia*, *France*, *Flanders* and
Prussia,

Have Heroes who claim Truth's Attention,
 In the Roll of fair Fame, as he took down each
 Name,

Some *Britons* I said he should mention :
 And since we have Men, who are worthy his Pen,
 Who for *England* act nobly as can be,
 When he saw me persist, then he open'd his List,
 And in Front stood the Marquis of *Granby*.

Old *Time* shook his Scythe as he tott'ring stood by,
His Iron Teeth dreadfully grated ;
But the sad-looking Crone clear'd his Brow from a
Frown,

When Fame had my Errand related :
The Cheeks of the Churl with a Smile seem'd to curl,
And he answer'd me pleasant as can be,
Saith the single-lock'd Seer, Friend, this Point's
pretty clear,
We all love the Marquis of *Granby*.

Like Curs in the Manger let Malcontents rave,
And talk how enfeebled our Race is,
That our Fathers were manly, were vig'rous and
brave,

And their Hearts we might read in their Faces,
What our Ancestors were, at present we are ;
I can prove it as plainly as can be :
Let them that would see what a *Briton* should be,
Behold but the Marquis of *Granby*.

Had the Cynic *Diogenes* liv'd to this Day,
He'd thrown down his Lanthorn to view him ;
He's esteem'd by the Good, and ador'd by the Gay,
And Foxhunters hark-away to him ;
By his Monarch sent over to break the *French* Cover,
With bold Pack, as stanch as stanch can be,
Of *British* True-Blues, to hunt the *French* Jews,
When led by the Marquis of *Granby*.

Bigot *Spain* hast vast Wealth ; fickle *France* has rich
Wines ;

The *Italians* show marvellous Banners ;
The *Indians* may boast of Em'rald-fill'd Mines ;
But *Lincolnshire* boasts of its *Manners* :

The

The Di'monds, when worn, the Wearer adorn,
 And sparkle as brilliant as can be ;
 But a Flash from such Toys is momentary Joys,
 For the Jewel of — is *Granby*.

Now the Hazards of War for a Season subside,
 His Country commands not his Duty :
 Blow, Winds, to his Wishes ; be Safety his Guide
 To *England*, Love, Friendship, and Beauty.
 From—what-d'ye-call—*Paderborn*, may he happy
 return,
 Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be ;
 What shall we say then ? why, there's *Granby* again ;
 And again to the Marquis of *Granby*.

S O N G CXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

FANNY, fairer than a Flow'r,
 But uncertain as the Wind,
 Ever trifling with her Pow'r,
 Meant alone to bless Mankind ;
 Now with Smiles her Face adorning,
 She to Love my Heart invites,
 She to Love my Heart invites ;
 But if Love I offer, scorning,
 She with Frowns my Passion flights,
 She with Frowns my Passion flights.

Oh ! thou God of pleasing Anguish,
 If indeed a God you be,
 Teach the Tyrant how to languish,
 Make her Heart and Eyes agree :

But if wilful she refuses
 To obey the Pow'rs divine,
 To obey the Pow'rs divine ;
 Make the Man whom first she chuses,
 Treat her Heart as she does mine,
 Treat her Heart as she does mine.

S O N G CXIX.

A NEW DIALOGUE in the SORCERER.

DEAREST *Daphne*, turn thine Eyes,
 Jocund Day begins to rise ;
 See the Morn with Roses crown'd,
 Sprinkling Dew-drops on the Ground :
 Love invites to yonder Grove,
 Where only Lovers dare to rove ;
 Let us haste, make no Delay,
Cupid's Call we must obey ;
 Let us haste, make no Delay,
Cupid's Call we must obey.

She. Ah, *Philander*, I'm afraid :
 There poor *Laura* was betray'd
 By young *Strephon's* subtle Wiles,
 Soothing Words, and artful Smiles :
 Simple Maids are soon undone,
 When their simple Hearts are won :
 Press me not ; I must away,
 And Honour's strict Commands obey.
 Press me not, &c.

He. Gentle *Daphne*, fear not you ;
 I'll be ever kind and true :
 Think no more of *Laura's* Fate,
 View yon Turtle and its Mate ;

See

See how freely they impart
The Impulse of each other's Heart :
Like them, my Fair, let's sport and play ;
Nature prompts us to obey.
Like them, &c.

She. Shepherd, I perceive your Aim,
You and *Strephon* are the same ;
You like him would me betray,
Should I trust whate'er you say.

He. If *Daphne* doubts, let *Hymen's* Bands
This Instant join our willing Hands.

She. The Invitation I obey,
And Love with Honour will repay.
The Invitation, &c.

Both. No longer then the Moments waste,
But to the Altar let us haste,
But to the Altar let us haste :
The Invitation we obey,
And Love with Honour each repay.
The Invitation we obey,
And Love with Honour each repay.

SONG CXX.

KITTY the NONPAREILLE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

OF Wars let other Rhymers talk ;
With *Fred'rick*, *Ferdinand*, and *Hawke*,
Fill each heroic Ditty,
Fill each heroic Ditty ;
At Distance from the blust'ring Throng,
All, all the Burthen of my Song
Shall be the Name of *Kitty*,
Shall be the Name of *Kitty*.

When first I saw her on the Plain,
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, and told my Pain;
 She sigh'd, and seem'd to pity;
 She sigh'd, &c.
 'Tis well the Nymph that wounds can cure;
 Yes, my poor Heart, or else I'm sure
 'Twere Death to look on *Kitty*,
 'Twere Death, &c.

Ye tasteless Slaves of Passion, dwell
 On Lady *Di*, and Lady *Bell*,
 The Great, the Rich, the Witty;
 The Great, &c.
 But I'll be hang'd, at Play, at Ball,
 If they, or any of them all,
 Can cope with blooming *Kitty*,
 Can cope, &c.

When match'd with Nature's Dye, how faint
 The sickly Red and White of Paint!
 Can varnish'd Dolls be pretty?
 Can varnish'd Dolls, &c.
 Here Art would Nature but disguise;
 Ah! what are Di'monds to thine Eyes,
 My dear, my charming *Kitty*!
 My dear, &c.

Go, Fortune, with your Favours sport;
 Throw Titles to the Dogs at Court;
 Give Money in the City,
 Give Money in the City:
 But think not so to cozen me;
 I'm wiser, and will never be
 Content with less than *Kitty*,
 Content with less than *Kitty*.

Admiral

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Welcome

S O N G CXXI.

Admiral HAWKE's Welcome to Old England, 1759.

Written by Mr. LOCKMAN.

BEHOLD where *Britannia* points joyful her
Lance !
In Maritime Pomp, behold *Neptune* advance,
To land his lov'd Hero from the Coast of *France* !

CHORUS.

Welcome, brave *Hawke*, to Old England !
To Old England,
O welcome, brave *Hawke* !

His Hero, who more than two-thirds of the Year,
Despising *Constans*, before *Brest* did appear,
There brav'd Foes and Storms, ever Stranger to Fear:
Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

November the 20th, while Clouds rattling flew,
The *French*, who had meanly stole out, came in
View,
When, fierce as a Lion, to charge them he flew.
Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

Mid the Thunder of Winds, and the Rage of the
Sea,
Mid Rocks, Darknefs, all that can horrible be,
Yet a Battle to risk, how intrepid was he !
Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

But the Juncture he knew would admit no Delay ;
His Virtue, his Honour, cried, " Shew no Dismay,
" Since the Weal of Three Realms may depend on
" This Day."
Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

Loud bellow'd our Cannon; as loud th' Ocean roar'd;
 A Panic seiz'd ev'ry poor Monsieur on board,
 When the few that engag'd soon for Quarter implor'd.
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

Five Ships did reluctant the Combat sustain,
 While eight trembling sneak'd up the River *Vilaine*,
 And the rest flew like Feathers all over the Main.
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

The mighty Blow struck, all Invasion was o'er;
 The *French*, sure, will think of *Armada's* no more,
 But, Bankrupts complete, their own Folly deplore.
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

No more, hapless *Lewis*, thy Squadrons prepare:
 To face valiant *Hawke* not a Frenchman cou'd dare,
 Since himself took three Kings off Cape *Finisterre*.
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

Orford, *Torrington*, *Anson*, for Victories won,
 Found noble Reward, and with high Honours shone:
 How gracious a Course has our Admiral run!
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

With the Thanks of the King this great Action was
 crown'd,
 With the Thanks of the Commons their House did
 resound,
 And the Voice that pronounc'd them will fly the
 World round.
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

All hail, our bright *Æra*, the fam'd Fifty-nine!
 All hail, *Hawke's* Companions, how greatly ye shine!
 All hail, *George* the Second, what Glory is thine!
 Welcome, brave *Hawke*, &c.

S O N G CXXII.

LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

LONG Time my Heart had rov'd,
 Inconstant as the Wind;
 Each Girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,
 'Till one my Heart confin'd,
 'Till one my Heart confin'd.
 The Maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From Affectation free;
 The Maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From Affectation free:
 No Imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me;
 No Imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me.

When her my Pain I told,
 And all my Grief confess'd,
 The Insolence of female Pride
 Her cold Disdain express'd,
 Her cold, &c.
 The Beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd Deformity;
 The Beauty, &c.
 Each Charm I thought a Charm no more,
 She was unkind to me:
 Each Charm, &c.

Forbear, fond Youth, no more
 The Sex's Weakness scan;
 'Twas not Inconstancy, or Pride,
 But Trial of the Man,
 But Trial of the Man:

When

When Time had prov'd my Flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me ;
 When Time, &c.
 Not Love alone can win the Fair,
 But Love and Constancy :
 Not Love, &c.

S O N G CXXIII.


Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh. -

I Search'd the Fields of ev'ry Kind,
 The fairest Flow'rs I chose,
 And sent them in a Wreath to bind
 My *Rosalinda's* Brows,
 My *Rosalinda's* Brows.

Here *Hyacinthus*, ting'd with Blood,
 In purple Beauty glows ;
 There, bursting from the swelling Bud,
 Appears the blushing Rose,
 Appears the blushing Rose.

Here Violets of purple Hue,
 Chaste Lilies white as Snow,
 Narcissuses that drink the Dew,
 And near the Fountain blow,
 And near the Fountain blow.

To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those,
 Cease, cease, O beauteous Maid !
 Thy Face, that blooms so like the Rose,
 Like that, alas ! will fade,
 Like that, alas ! will fade.

 Every Verse to be repeated.

SONG CXXIV.

AFFECTATION. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

LONG at thy Altar, God of Love,
 I paid a double Duty ;
 A Slave to *Cælia's* Voice and Wit,
 To *Chloe's* Taste and Beauty.

Fain would I fix my restless Heart,
 While they, with awkward Feature,
 Disguise, in Affectation's Masque,
 The bounteous Gifts of Nature.

Cælia, affecting Beauty's Grace,
 Destroys her Sense and Spirit ;
 And *Chloe's* Charms, thro' fancy'd Wit,
 Lose all their wonted Merit.

While in their native Beauties deck'd,
 I cou'd love both, or either ;
 But thus in borrow'd Airs disguis'd,
 Can be a Slave to neither.

SONG CXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

WHEN lovely *Chloe's* gentle Touch
 Awakes the Lute with sprightly Art,
 Awakes the Lute with sprightly Art,
 Her flying Fingers' Charms are such,
 They slide unheeded to the Heart ;
 Her flying Fingers' Charms are such,
 They slide unheeded to the Heart.

But

But when her Voice, with sweet Surprise,
 Melodious strikes the raptur'd Ear,
 Melodious, &c.
 What gay Applauses fill the Skies !
 What Pleasure gladdens all who hear !
 What gay, &c.

Her Air, her Virtue, and her Wit,
 A thousand Hearts enthrall'd command,
 A thousand Hearts enthrall'd command ;
 While *Cupid*, humbly at her Feet,
 Resigns his Arrows to her Hand ;
 While *Cupid*, humbly at her Feet,
 Resigns his Arrows to her Hand.

S O N G CXXVI.

The Words by Mr. Hilton:

Set to Music by Mr. Langdon. Sung by Mr. Beard.

HOW easy was *Colin*, how blithe, and how gay !
 Ere he met the fair *Chloris*, how sprightly his
 Lay !

So graceful her Form, so accomplish'd her Mind,
 Sure Pity, he thought, with such Charms must be
 join'd.

Sure Pity, he thought, with such Charms must be
 join'd.

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her Motion ! how sweet was her
 Tongue !

And when the Youth told her his passionate Flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her Heart felt the same.
 She allow'd him, &c.

With

With Ardour he press'd her to think him sincere ;
 But, alas ! the redoubled each Hope and each Fear :
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her Love.
 And she neither, &c.

Now chear'd by Complacence, now froze by Disdain,
 He languish'd for Freedom, but languish'd in vain ;
 Till *Thyrsis*, who pity'd so helpless a Slave,
 Eas'd his Heart of its Pain by the Counsel he gave.
 Eas'd his Heart, &c.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her a-while ;
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a Smile :
 You can judge of her Passion by Absence alone,
 And by Absence will conquer her Heart,—or your
 own.

And by Absence, &c.

This Advice he pursu'd ; but the Remedy prov'd
 Too fatal, alas ! to the Fair-One he lov'd ;
 Which cur'd his own Passion, but left her in vain
 To sigh for a Heart she could never regain.
 To sigh for a Heart she could never regain.

S O N G CXXVII.

A TRIO. Set by Mr. Worgan.

*Sung by Mrs. Vincent, Mr. Lowe, Miss Stevens,
 and a Boy.*

FLY hence, grim Melancholy's Train !
 Hencewasting Thought and Years of Pain !
 What to us is Age and Care,
 Eyes of Grief, and Looks of Fear ?
 Join the Laughter-loving Train ;
 This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Mind

Mind not what the Stoicks say ;
Life is only for a Day :
Banish far Reflection's Pow'r ;
Lose not one important Hour :
Fly the meagre hideous Train ;
This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Make the most of Beauty's Pride ;
Youth and Beauty soon subside :
Court'd, yield, while yet you may,
Cupid else will fly away :
Join the sportive harmless Train ;
This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Bacchus all his Treasure lends,
(Mirth and Wine are constant Friends)
Lifts on high the Human Soul :
Dread no Poison in the Bowl.
Seek the jovial rosy Train ;
This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

In the Meadows safely stray,
Innocence shall guard the Way ;
And by Moon-light, on the Green,
View the Fairies with their Queen :
Go where Love directs the Train ;
For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

Envy's Snakes, all-murd'ring War,
With Phantom Honour, hence are far ;
Hope, and Peace, and Joy sincere,
And Love, maintain their Revels here :
Haste to join the festive Train ;
This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

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I laugh'

Nor to scornful Airs inclin'd,
 Know the Season to be kind:
 What would all your Beauty do,
 Should Shepherds once neglect to woo?
 See the beck'ning sportive Train;
 Hark! they cry, 'tis Pleasure's Reign.

Freedom, with immortal Shield,
 Guards the Blessings we can yield;
 Freedom hails thee to resign
 All thy Cares in Love and Wine;
 Stay no longer, join the Train;
 This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Hymen's graceful Altars smoke;
 Hasten, and wear the silken Yoke:
 Endless Peace, unfading Youth,
 Rise the sure Rewards of Truth:
 Hasten then to join the Train;
 For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Vauxhall.

COME give your Attention to what I unfold;
 The Moral is true, tho' the Matter is old,
 The Moral is true, tho' the Matter is old:
 My honest Confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is Life without Love;
 My honest Confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is Life without Love.

In Works of old Sophist my Mind I employ'd;
 My Bottle and Friend too by Turns I enjoy'd,
 My Bottle, &c.
 I laugh'd at the Sex, and presumptuously strove
 Their Charms to forget, and bid farewell to Love:
 I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A Patriot in Politics, fond of Debate,
 A Patriot, &c.
 Each Passion indulging, my Doubts did remove;
 They center'd in Pleasure, and Pleasure in Love:
 Each Passion, &c.

How sweet my Resolves I confess'd with a Sigh,
 When *Phillis*, sweet *Phillis*, tripp'd wantonly by,
 When *Phillis*, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a Turn in the Grove;
 Consenting she made me a Convert to Love:
 I caught her, &c.

Ye Lovers of Freedom, no longer complain;
 We're born Fellow-subjects of Beauty's soft Chain,
 We're born Fellow-subjects of Beauty's soft Chain:
 My purchas'd Experience this Maxim will prove,
 That Life is not Life when divided from Love:
 My purchas'd Experience this Maxim will prove,
 That Life is not Life when divided from Love.

S O N G CXXIX.

NANCY CROW. Set by Dr. Arne.

AH! whence this Impotence of Mind?
 Sure Beauty, properly defin'd,
 To Learning is a Foe;
Newton and *Pope* neglected lie;
Belinda can no more supply
 The Place of *Nancy Crow*,
 The Place of *Nancy Crow*.

Let those, who would the Depths explore
 Of modern Wit and antient Lore,
 To foreign Climates go;

To

To me let none propose this Task ;
 No Proof of Nature's Force I ask,
 But charming *Nancy Crow*,
 But, &c.

Through the smooth Surface of a Stream,
 When brighten'd by the Morning Beam,
 We see the Sands below ;
 Thus in her Face, as smooth, as clear,
 (Enlighten'd by her Eyes) appear
 The Thoughts of *Nancy Crow*,
 The Thoughts, &c.

Had Nature (now too careless grown)
 Each Year the Seeds of Beauty sown,
 Sure Time would not be slow ;
 Since fourteen Summers could produce
 A Plant so fair, so fit for Use,
 As charming *Nancy Crow*,
 As charming, &c.

Alas ! said *Flora*, with a Tear,
 No more my Roses must appear,
 No more my Lilies blow ;
 For, Oh ! their boasted Red and White,
 Their Softness, Fragrance, all unite
 In lovely *Nancy Crow*,
 In lovely, &c.

Let those whom coarser Nerves sustain,
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Rough and Plain,
 Pursue the bounding Doe ;
 'Tis mine to chase a sprightly Fair,
 (Like *Daphne* crown'd with Golden Hair,)
 Coy, tempting *Nancy Crow*,
 Coy, tempting *Nancy Crow*.

S O N G CXXX.

MYRTILLA, demanding the Aid of my Pen,
To tell what of her were the Thoughts of the
Men,

Insisted for once I would alter my Tune,
And write Panegyrics as well as Lampoon;
With Candor describing the Woman I see,
When I steal from my Glass, to *Myrtilla* and Tea.

If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give Delight,
And Beauty's an Object engaging to Sight;
How kind is my fair One, whose Studies confess,
Her Aim is at Nature's Amendment in Dress!
Tho' oft' in the Structure, mistaking the Plan,
She spoils what she meant shou'd give Pleasure to Man.

When I hear her sweet Voice in its natural Key,
Her good-humour'd Prattle is Music to me;
Her Kifs would soon make the dull Hermit forego
His Cell and high Views, for that Heaven below:
But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold,
Her Words are but Discord, her Kisses are cold.

Like Dew to the Flow'rs is Love to Mankind;
Each Sense's Enjoyment in Woman we find,
Unless Affectation, that Bane to the Fair,
Unfeters the Heart they attempt to ensnare:
Let Nature the Science of Pleasing direct,
A Charm ill-display'd soon becomes a Defect.

S O N G

S O N G CXXXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

A Youth, (if I wou'd, I could tell you his Name,)
 If I have not good Care, will my Bosom enflame;
 I have seen him but once, 'tis enough to have seen;
 For I like him beyond all the rest on the Green,
 For I like him beyond all the rest on the Green.

How sweet was his Converse the live-long Day thro'!
 So many blest Minutes I ne'er before knew;
 Might I have my Wish they should come o'er again,
 I ne'er thought there liv'd in the World such a Swain,
 I ne'er thought, &c.

Without flatt'ring he pleas'd, without Rudeness was
 free;

How he look'd and was civil to none but to me!
 His Words when we parted, I think on with Pain,
 Adieu 'till I see you, dear Sally, again;
 Adieu 'till, &c.

And now he talks of me the Shepherds among,
 I'm the Praise of his Wit, and the Theme of his
 Tongue:

If he thus shou'd run on 'twill alarm all the Plain,
 And Scandal won't let him come near me again,
 And Scandal, &c.

Kind Fortune, soon throw him this once in my Way,
 Then I'll know all his Thoughts and hear all he
 can say;

If we can't have each other I will not complain,
 But we ne'er from that Moment will meet once again,
 But we ne'er from that Moment will meet once again.

SONG CXXXII.

Sung in the REPRISAL.

LET the Nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the
Swain,
Who in Transports of Passion affects to complain;
For his Rage, and his Love, in that Frenzy is shown,
And the Blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the Shepherd whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the
Heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice at the Smart;
Or in plaintive soft Murmurs, his Bosom-felt Woe,
Like the smooth-gliding Current of Rivers will flow.

Though silent his Tongue, he will plead with his
Eyes,
And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of Sighs;
But when he accosts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he cooes like a Dove:

SONG CXXXIII.

STREPHON of the HILL. Set by Dr. Arne.

LET others *Damon's* Praise rehearse,
Or *Colin's* at their Will;
I mean to sing, in rustic Verse,
Young *Strephon* of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a Shade,
Beside a purling Rill;
Who shou'd my Solitude invade,
But *Strephon* of the Hill?

He tapt my Shoulder, snatch'd a Kiss,
I could not take it ill;
For nothing sure is done amiss
By *Strephon* of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely Maid! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy Swain to kill:
Consent this Day to be the Bride
Of *Strephon* of the Hill.

Observe the Doves on yonder Spray,
See how they sit and bill;
So sweet your Time shall pass away
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

We went to Church with hearty Glee,
O Love propitious still!
May ev'ry Nymph be blest, like me
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

S O N G CXXXIV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

MORE bright the Sun began to dawn,
The merry Birds to sing,
And Flow'rets dappled o'er the Lawn,
In all the Pride of Spring,
When for a Wreath young *Damon* stray'd,
And smiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest Maid,
And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?
I blush'd, the Present to receive,
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
When soft he sigh'd, Bright Fair, forgive,
I must have something more:

One kind sweet Kifs will pay me best,
 So earnestly he sought it;
 I let him take it, I protest,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it?

A Swain that woo'd with so much Art,
 No Nymph could long disdain;
 A secret Flame soon touch'd my Heart,
 And flush'd thro' ev'ry Vein:
 'Twas Love inspir'd the pleasing Change,
 From his my Bosom caught it;
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it?

Hark! *Hymen* calls, the Shepherd cry'd;
 Let us, my Dear, comply:
 We instant went, with Love our Guide,
 And bound the Nuptial Tie;
 And ever since that happy Day,
 As mutual Warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kifs, and sport, and play,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THAT *Jenny's* my Friend, my Delight and my
 Pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide:
 I dwell on her Praises wherever I go;
 They say I'm in Love, but I answer, No, no;
 They say I'm in Love, but I answer, No, no.

At Ev'ning oft-times, with what Pleasure I see
 A Note from her Hand, "I'll be with you at Tea!"
 My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
 But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, No, no;
 But say, &c.

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She sings me a Song, and I echo its Strain ;
 Again, I cry, *Jenny*, sweet *Jenny*, again :
 I kifs her sweet Lips, as if there I could grow ;
 But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, No, no ;
 But say, &c.

She tells me her Faults, as she sits on my Knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an Angel to me :
 My Shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;
 Whoknows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ?
 Who knows, &c.

From Beauty and Wit, and Good-Humour, how I,
 Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
 Thy Bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G CXXXVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

SINCE we went out a Maying, too late can I find,
 Young *Harry* has run Day and Night in my Mind :
 He's grown so bewitching as never before ;
 For I find that I love him each Time more and more.
 For I find that I love him each Time more and more.

Each Morning his Face with what Pleasure I see !
 Not my own at the Glass is so handsome to me ;
 I'm so vex'd I cou'd cry, when his Visit is o'er,
 Nor help, if I would, but must love more and more.
 Nor help, if I would, &c.

He'd have me to sing to him all the Day long,
 And says mine's as sweet as the Nightingale's Song.
 Such Praises as these I had never before ;
 I'm sure that he loves me, tho' him I love more.
 I'm sure that he loves me, &c.

When my Mother was gone, with Love in his Look,
He begg'd for one Kifs, but how many he took !
I ask'd why so free, who was ne'er so before ?
He blush'd, and then promis'd to do so no more.
He blush'd, and then promis'd, &c.

How I wish'd the dear Shepherd, for Life, was all
mine !

I shou'd have no Occasion to chide or to pine ;
Then *Harry* my Lips may with Kisses run o'er,
And I'll try, if it can be, to love him still more ;
And I'll try, if it can be, to love him still more.

S O N G CXXXVII.

COLIN and PHILLIS, a Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **D**EAR *Phillis*, sweet Girl, be now kind to
my Pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you in vain ;
And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
And I'll love, &c.

She. Ah ! *Colin*, my Heart was about to comply ;
But what my Hope wishes, my Fears will deny :
I can never be yours.

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I can never be yours.

He. What never ?

She. No never ! I ne'er can be yours.

He. Fie ! *Phillis*, how can you still trifle with Love ?
Away with your Fears ! and my Passion approve,
When I tell you, I love you for ever,
When I tell you, I love you for ever,
When I tell you, &c.

She.

He. Fie! *Colin*, how can you still tease me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell you again,
I can never be yours?

He. What never?

She. No never! I can never be yours.

He. What never?

She. No never! I ne'er can be yours.

He. Then adieu to all Joy, my Heart will sure break,
If my *Phillis* denies what I fondly did seek;
I can never be happy, no never,
I can never be happy, no never,
I can never, &c.

She. Then away with my Doubts, I can fondly believe,
That *Colin* his *Phillis* will never deceive;
That *Colin* will love me.

He. For ever.

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never!

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never, no never, will leave you.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

In the REPRISAL.

FROM the Man whom I love tho' my Heart
I disguise,

I will freely describe the Wretch I despise;
And if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.
And if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.

A Wit without Sense, without Fancy a Beau;
Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow:
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon;
In Courage a Hind, in Conceit a Gascoon.
A Peacock, &c.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Falshood a Fox ;
 Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks ;
 As a Tyger ferocious, perverse as a Hog ;
 In Mischief an Ape, and in fawning a Dog.
 A a Tyger, &c.

In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together,
 His Heart is of Lead, and his Brain is of Feather :
 Yet if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.
 Yet if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.

S O N G CXXXIX.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

YOUNG *Damon*, am'rous and sincere,
 One Noon sat pensive in the Bow'r ;
 Ye Gods ! he cry'd, send *Sylvia* here,
 My Passion shall be blest this Hour :
 Too long with Sighs, and Vows, and Pray'rs,
 I've woo'd the unrelenting Maid ;
 Now, was she here, for all its Cares
 My faithful Heart should be repaid.

The Swain had just finish'd his resolute Tale,
 When *Sylvia* appear'd tripping blithe o'er the Vale,
 To weave a sweet Chaplet of Roses and Lilies ;
 She came, and brought with her the pert little *Phyllis*,
 She came, and brought with her the pert little *Phyllis*.

Up started the Shepherd, surpriz'd at the View ;
 " I ask'd for one Nymph, lo ! the Gods have sent two :"
 Ye Pow'rs, 'tis unkind at a Lover to laugh ;
 One Maid at a Time had been better by half,
 One Maid at a Time had been better by half.

He

He bow'd, and he blush'd, nor had Courage to stay.
Are all Men so bashful? They're not, I dare say:
Are all Men so bashful, so bashful;
Are all Men so bashful? They're not, I dare say.

S O N G CXL.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **D**ELIA, *Delia*, leave the Shade,
Thou wast born for Man's Delight;
Suffer not thy Charms to fade,
Far remov'd from mortal Sight;
Hasten to the Town, away;
Join the Lovely, and the Gay;
Hasten to the Town, away;
Join the Lovely, and the Gay.

Sbt. Here, *Alexis*, let me live,
Free from Danger, free from Strife;
Here the fruitful Seasons give
All that can embellish Life;
Here I learn, from ev'ry Flow'r,
To improve the coming Hour,
Here I learn, &c.

He. At thy faithful Lover's Call,
Haste to Town, thou Nymph divine;
There to lead the sprightly Ball,
And in splendid Courts to shine:
Music shall thy Joys improve,
And awake thy Soul to Love.
Music shall, &c.

She. Here, in Innocence secure,
 I can love and live with thee ;
 Here the Breath of Air is pure,
 Music here on ev'ry Tree :
 Here alone I wish to shine,
 While my gentle Swain is mine ;
 Here alone I wish to shine,
 While my gentle Swain is mine.

S O N G CXLI.

The HUE and CRY. A CANTATA.

Sung at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

IN Love's Name you're charg'd hereby,
 To make a speedy Hue and Cry,
 After a Face which, t'other Day,
 Stole my wand'ring Heart away :
 To direct you, these, in brief,
 Are ready Marks to know the Thief.

AIR.

Her Hair a Net of Beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive *Jove* ;
 And her lovely tow'ring Brow
 Is a Field of purest Snow ;
 Her Eyes so rich, so bright are they,
 Ev'ry Beam's a Break of Day :
 But if she sleeps, ah ! then 'tis Night,
 Tho' the Sun shines purest Light.

In her Cheeks are to be seen
 Of Flowers both the King and Queen,
 Hither by the Graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptial Bed ;
 On whom Lips like Nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their Virgin State :
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss.

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But observe, besides the rest,
 You shall know this Felon best
 By her Tongue ; for, if your Ear
 Once an heav'nly Music hear ;
 Such as neither Gods, or Men,
 But from that Voice shall hear again ;
 That, that is she, oh ! strait surprize
 And bring her unto Love's Affize.

S O N G CXLII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE true honest *Britons*, who love your own Land,
 Whose Sires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat *France* when they took her in Hand,
 Come join, honest *Britons*, in Chorus with me ;
 Come join, honest *Britons*, in Chorus with me.

Let us sing our own Treasures, *Old England's* good
 Cheer,

The Profits and Pleasures of stout *British* Beer ;
 Your Wine-tilpling, Dram-sipping Fellows, retreat,
 But your Beer-drinking *Britons* can never be beat.
 But your, &c.

The *French* with their Vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the Squeezings of half-ripen'd Fruit ;
 But we, who have Hop-grounds to mellow our Ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have Freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the *French* dare invade us thus arm'd with
 our Poles,

We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their Lanthorn-
 Jaws ring ;
 For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking *Britons* are Souls,
 Who will shed their last Drop for their Country
 and King.

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G

SONG CXLIII.

The GALLANT SAILOR.

NAN.

GALLANT Sailor, oft' you told me,
That you'd never leave your Love :
To your Vows I now must hold you ;
Now's the Time your Love to prove.
To your Vows I now must hold you ;
Now's the Time your Love to prove.

SAILOR.

Is not *Britain's* Flag degraded ?
Have not *Frenchmen* brav'd our Fleet ?
How can Sailors live upbraided
While the *Frenchmen* dare to meet ?
How can Sailors live upbraided
While the *Frenchmen* dare to meet ?

NAN.

Hear me, gallant Sailor, hear me :
While your Country has a Foe,
He is mine too, never fear me ;
I may weep, but you must go.
I may weep, I may weep,
I may weep, but you shall go.
Though this flow'ry Season wooes you
To the peaceful Sports of *May*,
And Love sighs, so long to lose you,
Love to Glory shall give way.
Love to Glory, Love to Glory,
Love to Glory must give way.

SAILOR.

SAILOR.

Can the Sons of *Britain* fail her,
 While her Daughters are so true ?
 Your soft Courage must avail her ;
 We love Honour, loving you.
 We love Honour, we love Honour,
 We love Honour, loving you.

BOATSWAIN.

War and Danger now invite us :
 Blow, ye Winds, auspicious blow !
 Ev'ry Gale will most delight us,
 That can waft us to the Foe.
 Ev'ry Gale will most delight us,
 That can waft us to the Foe.

S O N G CXLIV.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

WITH ev'ry sweet Hope the Fair can impart,
Cleora, who conquer'd, would soothe my poor
 Heart :

She taught my fond Thoughts on her Beauty to roll,
 And fann'd with her Smiles the soft Flame in my Soul.
 My Fancy was ravish'd with Transports in view,
 The Sun never shone on a Lover so true ;
 'Twas her's to enslave me, 'twas mine to adore her ;
 How loving was I, and how charming *Cleora* !
 But Curse on the Arts that she us'd to ensnare !
 She's false I discover, and cruel as fair ;
 She's false I discover, and cruel as fair.
 I ask'd her at Church when her Hand she'd bestow :
 'Twas, Who can tell what a Year hence I may do ?
 'Twas, Who can tell what a Year hence I may do ?

I'm

I'm fix'd, I'm determin'd, th' Enchantment is o'er,
 Her Pride has deceiv'd me, I'll love her no more;
 I'm fix'd, I'm determin'd, th' Enchantment is o'er,
 Her Pride has deceiv'd me, I'll love her no more:
 Yet what I've resolv'd my Heart whispers in vain,
 For a Glance from her Eyes will unman me again;
 Yet what I've resolv'd my Heart whispers in vain,
 For a Glance from her Eyes will unman me again,

SONG CXLV.

*The HAPPY MEETING.**Set by Mr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.*

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his Way,
 Along the Banks of Tweed;
 A bonny Lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the Mead:
 The hearty Swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom Nymph survey'd;
 And full of Glee, as Lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty Maid.

Dear Lassy tell, why by thine sel
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here;
 My Ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
 Can't tell me, Laddy, where?
 To Town ise hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle Sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ise seek the Ewes with thee.

She gin her Hand, nor made a Stand,
 But lik'd the Youth's Intent;
 O'er Hill and Dale, o'er Plain and Vale,
 Right merrily they went:

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The Birds sang sweet, the Pair to greet,
 And Flowers bloom'd around ;
 And as they walk'd, of Love they talk'd,
 And Joys which Lovers crown'd.

And now the Sun had rose to Noon,
 (The Zenith of his Pow'r,)
 When to a Shade their Steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day Hour :
 The bonny Lad raw'd, in his Plaid,
 The Lads who scorn'd to fawn ;
 She soon forgot the Ewes she faught,
 And he to gang to Town.

S O N G CXLVI.

The Words from SHAKESPEAR. Sung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my Love,
 And we will all the Pleasures prove,
 That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,
 And all the craggy Mountain yields :
 There will we sit upon the Rocks,
 And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
 Near shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
 Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
 With a Thousand fragrant Posies,
 A Cap of Flowers, with a Girdle
 Embroider'd all with Leaves of Myrtle ;
 A Gown made of the finest Wool,
 Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.
 If these Delights thy Mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my Love.

Fair lined Slipper for the Cold,
 With Buckles of the purest Gold;
 A Belt of Straw with Ivy Buds,
 And Coral Clasps, and Silver Studs :
 The Shepherd Swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy Delight, each *May* Morning.
 If these Delights thy Mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my Love.

S O N G CXLVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, Suppose my fond Eyes
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow,
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow :
 Well, what if they do? there's no Harm sure, she cries;
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kiss,
 Say, would you the Favour bestow ?
 Say, would you the Favour bestow ?
 Lord bless me! said she, what a Question is this!
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow,
 For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow ;
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood let's repair,
 Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go ;
 Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go :
 No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis*, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know;
 I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G

S O N G CXLVIII.

Set by Dr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

MY *Kitty* cries, Was *Damon* wise,
 His Passion I'd approve ;
 But like the Bee, so gay, so free,
 He merits not my Love :
 From Maid to Maid his Heart has stray'd,
 Which each new Face has won ;
 My Spirit's great, a Share I hate,
 I'll have him all or none.

Her Reas'ning such, I wonder much,
 Herself she cannot see ;
 For, oh! the Fawn, that skips the Lawn,
 Is not so wild as she :
 Each am'rous Swain breath'd out his Pain,
 To all she lends an Ear ;
 The Case is thus, and which of us
 In Love's most insincere ?

I often cry, Dear *Kitty*, why
 Should Youth in vain be spent ?
 In *Hymen's* Bands let's join our Hands,
 And live with each content :
 But her Reply commands a Sigh,
 'Tis, *Damon*, patient wait ;
 Grow wise and mend, I'll be your Friend,
 And leave the rest to Fate.

Ye Pow'rs above, who rule o'er Love,
 Our giddy Thoughts confine ;
 My Heart wou'd her to all prefer,
 Wou'd she be only mine :

She

She thinks 'tis strange, that I shou'd range:
 I think she wastes her Charms;
 And plainly see, we shan't agree,
 'Till in each other's Arms.

SONG CXLIX.

Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.

OH what Joys does Conquest yield,
 When, returning from the Field,
 In triumphant State we see
 The god-like Hero crown'd with Victory!
 Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the Wind;
 Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
 Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd;
 All uniting to proclaim
 Th' immortal Honours of his Name.

SONG CL.

A favourite CANTATA.

WH O'll buy a Heart, *Myrtilla* cries,
 And throws around her wanton Eyes;
 An easy Shape, a graceful Air,
 A Face, like lovely *Hebe's*, fair;
 A Pair of Eyes that wound at Sight,
 And foil the Di'mond's piercing Light?
 Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The Soul-inchanting Joys of Love;
 Come, quickly come, for he
 Buys that bids the most for me:
 But let no fordid Wretch presume,
 With even *Cræsus'* Wealth to come,
 Nor vainly hope for Gems, or Gold,
 Such Charms as these can e'er be sold;
 So vile a Change I scorn to make,
 For Love's the only Coin I take.

SONG

SONG CLI.

Sung in the SHEPHERDS LOTTERY.

WHEN Fairies dance round on the Grass,
 And revel to Night's awful Noon,
 say, will you meet me, sweet Lads,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon?
 My Passion I seek not to screen;
 Then can I refuse you your Boon?
 I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon.
 I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,
 All by the clear Light of the Moon.

The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,
 Then charms all the Plains with his Tune;
 And glad of the Absence of Morn,
 Salutes the pale Light of the Moon:
 How sweet is the Jessamine Grove!
 And sweet are the Roses of June;
 But sweeter the Language of Love,
 Breath'd forth by the Light of the Moon;
 But sweeter, &c.

How slow rolls the Chariot of Day,
 Unwilling to grant me my Boon:
 Away, envious Sunshine! away,
 Give place to the Light of the Moon:
 But say, will you never deceive
 The Lads whom you conquer'd too soon,
 And leave a soft Maiden to grieve
 Alone by the Light of the Moon?
 And leave, &c.

The

The Planets shall start from their Spheres,
 Ere I prove so fickle a Loon ;
 Believe me, I'll banish thy Fears,
 Dear Maid, by the Light of the Moon :
 Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view,
 To us they their Pipes shall attune,
 While we our soft Pleasures renew,
 Each Night by the Light of the Moon ;
 While we our soft Pleasures renew,
 Each Night by the Light of the Moon.

S O N G CLII.

COME *Roger and Nell*, come *Simkin and Bell*,
 Each Lad with his Lads hither come,
 With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home :
 'Tis *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land ;
 Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
 His Can and his Lads in his Hand :
 For *Ceres*, &c.

No Courtier can be so happy as we,
 In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our Sweetheart or Spouse
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
 When *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

SONG CLIII.

NANCY DAWSON.

OF all the Girls in our Town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance and prance it up and down,

There's none like *Nancy Dawson* :
Her easy Mien, her Shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her every Motion is complete;

I die for *Nancy Dawson*.

See how she comes to give Suprize,
With Joy and Pleasure in her Eyes !
To give Delight she always tries,

So means my *Nancy Dawson* :
Was there no Task t'obstruct the Way,
No *Shuter* bold, nor House so gay,
A Bet of fifty Pounds I'll lay,

That I gain'd *Nancy Dawson*.

See how the Op'ra takes a Run,
Exceeding *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Lun*,
Though in it there would be no Fun,

Was't not for *Nancy Dawson* :
Tho' *Beard* and *Brent* charm ev'ry Night,
And Female *Peachum*'s justly right,
And *Filch* and *Lockit* please the Sight,
'Tis crown'd by *Nancy Dawson*.

See little *Davy* strut and puff,
Pox on the Op'ra and such Stuff!
My House is never full enough ;

A Curse on *Nancy Dawson* !

Tho'

Tho' G—— he has had his Day,
And forc'd the Town his Laws t'obey,
Now *Johnny Rich* is come in Play,
With Help of *Nancy Dawson*.

S O N G CLIV.

YE Woods and ye Mountains unknown,
Beneath whose pale Shadows I stray;
To the Breast of my Charmer alone
These Sighs bid sweet Echoes convey :
Wherever he pensively leans,
By Fountain, or Hill, or in Grove ;
His Heart will explain what she means,
Who sings both from Sorrow and Love,
Who sings both from Sorrow and Love.

More soft than the Nightingale's Song,
Oh ! waft the sad Sound to his Ear ;
Or say, tho' divided so long,
The Friend of his Bosom is near :
Then tell him what Years of Delight,
Then tell him what Ages of Pain,
I felt while I liv'd in his Sight,
I feel 'till I see him again,
I feel 'till I see him again.

S O N G CLV.

FROM those eternal Regions bright,
Where Suns that never set in Night,
Diffuse the golden Day ;
Where Spring, unfading, pours around,
O'er all the Dew-impearled Ground,
Her thousand Colours gay,
Her thousand Colours gay,

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The Messenger of Heav'n's high King
I come; and happy Tidings bring,
To cheer this drooping Isle:

Behold! her cruel Foes are fled,
Behold! fair Freedom lifts the Head,
And all her Children smile,
And all her Children smile.

The Dawn that now unveils her Skies,
Sees *England's* future Glory rise,

A better Age is born:

Then let each Voice of sprightly Strain
Around, from warbling Hill and Plain,
Hail this triumphant Morn,
Hail this triumphant Morn.

S O N G CLVI.

JENNY of the GREEN.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n Snows,
And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
To dress their Fancy's Queen;
Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
All Music's Power's too weak to paint
My *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
And told my Tale unseen!
While, faithful in the Lover's Cause,
The Winds would murmur soft Applause
To *Jenny* of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When, deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
She hail'd the Sylvan Scene;

Then

Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien ;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen ;
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest'd Night
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between ;
And when we meet, the Loss repay,
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G CLVII.

Sung in the MASK of ALFRED.

YE Warblers, while *Strephon* I mourn,
To cheer me your Harmony bring ;
Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor *Phillis*, to sing :
Each Flower declines its sweet Head,
Nor Odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead
Seems kindly to pity my Woe.

Each rural Amusement I try

In vain to restore my past Ease ;
What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,
Has now lost the Power to please :

Ye Seasons that brighten the Grove,
Not long for your Absence we mourn ;
But *Strephon* neglects me and Love,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
And sweet as all Flowers combin'd ;
His Smiles like the Summer can cheer,
Ah ! why then, like Winter, unkind ?
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be ;
To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

SONG CLVIII.

ROGER and SUSAN. *A Dialogue.*

Sung at Ranelagh.

He. SWEET *Susan*, my Dearest, while thus thou
art coy,
My Life is a Burthen, my Peace you destroy ;
I have woo'd thee this Twelvemonth, I'm sure
'tis an Age,
While you keep my poor Heart like a Bird in a
Cage,
Like a Bird, like a Bird, like a Bird in a Cage.

He. Pray teaze me no more, for I yet am too young ;
Besides, I am sure there's Deceit in your Tongue :
Go, find out some other that is not afraid ;
Before I'll be ruin'd, I'll die an old Maid,
Before I'll be, &c.

H

He.

He. Ah! *Susan*, remember, not three Days ago,
When toying with *Colin*, you very well know,
How you held up your Head to grant him a Kiss;
'Tho' he took six for one, you ne'er took it amiss.
'Tho' he took, &c.

She. I cannot disown it, yet cannot forget
The pert *Amaryllis*, that little Coquette;
When you prest her Hand close, I was not so
blind,
As not to perceive I was out of your Mind,
As not to, &c.

He. Let's leave off this Wrangling, my pretty sweet
Sue;
I swear, by the Heav'ns, I've always been true
Come give me your Hand, and I prithee be just
Confess that you love me, you shall, and you
must,
Confess that you, &c.

She. O *Roger*! yes *Roger*! I'll confess unto thee,
It is you fill my Thoughts wherever you be;
I own I've been cruel, and cannot refuse
To lend thee my Hand for to fasten the Noose
To lend thee, &c.

Both. And now, my dear *Roger*, to Church let us go
And hasten those Joys that for ever shall flow:
Kind *Hymen*, defend us from Jealousy's Sting
And each coming Day shall new Pleasures bring
And each coming Day shall new Pleasures bring

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S O N G CLIX.

Sung by Mrs. Cibber in the ORACLE.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
 Ye Lovers, these Instructions mind,
 Conceal the Passion in your Breast,
 Be dumb, insensible and blind :
 But when with gentle Looks you meet,
 And see the artless Blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving, and discreet ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,
 Where Virtue is with Beauty join'd ;
 Then boldly like yourselves appear,
 No more insensible, or blind :
 Pour forth the Transports of your Heart,
 And speak your Soul without Disguise ;
 'Tis Fondness, Fondness must impart ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the Snare,
 That still entraps all Womankind ;
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
 Be deaf, insensible and blind :
 But should some fond deserving Youth
 Agree to join in Hymen's Ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his Truth ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G CLX.

Sung in the MASK of ALFRED.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
 To warm and win the coldest Heart,
 In secret mine possést,
 In secret mine possést :

The Morning Bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal Oak that straitest grows,
 His Face and Shape exprest,
 His Face and Shape exprest.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
 Soft as the Sighings of the Gale,
 That wakes the flow'ry Year,
 That wakes, &c.

What Wonder he could charm with Ease,
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom Love had made sincere?
 Whom Love, &c.

At Morn he left me——fought and fell;
 The fatal Ev'ning heard his Knell,
 And saw the Tears I shed,
 And saw the Tears I shed,
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;
 For ah! no Sighs the past recall,
 No Cries awake the Dead,
 No Cries awake the Dead.

S O N G CLXI.

In the MASK of ALFRED.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd, and Eng-
land once more
 Shall flourish in Fame, as she flourish'd before;
 Our Fears all are fled, with our Enemies slain,
 Cou'd they rise up anew, we would slay them again
 Could they rise up anew, we would slay them again

His Monarch to serve, or to do himself right,
 No Englishman yet ever flinch'd from the Fight
 For why? Neighbours all, we are free as the King
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us free
 'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us free

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Our Prince too for this may be thankful to Fate ;
 It is in our Freedom he finds himself great :
 No Force can be wanting, nor meaner Court Arts ;
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts ;
 He's Master of all, who will reign in our Hearts.

Should Rebels within, or shall Foes from without,
 Bring the Crown on his Head, or his Honour in doubt ;
 We are ready - still ready - and boldly foretell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell,
 That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the Crown of our Labour,
 Much Wine, and good Cheer, with the Pipe and
 the Tabour :

Let our Nymphs all be kind, and our Shepherds be
 gay,

For *England, Old England*, is happy To-day,

For *England, Old England*, is happy To-day.

SONG CLXII.

The DUST-CART. A favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

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 as the King
 takes us first
 takes us first
 A S tink'ring *Tom* thro' Streets his Trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely *Sylvia* passing by ;
 The Dust-Cart high advanc'd, the Nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist :
 Him with uplifted Hands th' Occasion blest,
 And thus, in soothing Strains, the Maid address'd.

AIR.

O *Sylvia*, while you drive your Cart,
 To pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts,
 You take up Dust, and steal our Hearts :

H 3

That

That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the Dust with you,
And dwells among the Dust with you :
Ah ! lovely *Sylvia*, ease my Pain ;
Give me my Heart, you stole, again ;
Give me my Heart, out of your Cart ;
Give me my Heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the Rabble Rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about ;
She heav'd her swelling Breast, as black as Sloe,
And look'd Disdain on little Folks below :
To *Tom* she nodded, as the Cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, *John*.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry Croud oppress ?
Ambition now my Soul does fire ;
The Youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart
Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart,
And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart
Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart.

SONG CLXIII.

DUET.

Set by Mr. Handel. - Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young.

WHEN *Phæbus* the Tops of the Hills does
adorn,
How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn !
When the antling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
Erecting his Ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground ;

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And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain :
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
glorious Game.

O see how again he rears up his Head,
And, winged with Fear, he redoubles his Speed :
But, oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose the
Cries :

For now his Strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented Hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

S O N G CLXIV.

Sung in the COUNTRY LASSES.

W H E N the Rose is in Bud, and blue Vi'lets
blow,

And the Birds sing us Love-Songs on ev'ry Bough ;
When Cowslips and Daisies, and Daffodils spread,
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery Mead ;

Our cleanly Milk-pail

Is fill'd with brown Ale ;

Our Table, our Table's the Grass :

There we sit, and we sing,

And we dance in a Ring,

And every Lad has his Lads ;

There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a Ring,

And every Lad, every Lad has his Lads.

When without the Plough the fat Oxen do low,
The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-shearing go ;
Our Shepherd shears his jolly, jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that which they say was in

Greece !

'Tis our Cloth, and our Food,
 And our politic Blood ;
 'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on ;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground,
 Where our Treasure's all found,
 'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of *Britain* ;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground, where our 'Teasure's
 all found,
 'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of *Britain*.

S O N G CLXV.

In the Oratorio of SUSANNA.

ASK if yon Damask Rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient Air ;
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear *Susanna's* fair.

Say, will the Vulture quit his Prey,
 And warble thro' the Grove ?
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
 Let Pride in Splendor shine ;
 Ye Bards, unenvied Laurels wear,
 Be fair *Susanna* mine.

S O N G CLXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW blithe was I each Morn to see
 My Swain come o'er the Hill !
 He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me ;
 I met him with good Will :

I neith

I neither w^{as} ~~with~~ Ewe, nor Lamb,
 When his Flocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day.

Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
 Where lost was my Repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear Swain,
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,
 The Birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy Flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody :
 While thus we spent our Time, by turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
 Oh ! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithful be ?
 He stole my Heart ; cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard Fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
 That ever yet was born.
 Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
 Where lost was my Repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear Swain,
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.

SONG CLXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SURE Sally is the loveliest Lass
 That e'er gave Shepherd Glee;
 Not May-Day, in its Morning-Dress,
 Is half so fair as she:
 Let Poets paint the *Paphian* Queen,
 And fancy'd Forms adore;
 Ye Bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* Hill,
 Where Bees their Honey sip,
 Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
 On Sally's Love-taught Lip:
 But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful Swains,
 The ripe Temptation shun;
 Or else like me you'll wear her Chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 And Lark-like hail'd the Morn;
 More sportive than the Kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn:
 To ev'ry Maid Love-tales I told,
 And did my Truth aver;
 Yet ere the parting Kifs was cold
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where Love-lorn Shepherds stray;
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away:

Nought

Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see ;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my Complaints,
 And laughs at Love and me,

Since these my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where :
 Alas ! my Ewes, in vain ye bleat ;
 My Lambkins lost, adieu !
 No more we on the Plains shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

S O N G CLXVIII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ALEXIS, a Shepherd, young, constant and kind,
 Has often declar'd I'm the Nymph to his
 Mind :

I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive ;
 But they tell me a Maid should with Caution believe.

He brought me this Rose that you see in my Breast ;
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest :
 I cou'd not do less than the Favour receive ;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This Flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a Lesson to you :
 How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the View !
 I would fade if not pluck'd, as your Sense must
 conceive—
 was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

Nought

My

My Flocks he attends : If they stray from the Plain,
Alexis is sure ev'ry Sheep to regain ;
 Then begs, a dear Kiss for his Labour I'll give ;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his Pipe while he watches my Eyes,
 To read the soft Wishes we're taught to disguise ;
 And tells me sweet Stories from Morning to Eve ;
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old Maid I once was determin'd to die ;
 But that was before I'd this Swain in my Eye :
 And as soon as he asks me his Pain to relieve,
 With Joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

S O N G CLXIX.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives,
 And banishes Despair ;
 If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,
 Make him, ye Gods, your Care.

Dispel these gloomy Shades of Night,
 My tender Grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some chearing Ray of Light,
 And guide me to my Love.

Thus, in a secret friendly Shade,
 The pensive *Celia* mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
 And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

When, sudden, *Damon's* well-known Face
 Each rising Fear disarm'd,
 He eager springs to her Embrace,
 She sinks into his Arms.

S O N G

S O N G C L X X .

BY Masons Art th' aspiring Dome
 In various Columns shall arise ;
 All Climates are their native Home,
 Their godlike Actions reach the Skies :
 Heroes and Kings revere their Name,
 And Poets sing their lasting Fame.

Great, gen'rous, virt'ous, good and brave,
 Are Titles they most justly claim ;
 Their Deeds shall live beyond the Grave,
 And ev'ry Age their Fame proclaim :
 Time shall their glorious Acts inroll,
 And Love with Friendship charm the Soul.

Thus mighty Eastern Kings, and some
 Of *Abram's* Race, and Monarchs good,
 Of *Egypt*, *Syria*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
 True Architecture understood :
 No wonder then if Masons join
 To celebrate those Mason Kings
 With solemn Note and flowing Wine,
 Whilst ev'ry Brother jointly sings.

C H O R U S .

Who can unfold the Royal Art,
 Or sing its Secrets in a Song ?
 They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
 And to the ancient Lodge belong.

S O N G

SONG CLXXI.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Moore.

HOW blest has my Time been! what Days have
 I known,
 Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own!
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain,
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines, as often we stray
 Around us, our Boys and Girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their Sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft'times am I seen
 In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
 Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,
 And meets, &c.

What though on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
 Her Ease and Good-Humour bloom all the Year
 through:
 Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
 And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth,
 And gives, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
 In Search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for Life, you must find it at home;
 To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.

SONG

SONG CLXXII.

Sung at Sadlers-Wells.

O sweet was young *Damon*, so gentle his Look,
 New Pleasures my Fancy insensibly took,
 New Pleasures my Fancy insensibly took :
 His Voice too, like Music, oft dwelt in my Ear ;
 At little I thought any Danger was near,
 At little I thought any Danger was near.

He press'd my Hand hard, but it gave me no Pain ;
 He kiss'd, and I sigh'd, till he kiss'd me again,
 He kiss'd, &c.
 Each balmy sweet Kisses what Maiden could bear !
 Never once dreamt any Danger was near,
 Never, &c.

His Hand on my Bosom he'd carelessly lay,
 And swear all the while he meant nothing but Play,
 And swear, &c.
 I let him play on, till no more I could bear :
 Till then, I near dreamt any Danger was near,
 Till then, &c.

Each Toying and Playing so stole on my Heart,
 Found in his Transports my Bosom took part,
 Found in his Transports my Bosom took part :
 Beware then, ye Virgins, if *Damon* appear ;
 For Prudence comes late when your Danger's so near,
 For Prudence comes late when your Danger's so near.

SONG

SONG CLXXIII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SINCE *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's Love
 deny,
 And *Peggy's* uneasy when *Harry's* not by;
 I will own, without blushing, were all the World by
 That *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 That *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me.

He brought me a Wreath which his Hand did com-
 pose,
 Where the Dale-loving Lily was twin'd with the Rose;
 Young Myrtle in Sprigs did the Border inclose.
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express'd;
 The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermillion is dress'd
 And the Lily for Whiteness would vie with your
 Breast.
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

These Ribbands of mine were his Gifts at the Fair:
 My Mother look'd cross, and cry'd, *Fanny*, beware
 But d'ye think I regard her? Not I, I declare.
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

Beneath a tall Beech, and reclin'd on his Crook,
 I saw my young Shepherd; how sweet was his Look
 He ask'd for one Kiss, but a hundred he took.
 And *Willy's* the Lad, the Lad for me,
 And *Willy's*, &c.

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Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye Maids,
When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.

S O N G CLXXIV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

He. COME, come, my dear Nymph, now all
Nature looks gay,
Now Birds sweetly whistle, and Lambs sweetly
play ;
To yonder cool Shade let us quickly retire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can in-
spire,
And taste all the Pleasures that Love can in-
spire.

She. Good Sir, not so hasty ; we innocent Maids
Too oft' are deceiv'd by you arch *London* Blades :
How many poor Damsels, deluded by you,
Are forc'd ever after their Folly to rue !
Are forc'd, &c.

He. Oh think not, my Fairest, so meanly of me ;
No Harm, on my Honour, shall happen to thee :
Here's Gold that buys all Things, and Silver
in Store ;
And when that is gone I'll supply thee with more,
And when, &c.

She. I'll trust not your Honour ; your Gold I despize ;
My Virtue above all Temptations I prize :
Tho' poor I am honest, I'm not to be sold ;
So pray take away yourself and your Gold,
So pray, &c.

He.

He. I'll take thee to *London*, and deck thee so fine,
That thou shalt the greatest of Ladies outshine,
And ride in thy Coach to the Park and the Play,
All glitt'ring with Di'monds, out-sparkling the
Day,
All glitt'ring, &c.

She. No, Sir, I abhor such a scandalous Life;
I'll be no Mortal's Miss, but some honest Man's
Wife:
So pray, Sir, return to the Place whence you
came;
For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my
Fame,
For I'll ne'er buy my Pride at the Price of my
Fame.

S O N G CLXXV.

Sung in COMUS.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my *Damon's* Air!
Like sunny Beams his golden Hair;
His Voice was like the Nightingale's,
More sweet his Breath than flow'ry Vales:
How hard such Beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel Task is mine;
How hard such Beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel Task is mine.

AIR.

On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
Along the Margin of each Stream,
Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme:

The Hi
But *Dan*
The Hi

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Grove

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But *Dan*
The Va
But *Dan*

Dan

He. D E
Nor ar

The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain ;
The Hills, &c.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled ;
Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no
more ;
Each Flow'r in Pity droops its Head ;
All Nature does my Loss deplore :
All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain ;
All, all, &c.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
As o'er the airy Steep they hung :
The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain ;
The mossy, &c.

Now thro' the winding Vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known Shade ;
I weep and kiss the bended Grass,
Where Love and *Damon* fondly play'd :
The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain ;
The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

SONG CLXXVI.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

He. **D**EAR *Sylvia*, no longer my Passion despise,
Nor arm thus with Terror those beauti-
ful Eyes,
Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful Eyes :
They

They become not Disdain, but most charming
would prove,
If once they were soften'd with Smiles and with
Love,
If once they were soften'd with Smiles and with
Love.

She. While I with a Smile can each Shepherd subdue
Oh *Damon*, I must not be soften'd by you,
Oh *Damon*, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded Hour,
The Pride of us Women, unlimited Pow'r,
The Pride, &c.

He. Tho' Power, my Dear, be to Deities giv'n,
Yet generous Pity's the Darling of Heav'n,
Yet generous, &c.
Oh then be that Pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no Goddess but thee
I'll kneel, &c.

She. Suppose to your Suit I should listen awhile,
And only for Pity's Sake grant you a Smile,
And only, &c.

He. Nay stop not at that, but your Kindness improve
And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love
And let, &c.

She. Well then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my
Heart,
And, if it be possible, grant you a Part,
And if, &c.

He. Now that's like yourself, like an Angel express'd
For, grant me but Part, and I'll soon steal the rest.
For, grant, &c.

Take heed, ye fair Maids, and with Caution
believe ;

For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive,
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive :
When once the least Part the sly Urchin has
gain'd,

You'll ne'er be at Ease till the whole is ob-
tain'd,

You'll ne'er be at Ease till the whole is ob-
tain'd.

SONG CLXXVII.

Sung at Sadlers-Wells.

YOUNG *Strephon*, a Shepherd, the Pride of the
Plain,

Each Day is attempting my Kindness to gain :

He takes all Occasions his Flame to renew ;

He always reply, that his Courting won't do.

He spares no rich Presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my Praise all the Wit of his Mind :

I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go ;

He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To *Thyrsis*, last *Valentine's* Day, the dear Youth,

Tell him I plighted my Faith and my Truth ;

That Wealth cannot Peace and Contentment bestow,

And my Heart is another's,—so beg he will go :

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,

And the Heart that is honest can never be sold ;

That I sigh not for Grandeur, but look down on Show ;

And to *Thyrsis* must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,

His Suit I prefer not, he instantly dies :

He

He gives me his Hand, and would force me to go;
I pity his Suff'ring, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet Peace;
He haunts me each Moment to make me say Yes;
But To-morrow, ye Fair-ones, with *Thyrsis* I go;
And trust me, at Church, that I will not say No.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

Sung in the MERCHANT of VENICE.

TO keep my gentle *Jesse*,
What Labour wou'd seem hard!
Each toilsome Task how easy,
Her Love the sweet Reward!
Her Love the sweet Reward!

The Bee, thus uncomplaining,
Esteems no Toil severe;
The sweet Reward obtaining
Of Honey all the Year,
Of Honey all the Year.

S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

WHO has e'er been at *Baldock* must needs know
the Mill,
At the Sign of the *Horse*, at the Foot of the Hill,
Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the Beau
Without all Distinction promiscuously go;
Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the Beau
Without all Distinction promiscuously go.

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a Shape, and so winning an Air

that once on the ever-green Bank as I stood,
 and swore she was *Venus* just sprung from the Flood;
 that once, &c.

but looking again I perceiv'd my Mistake;
 for *Venus*, tho' fair, has the Looks of a Rake,
 While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
 the more beautiful Looks of the Lads of the Mill;
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets all say,
 to enliven that Mass which he modell'd of Clay:
 Had *Polly* been with him, the Beams of her Eyes
 had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies;
 Had *Polly*, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear Lads of the Mill,
 can never be quiet; but do what I will,
 All Day and all Night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the Lads of the Mill;
 All Day and all Night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the Lads of the Mill.

S O N G CLXXX.

A CANTATA: *Sung at Marybone.*

RECITATIVE.

CLEORA sat beneath a Shade;
 Her wanton Flocks forgot to Play:
 Then listen to the lovely Maid,
 Whilst thus she mourns her Shepherd's Stay.

AIR.

Sure Time and Love are both asleep,
 Or *Dorus* would his Promise keep:
 Haste, gentle Shepherd, hither move,
 And we'll awake both Time and Love.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Dorus, wing'd with swift Desire,
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring Plain;
 Approaching Joys the Maid inspire,
 And thus she meets her panting Swain.

AIR.

Fly, Care and Anguish, far away,
 While Pleasures bless this happy Day!
 Let ev'ry Shepherd joyful be,
 And ev'ry Pair as blest as we.

SONG CLXXXI.

For the FREE MASONS.

ON, on, my dear Brethren,
 Pursue the great Lecture,
 And refine on the Rules
 Of old Architecture:
 High Honour to Masons
 The Craft daily brings,
 To those Brothers of Princes,
 And Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude *Vandals*
 And *Goths* off the Stage,
 And reviv'd the old Arts
 Of *Augustus*' fam'd Age;
 And *Vespasian* destroy'd the
 Vast Temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise
 Under *Montagu*'s Reign.

The noble Five Orders,
 Compos'd with such Art,
 Shall amaze the swift Eye,
 And engage the whole Heart;

Proportion, sweet Harmony,
Gracing the Whole,
Give our Works, like the
Glorious Creation, a Soul.

Then, Master and Brethren,
Preserve our great Name,
This Lodge so majestic
Shall purchase your Fame ;
Rever'd it shall stand
Till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade
Till the World is on Fire.

See, see, behold here what
Rewards all our Toil,
Inspires our Genius, and
Makes Labour smile :
To our noble Grand-Master
Let a Bumper be crown'd ;
To all Masons a Bumper,
So let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren,
Again let it pass ;
Our ancient firm Union
Cements with a Glass ;
And all the Contention
'Mongst Masons shall be,
Who better can work,
Or who better agree.

SONG CLXXXII.

DAMON and PHILLIS. *A Dialogue.*

Sung at Vauxhall.

He. O H! *Phillis*, Shame on you, to serve a Swain
so!
You promis'd last *Lammas*, you very well know
If I'd stay but till *Christmas*, our Hands should
be join'd;
And 'tis *Midsummer* now, *Phillis*, why so un-
kind?
Why, why, *Phillis*, why so unkind?

She. True, *Damon*, I promis'd—I own it—What
then?
My Mind has since alter'd—how faithless are
Men!
You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other Day
You swore that young *Lucy* was sweet as the
May,
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the *May*.

He. When *Phillis* grew coy, when she left me forlorn
And was singing to *Colin* beneath the green
Thorn;
Mad, jealous, and fretting, pray, who was
blame,
If with *Lucy* I strove to make *Phillis* the same
Strove, strove, to make *Phillis* the same?

She. Like the Bee that goes roving to rifle the Spring
You pip'd to each Damsel, to me you were
sing:

I lik'd the sweet Lay, for I thought it sincere ;
But why does *Pastora* so oft drop the Tear ?
Why, why, so oft drop the Tear ?

He. From my Heart, let me tell thee, I proudly
essay'd

To conquer each beautiful, insolent Maid :
The Garlands they wreath'd at thy Feet are re-
sign'd :

This, this, was my Pride — then is *Phyllis* unkind ?
Then, then, then is *Phyllis* unkind ?

She. How frail the Disguise a fond Lover would try !
How weak the thin Snare that the Soul would
bely !

Hence, hence, with Suspicion ! away from the
Grove,

And prove at the Church that Truth waits upon
Love ;

Prove, prove, Truth waits upon Love.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

NEAR the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a
Hill,

A free-hearted Fellow attends on his Mill ;
Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy Hue o'er his Face,
And Honesty gives e'en to Aukwardness Grace :
Beslour'd with his Meal does he labour and sing,
And regaling at Night, he's as blest as a King ;
After heartily eating, he takes a full Swill
Of Liquor home-brew'd, to Success of the Mill.

He makes no nice Scruples of Toll for his Trade,
For that's an Excise to his Industry paid :

His Conscience is free, and his Income is clear,
And he values not them of Ten Thousand a Year :

He's a Freehold sufficient to give him a Vote ;
 At Elections he scorns to accept of a Groat :
 He hates your proud Placemen ; and, do what they
 will,
 They ne'er can seduce the stanch Man of the Mill.

On *Sunday* he talks with the Barber and Priest,
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best ;
 That the *Spaniards* shall ne'er interrupt our free
 Trade,

Nor good *British* Coin be in Subsidies paid :
 He fears the *French* Navy and Commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor *Germany* still may have Peace :
 Tho' *Old England*, he knows, may have Strength,
 and have Skill,

To protect all her Manors, and save his own Mill.

With this honest Hope he goes home to his Work,
 And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork,
 And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,
 Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay
 His Harvest is crown'd with a good *English* Glee,
 That his Country may ever be happy and free :
 With his Hand and his Heart to King *George* due
 he fill.

May all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill !

S O N G CLXXXIV.

Set by Count St. Germain.

OH! would'st thou know what sacred Charm
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd Heart of mine alarms ;
 What Kind of Nymph the Heav'n's decree,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me,
 The Maid that's made for Love and me ;

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender Tear,
Who melts to see, &c.
From each ungen'rous Passion free ;
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such the Maid, &c.

Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows,
Who feels the Blessings she bestows,
Who feels the Blessings, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me ;
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such the Maid, &c.

Whose simple Thoughts, devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart,
Are all the Natives, &c.
Gentle Train from Falshood free ;
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such the Maid, &c.

Haunt ! ye light Coquettes, retire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring Fops around admire :
Remov'd your tinsell'd Charms I see ;
Where genuine Beauties are for me,
Where genuine Beauties are for me.

S O N G CLXXXV.

by Mr. Howard. The Words by Mr. Garrick.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy :

You, greater Bards, the Lyre should hit;
For say, what Subject is more fit,
'Than to record the sparkling Wit
And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*?

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled Thorn,
Does not so much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely *Peggy*:
And when in *Thetis*' Lap to rest,
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When *Zephyr* on the Vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
It does not half the Sweets disclose,
As does my lovely *Peggy*:
I stole a Kiss the other Day,
And (trust me) nought but Truth I say,
The Fragrance of the blooming *May*
Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic Weed,
With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the Oaten Reed,
To please my lovely *Peggy*:
With her a Cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my Sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless Night,
All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r still rove,
And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
Or stately Swans the Waters love,
So long shall I love *Peggy*:

And, wh
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My Word
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And, when Death, with his pointed Dart,
Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
My Words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely *Peggy* !

S O N G CLXXXVI.

Sung by Miss Norris, at Vauxhall.

SPRING renewing, all Things gay,
Nature's Dictates all obey ;
In each Creature we may see
The Effects of Love's Decree :
Thus their State, such their Fate ;
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late,
Do not, *Polly*, stay too late.

Look around, and see them play ;
All are wanton while they may :
Why should precious Time be lost ?
After Summer comes a Frost.
All pursue Nature's Due ;
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Mark how kind the Swain and Lass,
Yonder sitting on the Grass !
See how earnestly he sues !
Whilst she blushing can't refuse :
See yon two, how they woo ;
Let us, *Polly*, do so too,
Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

Mark that Cloud, above the Plain ;
See ! it seems to threaten Rain :

Herds and Flocks do run together,
Seeking Shelter from the Weather.

Fear not you, I'll be true;
Therefore let us do so too,
Therefore let us do so too.

SONG CLXXXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mr. Beard.

COME, all you young Lovers, who, wan with
Despair,

Compose idle Sonnets, and sigh for the Fair;
Whopuff up their Pride by enchanting their Charms,
And tell them 'tis Heaven to lie in their Arms;
Be wise by Example, take Pattern by me,
For, let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free;
For, let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.

Young *Daphne* I saw; in the Net I was caught;
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as Custom had taught;
I press'd her to Bliss, which she granted full soon;
But the Date of my Passion expir'd with the Moon.

She vow'd she was ruin'd: I said it might be;
I'm sorry, my Dear, but by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

The next was young *Phillis* as bright as the Morn;
The Love that I proffer'd she treated with Scorn:
I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,
That none can be handsome but such as are kind.

Her Pride and Ill-nature were lost upon me,
For, in spite of fair Faces, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Let others call Marriage the Harbour of Joys;
Calm Peace I delight in, and fly from all Noise:

Some

Some chuse to be hamper'd; ('tis sure a strange Rage!)
And, like Birds, they sing best when they're put in
a Cage.

Confinement's the Devil; 'twas ne'er made for me;
Let who will be Bond-slaves, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glass,
A Toast to the young and the beautiful Lads,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull Rule,
Or thinks it a Wonder a Lover should cool:
Be wise by Example, take Pattern by me;
Or, let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,
By *Jove* I'll be free;
Or, let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

A CANTATA, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with Disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of Wine address'd,
Sure Refuge of a wounded Breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O Pow'r, thy healing Aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel Maid;
Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,
Flush his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

RECITATIVE.

To *Bacchus* thus the Lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd :

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking Form away :
With dauntless Mien approach the Fair;
The Way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The Swain pursu'd the God's Advice ;
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the Sex's Mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

SONG CLXXXIX.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Dialogue.*

Sung in the SORCERER.

He. CAST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
See the sportive Lambkins play ;
Nature gaily decks the Ground,
All in Honour of the May :
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

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She. *Damon*, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Tongue
Often held me in the Dale:
Take, oh! *Damon*, while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

He. Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Not the Garden's fairest Flow'r,
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal Hour,
Can delight thy *Damon's* Eye,
If *Florella* is not by.

She. Not the Water's gentle Fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
Can delight *Florella's* Ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful Season gay:
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *May*:
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

S O N G CXC.

Sung at Sadlers-Wells.

THE Sun was sleeping in the Main,
Bright *Cynthia* silver'd all the Plain,
When *Colin* turn'd his Team to rest,
And sought the Lass he lov'd the best:
As tow'rd her Cot he jogg'd along,
Her Name was frequent in his Song;

But

But when his Errand *Dolly* knew;
 She vow'd — She'd something else to do,
 She'd something else to do;
 She vow'd — She'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any Maid he'd seen before;
 In tender Sighs protesting he
 Wou'd constant as the Turtle be;
 Talk'd much of Death, should she refuse,
 And us'd such Arts as Lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says *Doll*, if 'tis but true;
 But now — I've something else to do,
 I've something else to do.

Her Pride then *Colin* thus address'd:
 Forgive me, *Doll*, I did but jest:
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove;
 But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for Love.
 Tho' first she did his Courtship scorn,
 Now *Doll* began to court in turn;
 Dear *Colin*, I was jesting too;
 Step in — I've nothing else to do,
 I've nothing else to do;
 Step in — I've nothing else to do.

S O N G CXCI.

A C A N T A T A.

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive Board was met, the social Band
 Round fam'd *Anacreon* took their silent Stand:
 My Sons, (began the Sage) be this the Rule;
 No Brow austere must dare approach my School,
 Where

Here Love and *Bacchus* jointly reign within :
 And Care, be gone ! Here Sadness is a Sin.

A I R.

Tell not me the Joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great :
 Wealth and Wisdom I despise ;
 Cares surround the Rich and Wise :
 The Queen that gives soft Wishes Birth,
 And *Bacchus*, God of Wine and Mirth,
 Me their Friend and Fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone :
 Bus'ness, Title, Pomp, and State,
 Give them to the Fools I hate.

But let Love, let Life be mine ;
 Bring me Women, bring me Wine :
 Speed the dancing Hours away ;
 Mind not what the Grave-ones say :
 Gaily let the Minutes fly,
 In Wit and Freedom, Love and Joy :
 So shall Love, shall Life be mine ;
 Bring me Women, bring me Wine.

S O N G CXCII.

JOHNNY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Dr. Boyce. Words by Mr. Moore.

LET Rakes for Pleasure range the Town,
 Or Misers doat on Golden Guineas ;
 Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown ;
 The Sweets of Love are mine and *Jenny's*,
 Mine and *Jenny's*, mine and *Jenny's* ;
 The Sweets of Love are mine and *Jenny's*.

She.

She. Let wanton Maids indulge Desire ;
 How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is !
 The Joys of Virtue never tire,
 And such shall still be mine and *Johnny's*,
 Mine and *Johnny's*, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,

She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :

He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,

She. And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Jenny's*.

{ *She.* *Johnny Jenny's*, *Johnny Jenny's*.

{ *He.* *Jenny Johnny's*, *Jenny Johnny's*.

{ *She.* And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Jenny's*.

{ *He.* And Wedlock's Bands make *Jenny Johnny's*.

He. Let roving Swains young Hearts invade ;
 The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly :
 So *Willy* woo'd, and then betray'd,
 The poor believing, simple *Molly*,
 Simple *Molly*, &c.

She. So *Lucy* lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
 And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry ;
 But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd,
 And chides too late her faithless *Harry*,
 Faithless *Harry*, &c.

He. But we'll together, &c.

She. And live in Pleasure, &c.

He. By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,
 And leave Deceits for Knaves and Ninnies ;
 Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
 And every Joy be mine and *Jenny's*,
 Mine and *Jenny's*, &c.

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She.

He. Let Guilt the faithless Bosom fright ;
The constant Heart is always bonny :
Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love, shall live with me and *Johnny*,
Me and *Johnny*, &c.

He. Together then we'll sport and play,
She. And live in Pleasure where no Sin is :
He. The Priest shall tie the Knot To-day,
She. And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Jenny's*.
She. *Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.*
He. *Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.*
She. And Wedlock's Bands make *Johnny Jenny's*.
He. And Wedlock's Bands make *Jenny Johnny's*.

S O N G CXCIH.

BRITAIN'S REMEMBRANCER,

For the Years 1758 and 1759.

COME listen a-while, and I'll tickle your Ears
With a few little Vict'ries, by which it appears
We have gain'd from the *French* in two little Years :
Which nobody can deny, which nobody, &c.

We have beat them, my Boys ; and I'll hold you a
Pound,
We shall beat them, my Boys, upon Sea or dry
Ground ;
We shall beat them as long as the World goes round :
Which nobody, &c.

With *Guadalupe* first I embellish my Strain ;
Then a Cluster of Forts croud into my Brain,
Crown-Point, Frontenac, Niagara, Duquesne :
Which nobody, &c.

Quebec

Quebec we have taken, and taken *Breton*,
 Tho' the Coast was as steep, that a Man might as
 soon,
 As the Frenchmen imagin'd, have taken the Moon;
 Which nobody, &c.

Senegal we have taken, and taken *Gorée*;
 And thither we trade for our Blacks,—do you see?
 For who should buy Slaves, but they that are free?
 Which nobody, &c.

Then at *Minden*, you know, we defeated our Foes,
 Tho' our Horse stood aloof without coming to Blows;
 And why nobody's hang'd for it, nobody knows:
 Which nobody, &c.

Boscawen at *Lagos*, and *Hawke* in the Bay,
 Your Victories had I but Room to display,
 I'm sure I should not have done singing To-day:
 Which nobody, &c.

Oh! what is become of the Fleet out of *Brest*?
 Some are burnt, some are taken, and where are the
 rest?

Why, some are fled East, and some are fled West:
 Which nobody, &c.

Some ten Fathom deep in the Sea may be found,
 And some in the River *Vilaine* are a-ground,
 Where they lie very safe, but not very sound:
 Which nobody, &c.

Let *France* then all Title to Glory resign;
 For these Years shall unmatch'd in our Histories shine,
 The renown'd *Fifty-Eight*, and the great *Fifty-nine*:
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

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S O N G CXCIV.

Set and written by Lord Middlesex.

W H E N here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
 Where *Arno* rolls his Silver Stream,
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay:
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail
 Among the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*.

But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,
 The chief of Shepherds, and their Pride,
 Now *Arno's* Sons must all give place
 To Northern Men, an Iron Race:
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy Notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*!

S O N G CXCV.

A Hunting Song.

T H E Morning is charming, all Nature is gay;
 Away, my brave Boys, to your Horses away;
 In the Prime of our Pleasure, and questing the Hare,
 We have not so much as a Moment to spare.

Hark! the lively-ton'd Horn,
 How melodious its sounds, how melodious its
 sounds,
 To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the
 merry-mouth'd Hounds!

On yon stubble Field we shall find her below;
 Ho! cries the Huntsman; hark to him, soho!
 Where she goes, and the Hounds have a View:
 In such Harmony *Handel* himself never knew.

Cho.

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 Tho' the Coast was as steep, that a Man might as
 soon,
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 Which nobody, &c.

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 All look'd as Joy could never fail
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 To Northern Men, an Iron Race:
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 To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the
 merry-mouth'd Hounds!

yon stubble Field we shall find her below;
 Who! cries the Huntsman; hark to him, soho!
 Where she goes, and the Hounds have a View:
 Each Harmony *Handel* himself never knew.

Cho.

Cho. Gates, Hedges, and Ditches, to us are no
Bounds ;
But the World is our own while we follow the
Hounds.

Hold, hold ! 'tis a Double ; hark, hey ! *Bowler*, hey !
If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall lye :
His Beauty surpassing, his Truth has been try'd,
At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide.

Cho. At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder
resounds,
The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of Hounds.

O'er Highlands and Lowlands, and Woodlands, we
fly,
Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry ;
So match'd in their Mouths, and so even they run,
Like the Trine of the Spheres, and the Race of the
Sun.

Cho. Health, Joy, and Felicity, dance in the Rounds,
And blest the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.

The old Hounds push forward ; a very sure Sign,
That the Hare (tho' a stout one) begins to decline ;
A Chace of two Hours, or more, she has led :
She's down — look about ye ! they have her — she's dead.

Cho. How glorious a Death to be honour'd with
Sounds
Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds !

Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives ;
May they never be crost by their Sweethearts or Wives !
May they rule their own Passions ; and ever at Rest,
As the most happy Men, be they also the best !

Cho.

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And, free from the Care which the many sur-
rounds,
Be happy at last, when they see no more Hounds!

S O N G CXCVI.

Written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
And *Celia* has undone me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing Plague stole on me:
'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
For there no Graces revel;
'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,
'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her Sense is only Chat,
Like any other Woman:
Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,
In short, 'tis that provoking Charm
Of *Celia* all together,
Of *Celia* all together.

S O N G CXCVII.

Set by Mr. Howard.

OF good *English* Beer our Songs let's raise,
(We've a Right by our Freedom Charter)
And follow our brave Forefathers Ways,
Who liv'd in the Days of King *Arthur*:

Of

Of those gallant Days loud Fame has told,
 Beer gave the stout *Britons* Spirit ;
 In Love they spoke Truth, in War they were bold,
 And flourish'd by Dint of Merit.

CHORUS.

Then like them crown our Bowls,
 Our plenteous brown Bowls,
 And take them off clever,
 To all true *English* Souls,
 And *Old England, Old England*, for ever.
 Huzza ! *Old England* for ever !
 Huzza ! *Old England* for ever !
Old England, Old England,
 Huzza ! *Old England* for ever !

The Glory in Love, or War they won,
 By Fighting, Retreats, and Sallies,
 Was from the Production of their own
 Good Beer and roast Beef in their Bellies :
 All foreign Attempts they did disdain,
 So fir'd with Resolution ;
 For Liberty they'd bleed ev'ry Vein,
 To keep their own Constitution.

Cho. Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.

Like them let us fill, and drink, and sing,
 To all who our State are aiding ;
 To Commerce, that our Wealth does bring,
 And every Branch of our Trading :
 By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful Nation ;
 Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain
 Our Trade and our Navigation.

CHORUS.

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 And take them off clever,
 To all true *English* Souls,
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 Huzza! *Old England* for ever!
 Huzza! *Old England* for ever!
Old England, Old England,
 Huzza! *Old England* for ever!

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung in the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the Day long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a Throng,
 Find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
 That your Name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
 Song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Balinamone Ora, a Kifs of your sweet Lips for me.

Since the first Time I saw you I take no Repose;
 I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes:
 So hot is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,
 By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black Hair for me.

In my Conscience, I fear I shall die in my Grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor *Phelim* will shave,
 And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your Slave.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On

On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride
With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and
stride!

In a Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white Fist for me.

SONG CXIX.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick Grove, whose deep embow'd
Shade

Seem'd most for Love and Contemplation made,
A crystal Stream with gentle Murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose:
Thither retir'd from *Phæbus'* sultry Ray,
And lull'd in Sleep, fair *Iphigenia* lay.

Cymon a Clown, who never dreamt of Love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring Grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely Form survey'd;
And while with attle's Voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his Tongue.

AIR.

The Stream that glides in Murmurs by,
Whose glassy Bosom shews the Sky,
Completes the rural Scene,
Completes the rural Scene;

But in thy Bosom, charming Maid,
All Heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely *Iphigene*,
Too lovely *Iphigene*.

RECITATIVE.

He wakes, and starts — poor *Cymon* trembling stands;
Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands :
Bright Excellence, said he, dispel all Fear ;
Where Honour's present, sure no Danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle Accent, she replies,
Oh *Cymon* ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
Thy honest Heart no Wrong can entertain :
Pursue thy Way, and let me sleep again.
The Clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus with Extacy pursu'd his Song :

AIR.

Thy jetty Locks, that careless break,
In wanton Ringlets, down thy Neck ;
Thy Love-inspiring Mien,
Thy Love-inspiring Mien ;
Thy swelling Bosom, Skin of Snow,
And taper Shape, inchant me so,
I die for *Iphigene*,
I die for *Iphigene*.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former Clod is thus inspir'd with Sense :
She gazes — finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his auk'ard Gate ;
Wids him be secret, and next Day attend,
At the same Hour, to meet his faithful Friend.
Thus mighty Love cou'd teach a Clown to plead ;
And Nature's Language surest will succeed.

AIR.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred Fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste Desire;
 Love can Rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the Human Soul:
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched State
 Had made our Lives of too long Date;
 But blest with Beauty, and with Love,
 Blest with Beauty, and with Love,
 We taste what Angels do above,
 What Angels do above.

S O N G C C.

Set by Dr. Green. The Words by Mr. Gay.

GO, Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,
 My *Chloe's* Bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied Place
 With never fading Love,
 With never fading Love!

There, *Phoenix*-like, beneath her Eye,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there:
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair.

One common Fate we both must prove;
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

S O N

S O N G C C I.

Set by Mr. Howard.

THE blithest Bird that sings in *May*,
 Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 Ere *Colin* yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the Reason why,
 Oh Love, ah well-a-day !
 Oh Love, ah well-a-day !

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
 From whence these fond Endearments grew,
 Till he, ah well-a-day !
 Till he, &c.

By Time and other Swains made wise,
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
 And Love, ah well-a-day !
 And Love, &c.

Kind Nature now took *Colin's* Part ;
 My Eyes inform'd against my Heart :
 My Heart, ah well-a-day !
 My Heart, &c.

Trait glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,
 And echo'd back each gentle Sigh,
 Each Sigh, ah well-a-day !
 Each Sigh, &c.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be won ?
 We ask'd a Proof, a tender one,
 While I, ah well-a-day !
 While I, ah well-a-day !

K

In

In Silence blush'd a fond Reply :
Can she who truly loves deny ?
Ah, no, ah well-a-day !
Ah, no, ah well-a-day !

S O N G CCII.

Set by Count St. Germain.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom ? ah ! what can
mean ?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene ?
Why this Sighing and Trembling when *Daphne* is near
Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear
Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace
The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find;
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by the
Mind,
With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd by Pride,
There native Good-Humour and Virtue reside :
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With Compassion for him who without thee must die
With Compassion for him who without thee must die

S O N G CCIII.

COME, *Rosalind*, oh, come and see
What Pleasures are in Store for thee;
The Flow'rs in all their Sweets appear,
The Fields their gayest Beauties wear,
The Fields their gayest Beauties wear :

The joyful Birds, in ev'ry Grove,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love;
 For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
 And *Colin* thee invites to come,
 And *Colin* thee invites to come.

Come, *Rosalind*, and *Colin* join;
 My tender Flocks and all are thine:
 If Love and *Rosalind* be near,
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year,
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year.
 Come, see a Cottage and a Swain:
 Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?
 Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away,
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away.

S O N G CCIV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD the sweet Flowers around,
 With all the bright Beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the Plains can be found,
 So lovely, so lovely, as *Celia* is fair,
 So lovely as *Celia* is fair:
 Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,
 No longer in Silence remain,
 No longer in Silence remain;
 Oh! lend a fond Lover your Notes,
 To soften, to soften my *Celia*'s Disdain,
 To soften my *Celia*'s Disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery Vale
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song,
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song;
 Fair *Flora* attends the sad Tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,
 And sweetens the Borders along.

But *Celia*, whose Breath might perfume
 The Bosom of *Flora* in May,
 The Bosom of *Flora* in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my Doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G CCV.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East
 New gilds the smiling Day;
 The Morning fresh, the Sun in East
 New gilds the smiling Day;
 The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
 The Fields all round are gaily dress'd:
 Arise my Love, and play, and play;
 Arise my Love, and play.

Come forth, my Fair, come forth, bright Maid,
 And blest thy Shepherd's Sight;
 Come forth, &c.
 Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,
 Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,
 And give them sweet Delight,
 And give, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
 Those Smiles your Charms improve;
 Thy Presence, &c.

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Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their Toil,
And tune their Notes to Love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn-Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine ;
Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine ;
E'er other Eyes ye Beauties see,
Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be ;
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine.

S O N G C C V I .

JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

She. **S**TERN Winter has left us, the Trees are
in Bloom,
And Cowslips and Vi'lets the Meadows perfume ;
While Kids are disporting, and Birds fill the
Spray,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*.

He. Among the young Lilies, my *Jenny*, I've stray'd ;
Pinks, Daisies, and Woodbines, I bring to my
Maid ;
Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender
gay,
A Posy to form for my Queen of the *May*,
A Posy to form, &c.

He. Ah! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile :
When seated with *Molly* last Night on a Stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the *May*,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, &c.

He. Young *Willy* is handsome, in Shepherd's green
Dress,
He gave you those Ribbands that hang at your
Breast,
Besides three sweet Kisses upon the new Hay :
Was that done like *Jenny*, my Queen of the
May ?
Was that done like *Jenny*, &c.

She. This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey*, false-hearted, his Passion denies :
Ye Flowers so blooming, this Instant decay,
For *Jenny's* no longer the Queen of the May,
For *Jenny's* no longer, &c.

He. Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you
wrong ;
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song :
From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning of
Day
I sing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the May,
I sing but of *Jenny*, &c.

She. Again balmy Comfort with Transport I view ;
My Fears are all vanish'd, since *Jockey* is true :
Then to our blithe Shepherds the News I'll
convey,
That *Jenny* alone you've crown'd Queen of the
May,
That *Jenny*, &c.

He. Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near
Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
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Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd
betray :

Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new
May,

Then come, my dear, &c.

Both. Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near ;
Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd
betray :

Then come, my dear *Jockey*, and hail the new
May,

Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new
May.

S O N G CCVII.

Sung in the Mask of ALFRED.

WHEN *Britain* first, at Heav'n's Command,
Arose from out the azure Main,
Arose, &c.

This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
And Guardian Angels sung the Strain :
Rule, *Britannia, Britannia*, rule the Waves,
For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

The Nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule, *Britannia, &c.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke,
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud Blast that tears the Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their Attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous Flame,
And work their Woe, and thy Renown.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine,
Thy Cities, &c.
All thine shall be, shall be the subject Main,
And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.
Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy Coast repair,
Shall to thy happy Coast repair ;
Bless'd Isle! with Beauties, with matchless Beauties
crown'd,
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, *Britannia*, *Britannia*, rule the Waves,
For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

S O N G CCVIII.

L O V E I N L O W L I F E .

YOUNG *Jockey* he courted sweet *Moggy* so fair ;
The *Lais* she was lovely, the Swain debonair :
They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
their Eyes,
And look'd, as all Lovers do, wonderful wise.

A Fortnight

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A Fortnight was spent ere dear *Moggy* came to ;
 (For Maidens a Decency keep when they woo :)
 At length she consented, and made him a Vow ;
 And *Jockey* he gave, for a Jointure, his Cow.

They pannell'd their Dobbins, and rode to the Fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there :
 They call'd on the Parson, and by him were wed ;
 And *Moggy* she took her dear *Jockey* to Bed.

They staid there a Week, as the Neighbours all say ;
 And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they :
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind ;
 For *Jockey* rode on, and left *Moggy* behind.

Surpriz'd at this Treatment, she cried, Gaffar *Jock*,
 Pray what is the Reason that *Moggy* you mock ?
 Quoth he, Goose, come on ! why you now are my
 Bride ;
 And when Volk are wed, they set Fooling aside.

He took home his *Moggy*, good Conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the House, while he thatch'd the
 old Barn ;
 They laid in a Stock for the Cares that ensue,
 And now live as Man and Wife usually do.

S O N G CCIX.

Sung at Drury-Lane by Mrs. Clive.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the Life of a Beau !
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do ;
 And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know :
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
 Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

K 5

For

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air;
Spend the Morning in nothing, but curling their Hair;
And do nothing all Day, but sing, saunter and stare:
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing, at Night, to the Play-House they crowd;
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball;
And for nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they call;
For they still must be beasted, who've nothing at all:
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing, on *Sundays*, at Church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear;
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here:
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau,
Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

S O N G CCX.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
I peevish began, Where so long could you stay;
In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour;
You promis'd at Two, but—look, Child! 'tis Four:
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures or Wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals:
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear.—
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air,
Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord

ord, bless me ! says she, let a Body but speak ;
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck :
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a Degree ;
 Look here ! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the Left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made !
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd :
 That Scene of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

S O N G CCXI.

Sung in COMUS.

WOULD you taste the Noon-tide Air,
 To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the Poplar Bough,
 The mantling Vine will shelter you,
 The mantling Vine will shelter you :
 Down each Side a Fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
 Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round,
 Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

Round the languid Herds, and Sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks, sleep ;
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose
 The Fair does all alone repose,
 The Fair does all alone repose :
 All alone ; yet in her Arms
 Your Breast shall beat to Love's Alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The Joys of Love are Joys alone,
 The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

S O N G

SONG CCXII.

Sung in Comus.

THE wanton God who pierces Hearts,
 Dips in Gall his pointed Darts ;
 But the Nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine,
 Rosy Wine, rosy Wine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.

Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ;
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free
 To rid me of dull Company ;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my Ease :
 No jealous Fears my Love molest,
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest,
 Break my Rest, break my Rest ;
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.

Why should they e'er give me Pain,
 Who to give me Joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal Man,
 Is to love me while he can,
 While he can, while he can ;
 Is to love me while he can.

SONG

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S O N G CCXIII.

Sung in COMUS.

PREACH not me your musty Rules,
 Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell;
 The Heart is wiser than the Schools,
 The Senses always reason well :
 If short my Span, I less can spare,
 To pass one single Pleasure by ;
 An Hour is long, if lost in Care ;
 They only live, who Life enjoy.

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung in COMUS.

NOW *Phæbus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome Song, and welcome Jest ;
 Midnight Shouts and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity :
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine ;
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous Head ;
 Strict Age, and four Severity,
 With their grave Saws in Slumber lie,
 With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.

S O N G

SONG CCXV.

Sung in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling Glass
We can see how Minutes pass ;
By the hollow Cask are told
How the waning Night grows old,
How the waning Night grows old :
Soon, too soon, the busy Day
Drives us from our Sport and Play :
What have we with Day to do ?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

SONG CCXVI.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

THE new-flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
And welcome in the *May* ;
Come, *Pastorella*, now the Spring
Makes ev'ry Landskip gay :
Wide-spreading Trees their leafy Shade
O'er half the Plain extend,
Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend ;
Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

Come, taste the Season in its Prime,
And bless the rising Year ;
Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
'Till thou, my Love, appear :

Then

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Set by Dr. A

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Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
 Warm in thy Beauty's Shine,
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 And intermix, &c.

For thee, of Doves a Milk-white Pair
 In Silken Bands I hold ;
 For thee a firstling Lambkin fair
 I keep within the Fold :
 If Milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
 Or tender Lambkins please,
 My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these,
 Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G CCXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung in THOMAS and SALLY.

THE echoing Horn calls the Sportsmen abroad ;
 To Horse, my brave Boys, and away ;
 The Morning is up, and the Cry of the Hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious Delay :
 That Pleasure we find in pursuing the Fox !
 O'er Hill, and o'er Valley, he flies :
 Then follow ; we'll soon overtake him—huzza !
 The Traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at Night with the Spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 Now sweet with a Bottle and Lads to refresh,
 And lose the Fatigues of the Day !
 With Sport, Love, and Wine, fickle Fortune defy ;
 Dull Wisdom all Happiness sours :
 Since Life is no more than a Passage at best,
 Let's strew the Way over with Flow'rs.

S O N G CCXVIII.

Set by Dr. Pepush. Words by Mr. Hughes.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies,
And seeks with ev'ry pleasing Art
To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart :
To shining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla's* moving Airs,
Where thus to Music's Pow'r the Swain address
his Pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming Sounds, that sweetly languish ;
Music, oh, compose my Anguish !
Ev'ry Passion yields to thee,
Ev'ry Passion yield to thee :
Phæbus, quickly then relieve me,
Cupid shall no more deceive me ;
I'll to sprightlier Joys be free,
I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish Swain ;
He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak, t'assuage an am'rous Pain,
His own harmonious Voice had prov'd,
And all his healing Herbs how vain :
Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and sings,

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Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee ;
 Music is the Voice of Love,
 Music is the Voice of Love :
 If the tender Maid believe thee,
 Soft Relenting, kind Consenting,
 Will alone thy Pain remove,
 Will alone thy Pain remove.

S O N G CCXIX.

*The CAUTIOUS MAID.**Sung at Ranelagh.*

AT the Wake, t'other Even, young *Colin* I met ;
 He took the Occasion his Vows to repeat :
 With Rapture my Eyes, and my Lips, he ran o'er ;
 'Twas pretty, but really no more.

Tho' with soft Expression his Looks were endear'd,
 To his tender Protesting I paid no Regard :
 The Falshood of Swains I had heard of before ;
 So I gave him a Smile, but indeed gave no more.

The confident Shepherd, encourag'd by this,
 May'd, I assure you, to ravish a Kiss :
 In the Struggle my Ruffles I tore,
 So frowning protested I'd see him no more.

Next Morning I found him reclin'd on his Crook,
 All Softness his Voice, all Sadness his Look :
 He intreated Forgiveness a thousand Times o'er,
 And solemnly vow'd he would do so no more.

The

The Frowns and the Quarrels of Lovers how weak
 For *Cupid* himself in his Favour did speak :
 So the Swain to my Breast I again did restore ;
 For, trust me, my Anger could hold out no more.

Nor wonder, dear Girls, that I treated him so ;
 For on *Sunday* together to Church we shall go,
 Though to quit and forget him I often have sworn
 Forgive me this once, and I'll do so no more.

S O N G CCXX.

Set by Mr. Handel.

GOD save great *George*, our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King !
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter our Enemies,
 And make them fall :
 Confound their Politics,
 Frustrate their knavish Tricks ;
 On him our Hopes we fix,
 God save us all !

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
 On *George* be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign !
 May he defend our Laws,
 And ever give us Cause
 To sing, with Heart and Voice,
 God save the King !

S O N G CCXXI.

Sung in the Serenata of SOLOMON.

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care;
 Direct me to the sweet Retreat
 That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat;
 Seek by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a Guide, and lose my Way:
 Where rest at Noon thy bleating Care,
 Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.

S O N G CCXXII.

*Sung in THOMAS and SALLY.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN I was a young one, what Girl was like me?
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a Bee;
 Startled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where e'er
 A Fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas, This, Sir—and That, Sir—but scarce ever Nay;
 And, *Sundays*, dress'd out in my Silks and my Lace,
 A warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

At Twenty I got me a Husband, poor Man!
 Well rest him—We all are as good as we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for Straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some Cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone;
 Egad! I've a Tongue, and I paid him his own:
 He Wives, take the Hint, and when Spouse is un-
 tow'rd,
 Stand firm to your Charter, and have the last Word.

But

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my Woe;
 I'm not what I was forty Summers ago :
 This *Time's* a fore Foe; there's no shunning his Day;
 However, I keep up a pretty good Heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;
 I still love a Tune, though unable to dance;
 And, Books of Devotion laid by on my Shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G CCXXIII.

Set by Dr. Boyce. In the Serenata of SOLOMON.

ON his Face the vernal Rose,
 Blended with the Lily, glows;
 His Locks are as the Raven black,
 In Ringlets waving down his Back.

His Eyes with milder Beauties beam
 Than billing Doves beside the Stream;
 His youthful Cheeks are Beds of Flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing Show'rs.

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue,
 Still dropping with a fragrant Dew :
 Tall as the Cedar he appears,
 And as erect his Form he bears.

S O N G CCXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious Design
 To 'scape from her Charms, and to drown 'em
 in Wine;
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The Wine in my Head, and still Love in my Heart.

I repair'd

Woe repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid,
 who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance
 weigh'd;

then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my Prayer,
 that *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught;
 come for your Counsel, to find out a Fault:
 That's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 find fault with *Hebe*, would forfeit my Name.

That Hopes then, alas! of Relief from my Pain,
 while, like Light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing
 Vein?

My Senses surpriz'd, in her Favour took Arms,
 and Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

S O N G CCXXV.

Set by Dr. Green.

FAIR *Sally* lov'd a bonny Seaman,
 With Tears she sent him out to roam;
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other Woman,
 But left his Heart with her at home:
 He view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
 And, as she turn'd the Spinning-Wheel,
 Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud, and she grew paler,
 To see the Weather-cock turn round;
 When, lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
 Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
 With nimble Haste he leap'd the Stile;
 Fair *Sally* met him with a Smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast

Fast round the Waist he took his *Sally*,
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he;
 Like home-bred Swains he could not dally,
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee:
 Thro' Winds and Waves, and darkling Rain,
 Cry'd he, thy *Tom*'s return'd again,
 And brings a Heart for *Sally*.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely *Sally*,
 I still have kept for thy dear Sake;
 Which oftentimes, in am'rous Folly,
 Thy Name has carv'd upon the Deck:
 Again the happy Pledge returns,
 To tell how truly *Tommy* burns,
 How true he burns for *Sally*.

This Thimble didst thou give to *Sally*;
 When this I see, I think of you:
 Then why does *Tom* stand shilly-shally,
 While yonder Steeple's in our View?
Tom, never to Occasion blind,
 Now took her in the willing Mind,
 And went to Church with *Sally*.

S O N G CCXXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

WERE I as poor as Wretch can be,
 As great as any Monarch, he,
 Ere on such Terms I'd mount his Throne,
 I'd work my Fingers to the Bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, (I ask not Wealth)
 Grant me but Innocence and Health;
 Ah! what is Grandeur link'd to Vice?
 'Tis only Virtue gives it Price.

S O N G CCXXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In ELIZA.

MY fond Shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each Night they went safely to Rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the Day :
 But, ah ! what a Scene must appear !
 Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er ?
 Shall the Tabor no more strike the Ear ?
 Shall the Dance on the Green be no more ?

Must the Flocks from their Pastors be led ?
 Must the Herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the Looms be all stopp'd in each Shed,
 And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road ?
 Must the Arts be all scatter'd abroad,
 And shall Commerce grow sick of the Tide ?
 Must Religion expire on the Ground,
 And shall Virtue sink down by her Side ?

S O N G CCXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall.

I Met in our Village a Swain t'other Day :
 He stopt me, and begg'd me a Moment to stay ;
 Then blush'd, and, in Language I ne'er heard before,
 He talk'd much of Love, and some Pains that he
 bore :
 But what was his Meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each

Each Morning the Jessamine, Vi'let and Rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet Flower that grows;
 The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear these fine Things in my Breast
 But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my Feet the young Shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me;
 He gazes with Transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true:
 But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the Tears streaming fast from his Eyes,
 And hear him, poor Youth ! breathe a thousand of
 Sighs ;

He tells me, no Nymph in the World is like me,
 Nor Shepherd alive so unhappy as he :
 But what is his Meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear Shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my Eyes are the Cause of his Pain ?
 Indeed, ever since, his sad Fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more :
 I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
 If he will be so kind as to teach me but how.

S O N G

by Dr. Ar

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Set by Dr.

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S O N G CCXXIX.

*by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Brent, in the JOVIAL
CREW.*

HOW sweet is the Ev'ning Air,
When the Lasses all prepare,
So trim and so clean,
To trip it o'er the Green,
And meet with their Sweethearts there!
While the pale Town Lass
Disguises her Face,
To squeak at a Masquerade,
Where the proudest Prude
May be subdu'd,
And when she cries, You're rude,
You may conclude,
She will not die a Maid.

S O N G CCXXX.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

LIFE's a Garden, rich in Treasure,
Bury'd like the Seeds in Earth :
There lie Joy, Contentment, Pleasure ;
But 'tis Love must give them Birth.

That warm Sun its Aid denying,
We no Happiness can taste ;
But in cold Obstruction lying,
Life is all one barren Waste.

L

S O N G

S O N G CCXXXI.

*Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Miss Brent in the Jovian
CREW.*

TH O' Ladies look gay when of Beauty they
boast,

And Misers are envy'd when Wealth is increas'd
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast,
And the Miser's a Wretch when he pays for the
Feast.

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that
I love.

S O N G CCXXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

THAT May-day of Life is for Pleasure,
For Singing, for Dancing, and Show;
Then why will you waste such a Treasure
In sighing, and crying—Heigho?

Let's copy the Bird in the Meadows;
By her's tune your Pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
And never sit crying—Heigho!

Though, when in the Arms of a Lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our Toying is over,
We cannot help crying—Heigho!

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Set by Dr.

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In Age ev'ry one a new Part takes ;
 I find to my Sorrow 'tis so :
 When old, you may cry till your Heart aches,
 But no one will mind you—heigho !

S O N G CCXXXIII.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

A Favourite Song. Sung by Miss Brent:

N YMPHS and Shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the Sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding Fawns :
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and Shepherds, come away.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

C AN the weak Taper's feeble Rays,
 Or Lamps, transmit the Sun's bright Blaze ?
 Oh! no—Then say how shall I
 In Words be able to express
 My Love ?—It burns to such Excess,
 I almost die for Sally.

When late I wander'd o'er the Plain,
 From Nymph to Nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild Desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my Joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can Love with Ruin tally ?
By those dear Lips, those Eyes, I swear,
I would all Deaths, all Torments bear,
Rather than injure *Sally*.

Come then, oh come ! thou sweeter far
Than Jessamine and Roses are,
Or Lilies of the Valley ;
O follow Love, and quit your Fear,
He'll guide you to these Arms, my Dear,
And make me blest in *Sally*.

SONG CCXXXV.

SPRING. *An ODE.*

Set by Dr. Arne, for the MONTHLY MELODY.

DECREPID Winter limp'd away ;
Now youthful Spring, all trim and gay,
Comes tripping o'er the sunny Plain,
With Health and Pleasure in her Train :
She comes, and, lo ! where'er she treads,
Soft Cowslips lift their Velvet Heads ;
With Snow-drops white, and Vi'lets blue,
And Flow'rs of ev'ry Leaf and Hue.

Hail ! smiling Season, woo'd by thee,
'Tis no longer Charms for me ;
Sated with Folly, Smoak, and Noise,
I pant for calmer, purer Joys :
Lead me, some rural Genius, where
The wanton, cool, and balmy Air,
Fresh breathing from Hill, Mead, and Grove,
Inspires Festivity and Love.

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Thrice happy Man, whose friendly Fate
Affords a pleasant Country Seat,
Secure Retirement, and Defence
From Bus'ness and Impertinence:
There he may stretch beneath the Shade
For Ease and Contemplation made,
And, neither Spy nor Whisp'rer near,
Enjoy the Beauties of the Year.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne. In the Oratorio of ALFRED the
GREAT.

ARISE, sweet Messenger of Morn,
With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn;
For, long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this shall be a Holiday.

See! Morn appears; a rosy Hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient Blue:
Well are we met in trim Array,
To frolic out this Holiday.

Each Nymph be like the blushing Morn,
That gaily brightens o'er the Lawn;
Each Shepherd like the Sun be gay,
And grateful keep this Holiday.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a Lass,
Learn how the Affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an Ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a Gun.

With Whining, and Sighing, and Vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run ;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a Pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a Gun.

To worship, and call her bright Goddess, is fine !
But, mark you the Consequence, Mun ;
The Baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a Gun.

Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no Opportunity shun ;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out ;
But mum—she's as sure as a Gun,

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In the JOVIAL CREW.

THE tuneful Lark, who from her Nest,
Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With Care attended and carefs'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long Day ;
Yet still her native Fields she mourns,
Her Jailor hates, his Kindness scorns,
For Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.

That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for Prey,
She mourns the Liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her Hours away :
Helpless, the little Wand'rer flies,
There homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, she dies.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXXIX.

MAY-EVE, or KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE Silver Moon's enamour'd Beam
 Steals softly through the Night,
 To wanton with the winding Stream,
 And kifs reflected Light :
 To Courts be gone ! Heart-soothing Sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I *May's* wakeful Vigil keep
 With *Kate of Aberdeen*.

The Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,
 In Primrose Chaplets gay,
 Till Morn unbars her Golden Gate,
 And gives the promis'd *May* :
 The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
 The promis'd *May*, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my Pipe to playful Notes,
 And rouse yon nodding Grove,
 Till new-wak'd Birds distend their Throats,
 And hail the Maid I love :
 At her Approach, the Lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd Green ;
 Fond Birds, 'tis not the Morning breaks,
 'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy Mead,
 Where Elves disportive play,
 The festal Dance young Shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd Lay,

'Till *May* in Morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a Virgin-Queen;
 The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,
 "Here's *Kate of Aberdeen*."

S O N G CCXL.

Set by *Dr. Arne*. In *THOMAS* and *SALLY*.

RECITATIVE.

A VAST! my Boys, avast! all Hands on Shore!
 Mefs-Mates, what Cheer? *Old England*, hey
 once more,

I'm thinking how the Wenches will rejoice.
 Out with your Presents, Boys, and take your Choice
 I've an old Sweetheart—but look—there's the Town
 Weigh Anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

AIR.

From plowing the Ocean, and threshing Mounseer,
 In *Old England* we're landed once more;
 Your Hands, my brave Comrades, halloo, Boys,
 what Cheer

For a Sailor that's just come ashore?

Those hectoring Blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
 And to cut us and slash us—*Morblieu*!
 But hold there—avast—they were plaguily out;
 We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then Courage, my Hearts, your own Consequence
 know,

Yon Invaders shall soon do you Right;
 The Lion may rouse, when he hears the Cock crow,
 But should never be put in a Fright.

You've

You've only to shun your nonsensical Jars,
 Your damn'd Party and idle Contest;
 And let all your Strife be, like us honest Tars,
 Who shall fight for his Country best.

A seafaring Spark if the Maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering Gypsies look to't;
 Sound Bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,
 And our Pockets well laden to boot.

The Landsman, mayhap, in the Way of Discourse,
 Have more Art to persuade, and the like;
 But 'ware those false Colours—for better, for worse,
 Is the Bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the King! may he prosperous reign,
 Of no Power, no Faction, afraid;
 May *Britain's* proud Flag still exult o'er the Main,
 At all Points of the Compass display'd!

No Quicksands endanger, no Storms overwhelm,
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
 No ignorant Pilots e'er sit at her Helm,
 Or her Anchor of Liberty fail!

S O N G CCXLI.

PLATO'S ADVICE. *A favourite Song.*

SAYS *Plato*, Why should Man be vain,
 Since bounteous Heav'n has made him great?
 Why looketh he with insolent Disdain
 On those undeck'd with Wealth or State?
 Can costly Robes, or Beds of Down,
 And all the Gems that deck the Fair,
 Can all the Glories of a Crown,
 Give Health, or ease the Brow of Care?

The scepter'd King, the burthen'd Slave,
 The Humble, and the Haughty die ;
 The Rich, the Poor, the Base, the Brave,
 In Dust without Distinction lie.
 Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest Titles wore ;
 Their Wealth and Glory is bereft,
 And all their Honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the Skies,
 And spreads along a gilded Train ;
 When shot 'tis gone, its Beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common Air again :
 So 'tis with us, my jovial Souls ;
 Let Friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our Joys with flowing Bowls ;
 When *Jove* he calls, we must away.

S O N G CCXLII.

OH! wou'd'st thou know what secret Charm,
 Will thy *Myrtilla's* Hate disarm ;
 Leave all those little trifling Arts,
 Which only please more trifling Hearts.

With Reason woo the lovely Maid,
 Nor think delusive Tears an Aid ;
Myrtilla well the Diff'rence knows,
 'Tween real and affected Woes.

If e'er you flatter, all's undone :
Myrtilla will not thus be won ;
 Her Sense and Spirit well declare,
 She feeds on something more than Air.

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The Fop that lifts her to the Sky,
 She thinks unworthy a Reply;
 For this is her establish'd Rule,
 "A Flatt'rer is, or Knave, or Fool."

S O N G CCXLIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits, guard my Love,
 In Time of Danger near him 'bide;
 With out-spread Wings around him move,
 And turn each random Ball aside.

And you, his Foes, though Hearts of Steel,
 Oh! may you then with me accord;
 A sympathetic Passion feel,
 Behold his Face, and drop the Sword.

Ye Winds, your blust'ring Fury leave,
 Like Airs that o'er the Garden sweep;
 Breathe soft in Sighs, and gentle heave
 The calm, smooth Bosom of the Deep.

Till, *Halcyon* Peace return'd once more,
 From Blasts secure, and hostile Harms,
 My Sailor views his native Shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond Arms.

S O N G CCXLIV.

I Write to true *Britons*, I mean not the Men,
 But to Women of Spirit, to do all they can,
 To stand for their Rights, as they would for their
 Lives,
 And prove to the World that they're true *British* Wives.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

May each Girl, that wants Spirit, be wed to a Churl;
 Let such be insipid, and stupidly dull,
 Be grave, and look gloomy, till you can provoke
 Some Chat, that may end in an innocent Joke.

Shall we tamely to turbulent Spouses submit,
 Who only find fault—why? because they think fit?
 When my Husband turns *Turk*, and can prove I've
 no Soul,
 I'll be blindly obedient, nor dare to controul.

Since our Men are great Heroes, and conquer their
 Foes,
 Shall we Women want Courage one Man to oppose?
 Since our Sires, and our Offspring, can fight One
 to Ten,
 Let's prove ourselves worthy of brave *British* Men.

In Ages long past, from a great Eastern King,
 That Women were strongest good Proof I can bring:
 Then if we, with a *British* King plac'd on the Throne,
 Won't stand for our Rights, we deserve to have none.

Let's be Heroines all, and stand up for the Truth,
 Grave Matron, fine Lady, poor Woman, or Youth:
 If we're wrong, let us own it; but, if we are right,
 Cry *Freedom* and *Property* with all our Might.

Then all act like *Sarah*, and you will be prais'd,
 Be never affrighted, nor ever amaz'd;
 But stand for your Rights as you would for your Lives,
 That your Husbands may know when they've got
British Wives.

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SONG CCXLV.

The TEMPEST of WAR.

LET the Tempest of War
Be heard from afar,
With Trumpets' and Cannons' Alarms :
Let the Brave, if they will,
By their Valour or Skill,
Seek Honour and Conquest in Arms.

To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my Flocks and my *Chloe* possess;
For in them I obtain
True Peace without Pain,
And the lasting Enjoyment of Rest :

In some Cottage, or Cell,
Like a Shepherd to dwell,
From all Interruption at ease ;
In a peaceable Life,
To be blest with a Wife,
Who will study her Husband to please.

SONG CCXLVI.

The SAILOR'S RETURN.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

He. **L**ET Fops pretend in Flames to melt,
And talk of Pangs they never felt ;
I speak without Disguise or Art,
And with my Hand bestow my Heart.

She.

She. Let Ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their Thoughts the Lye;
I own the Passion in my Breast,
And long to make my Lover blest.

He. For this the Sailor, on the Mast,
Endures the Cold and cutting Blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the Night,
And braves the Fury of the Fight.

She. For this the Virgin pines, and sighs,
With throbbing Heart, and streaming Eyes,
Till sweet Reverse of Joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful Lad she loves.

Both. Ye *British* Youths, be brave, you'll find,
The *British* Virgins will be kind;
Protect their Beauty from Alarms,
And they'll repay you with its Charms.

SONG CCXLVII.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson, and Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall Gardens.

DAPHNE.

TELL me, *Amintor*, gentle Swain,
Saw you my Love trip o'er the Plain?
Soon as the Sun brought on the Day,
From yonder Cot he stole away.

AMINTOR.

As I pass'd through yon distant Vill,
A Wake was kept beneath the Hill;
I heard the echoing Rocks resound,
For *Strephon* had his *Silvia* crown'd.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Then fly, Regard ! dissolve in Air !
For one that's false I'll scorn to care ;
My Heart I'll give some better Swain,
Who has a Heart to give again.

AMINTOR.

Then fix it here, I'll own the Prize ;
Aminor for his *Daphne* dies,
And longs in *Hymen's* Bands to prove
With her the Sweets of mutual Love.

DAPHNE.

Methinks I've heard, or 'twas a Jest;
That *Flavia* reigns within your Breast ;
What Room then for a wretched Maid,
Who is rejected and betray'd ?

AMINTOR.

Flavia, believe me, Yester' Morn,
Ere *Phœbus* brush'd the dewy Thorn,
By *Cinthio* to the Church was led,
Though bound to grace my Nuptial Bed.

DAPHNE.

Then welcome, Shepherd, haste away ;
My Heart and Hand shall both obey.

BOTH.

While others dare inconstant prove,
Till Death forbids we'll live and love:

S O N G.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

I'VE rambled, I own it, whole Years, up and
 down,
 And sigh'd o'er each beautiful Nymph of the Town
 Such Fancies have plagued me, that oft in my Life
 I've been ready to start at the Name of a Wife.

But sham'd from my Fears, that have oft broke
 Rest,
 And weary with Roving, both cloy'd and unblest,
 I'll try to be happy the rest of my Life,
 And venture, tho' late, yet at last, on a Wife.

Then farewell the Jilt, and the Fool, and the Bold
 I quit you with Pleasure before I grow old:
 One Girl of my Heart I will take to for Life;
 And enough of all Conscience, I think, is one Wife.

I'll search the Town over, this fair One to find,
 Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind;
 Whose Wit and Good-Humour may hold it for Life
 And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my Wife.

'Tis Time that the Follies of Life had an End;
 And soon, nay, this Instant, I'm ready to mend:
 What Wonder there'll be at so alter'd a Life!
 If you're wise, you, like me, will resolve on a Wife.

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S O N G CCXLIX.

Set by Mr. Dubourg. Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at
Vauxhall.

THE Lark's shrill Note awakes the Morn,
The Breezes wave the ripen'd Corn;
The yellow Harvest, free from Spoil,
Rewards the happy Farmer's Toil;
The flowing Bowl succeeds the Flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund Tale.

S O N G CCL.

GREAT-BRITAIN *for ever.*

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

This Song also goes to the Tune of Prince Eugene's March.

HARK! the loud Drum,
Hark! the shrill Trumpet sounds to Arms!
Come, Britons, come,
Prepar'd for War's Alarms.
Whilst in Array we stand,
What French Man dares to land?
Sure, in th' Attempt, to meet his Doom,
A leaden Death, or wat'ry Tomb.
The Briton brave,
On Land or Wave,
Will Invaders defy,
Will repulse them or die,
And scorns to live a Slave.

Recall the Days
When bravely our Forefathers fought;
When, crown'd with Praise,
They Patriot Glory sought.

Bid

Bid their high Deeds inspire,
 Bid *Magna Charta* fire!
 Greatly they labour'd for our Good,
 All Forms of Tyranny withstood:
 These we defy,
 On our own Strength rely.
 What *Briton* so base,
 Wou'd his Country disgrace,
 And from his Colours fly?

Now Party-Spite
 No more our Measures will oppose;
 For all unite
 'Gainst our insulting Foes.
 All then in *Chorus* sing,
 Long live our gracious King!
 Fill to *George* the sparkling Bowl,
 Hand it round, each loyal Soul!
 Rise, Patriot Fame!
 Thy Glories proclaim:
 Who his Sword boldly draws
 In his Country's Cause,
 Will win a deathless Name.

S O N G CCLI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall.

NOW the Snow-drops lift their Heads,
 Cowslips rise from dewy Beds;
 Silver Lilies paint the Grove;
 Welcome *May*, and welcome Love.

Now the Bee, with pliant Wings,
 Flow'ry Spoils, unwear'd, brings;
 Spoils that Nymphs and Swains approve,
 Soft as *May*, and sweet as Love.

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Whilst a-down the slopy Hills
Trickle off the purling Rills,
Balmy Sweets perfume the Grove,
May unbends the Soul to Love.

Long the icy Maid denies,
Nor regards her Shepherd's Sighs ;
Now your fond Petitions move,
May's the Season form'd for Love.

On the Fair that decks our Isle
May each Grace, each Virtue, smile ;
And our happy Shepherds prove
Days of Ease, and Nights of Love.

S O N G CCLII.

A LOYAL Song.

by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vaux-
hall.

SEE Royal *Edward* land,
See him on *Cherbourg* Strand
Bravely advance !
Third *Edward's* glorious Name
Bids emulate his Fame,
And *Britons* Wrongs proclaim
Through bleeding *France*.

Pour Wine a copious Rill,
Next to bold *Amberst* fill,
Boscarwen——all !
Swift from *America*,
Drive, drive the *French* away,
Sound forth with loud Huzza
Cape-Breton's Fall !

With

With *George* we'll close the Song;
 May Heav'n his Days prolong,
 A mighty Store!
 O'er *Britons* brave and free,
 Who all as one agree,
 Flourish his Progeny,
 Till Time's no more!

S O N G CCLIII.

Huzza for the Tars of Old England!

Sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells.

B *Ritannia* no longer o'er Injuries dreams;
 For *France* now has suffer'd for all her
 Schemes:
Morblieu! cry the *Monsieurs!* indeed so it seems.
 Oh the brave Tars of Old England,
 And oh, the Old *English* brave Tars!

Our *George*, like our *Henrys*, lo! makes *France* to bow
 Our Navy's our Bulwark, the World shall allow,
 As long as we've *Boscawen*, *Lockhart*, and *Howe*.
 Oh the brave Tars of Old England,
 And oh, the Old *English* brave Tars!

Behold our Prince *Edward* in Glory's bright Way
 See, Conquest attends on his first bold Essay!
 Then let's for the Tars of Old England huzza:
 Oh the brave Tars of Old England,
 And oh, the Old *English* brave Tars!

S O N G CCLIV.

H O N O U R.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

THE Flame of Love sincere I felt,
 And skreen'd the Passion long;
 A Tyrant in my Soul it dwelt,
 But Awe suppress'd my Tongue.

At length I told my dearest Maid,
 My Heart was fix'd upon her:
 But think not I can love, she said;
 I can't, upon my Honour.

The Heart that once is roving caught,
 All prudent Nymphs distrust;
 And must it for a youthful Fault
 Be always deem'd unjust?

So *Celia* judg'd, so Sense decreed,
 And bid me still to shun her:
 Your Suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't, upon my Honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I, with a Sigh, confess;
 But thou, who canst the Rake reclaim,
 My new-born Passion bless!

Had ev'ry Nymph like *Celia* prov'd,
 I could not have undone her;
 O' hee, bright Maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my Honour.

While the Nymph my Suit repress'd,
 My Constancy to prove,
 Then with a Blush Consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her Love.

To

To Church I led the blooming Fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now Life's sweetest Joys we share,
 We do, upon my Honour.

S O N G CCLV.

A DIALOGUE.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Miss Stevens,
 son, at Vauxhall.

HE.

HASTE, haste, ev'ry Nymph, and each Swain
 to the Grove ;
 For *Venus* is there, 'tis the Season for Love :
 Obey the kind Summons ; for, if she's defy'd,
 Your Boldness she'll conquer, and punish your Pride.

SHE.

Oh hear me, ye fair Ones, nor heedlessly run ;
 The Path to Delight is the Road you should shun
 Fly far from the Grove if *Venus* be there ;
 Her Summons is cruel, her Smiles are a Snare.

HE.

Sure Nature was never averse to Delight ;
 Where Pleasure is present, Fear soon takes its Flight
 Proud Nymph, if by Kindness you cannot be warm
 Remember that *Venus* her *Cupid* has arm'd.

SHE.

I fear not his Vengeance, his Bow, nor his Darts
 'Tis credulous Folly that softens our Hearts :
 But Virtue's the Shield, those Hearts can secure,
 And Passion's a Sickneſs Discretion can cure.

HE.

Discretion ! why *Venus* would laugh at the Name :
 If once in your Bosom she kindles a Flame,
 In spite of yourself, you would hie to the Grove ;
 For Reason can't struggle 'gainst Nature and Love.

SHE.

Go, leave me, Deceiver, let Reason prevail ;
 'Gainst Nature and Passion let Fear turn the Scale.

BOTH,

May, Traitor, forbear ; I'm to Honour a Slave.
 May, Fairest, be kinder ; to Love I'm a Slave.

S O N G CCLVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vaux-
 hall.

A S *Thyrsis* reclin'd by her Side he lov'd best,
 With a Sigh, her soft Hand to his Bosom he
 press'd,

While his Passion he breath'd in the Grove ;
 As the Bird to his Nest still returns for Repose,
 As back to its Fountain the constant Stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my Love.

Ne'er this Heart roves, or revolts from its Chains,

May *Ceres* in Rage quit the Vallies and Plains,

May *Pan* his Protection deny :

In vain wou'd young *Phillis* and *Laura* be kind ;

On the Lips of another no Rapture I find ;

With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the Queen of the *May*,

Young *Jenny* the Wanton, by chance, tript that Way,

And sought sweet Repose in the Shade.

With

With Sorrow, young Lovers, I tell the soft Tale,
The Lass was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
And forgot ev'ry Vow he had made.

To comfort the Nymph, and her Loss to supply,
In Form of *Alexis* young *Cupid* drew nigh,
Of Shepherds the Envy and Pride :
Ah ! blame not the Maid, if, o'ercome by his Truth,
Her Hand, and her Heart, she bestow'd on the Youth,
And the next Morn beheld her his Bride.

Learn rather from *Silvia*'s Example, ye Fair,
That a pleasing Revenge shall take place of De-
spair ;

Give Sorrow and Care to the Wind :
If faithful the Swain, to his Passion be true ;
If false, seek Redress in a Lover that's new,
And pay each Inconstant in Kind.

S O N G CCLVII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

COME, thou rosy dimpled Boy,
Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy ;
Leave the blisful Bow'rs a while,
Paphos and the *Cyprian* Isle ;
Visit *Britain*'s rocky Shore,
Britons too thy Pow'r adore ;
Britons hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy Laws, and bow to thee.
Source of ev'ry Heart-felt Joy,
Come, thou rosy dimpled Boy !

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Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away,
 This is Thine, and *Hymen's* Day ;
 Bid her thy soft Bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's Rites prepare ;
 Let the Nymph with many a Flow'r
 Deck the sacred Nuptial Bow'r ;
 Thither lead the lovely Fair,
 And let *Hymen* too be there.
 This is Thine, and *Hymen's* Day ;
 Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away !

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can Pleasure give :
 Pow'r, and Pomp, and tinsel State,
 Those false Pageants of the Great ;
 Crowns and Scepters, envy'd Things,
 And the Pride of Eastern Kings ;
 Are but childish empty Toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet Joys :
 Love alone can Pleasure give,
 Only when we love we live !

S O N G CCLVIII.

A C A N T A T A.

by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

WAK'D by the Horn,
 Like the Spring deck'd in Green,
 Sometimes in the Morning the Hunters are seen ;
 With Joy on each Brow they enliven the Place,
 And impatiently wait to join in the Chace.

M

AIR.

AIR.

From his close Covert rous'd, the Stag swiftly flies
 As the Arrow that's shot from the Bow ;
 O'er Rivers and Mountains, all Dangers defies,
 And fears nothing but Man, his worst Foe.
 And now they trace him thro' the Copse,
 Panting, struggling, see, he drops !
 Hark ! rude Clamours rend the Skies,
 While the dappled Victim dies !

RECITATIVE.

Thus *Britain's* Sons, in *Harry's* Reign,
 Pursu'd the trembling *Gaul*,
 Thro' Streams of Blood, o'er Hills of Slain,
 And triumph'd in his Fall.
 Now hostile Foes alarm,
 Arm, arm, *Britannia*, arm !

AIR.

Then away to the Field ! 'tis great *George* gives the
 Word ;
 Quit the Horn for the Trumpet, the Whip for the
 Sword !
 Like our valiant Forefathers, stern Death let us face
 Be as glorious in War, as we are in the Chace !

S O N G CCLIX.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

ALL in her fair sequester'd Cell,
 Where Happiness was wont to dwell,
 Contentment sat with down-cast Look,
 And these (or Words like these) she spoke,

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 old,

As you're
 bold

Set by Mr. J.

LET
 Pro
 Let the
 Censure

AIR.

Genius of *Albion*! wake your Queen,
Lo! *Gallia* clouds the peaceful Scene!

AIR changes.

Bid her arise her Wrongs to see,
Protect herself, and cherish me!

RECITATIVE.

Britannia alarm'd, at Contentment's Request,
In a Voice that confess'd her, her People address.

AIR.

Cast the Olive Wreath off;
Arm, ye *Britons*, advance;
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drum;
Point your Thunders at *France*!
Be brave, and convince them, their Efforts are
vain,
For that *George*, King of *England*, is King of the
Main;
And that, like your Forefathers, those Heroes of
old,
As you're born to be free, you've the Sense to be
bold.

S O N G CCLX.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

LET the Philosophic Wise
Preach up Rules the Gay despise;
Let the hoary-bearded Sage
Censure Follies of the Age;

M 2

Yet,

Yet, whilst rich the vital Tide,
Pleasure, thou shalt be my Guide :
Live, oh! Goddess, live with me,
All in sweet Variety.

Dwell thou, Love, within my Breast,
Just enough to make me blest ;
Let thy Sweets incessant spring,
But protect me from thy Sting :
Be the Passions unconfin'd,
Under no Restraint the Mind ;
But like Birds, as fond, and free,
Pleas'd with dear Variety.

Keep, O *Plutus*, all thy Wealth ;
Give me Competence and Health :
Care surrounds the Miser's Hoard ;
Pain succeeds the Spendthrift's Board.
Bacchus, in thy rosy Bowl
Let me slake my thirsty Soul ;
But let Reason teach e'en thee,
Reason prompts Variety.

Life on Wings of Joy shall haste ;
Gloomy Thoughts the Minutes waste :
We should punish Care and Fear ;
Fate predestines all Things here.
Hail to Friendship, Beauty, Wine !
These make transient Life Divine ;
May they ever live with me,
All in dear Variety !

Set by M
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S O N G CCLXI.

JENNY GREY.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

BRING, *Phæbus*, from *Parnassian* Bow'rs,
 A Chaplet of poetic Flow'rs,
 That far out-bloom the *May*;
 Bring Verse so smooth, bring Thoughts so free,
 And all the Muses Heraldry,
 To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Observe yon Almond's rich Perfume,
 Preventing Spring with early Bloom,
 In ruddy Tints, how gay!
 Thus, foremost of the blushing Fair,
 With such a blithsome, buxom Air,
 Blooms lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The merry, chirping, plumy Throng,
 The Rushes and the Twigs among,
 That pipe the *Sylvan* Lay,
 All hush'd at her delightful Voice,
 In silent Extasy rejoice,
 And study *Jenny Grey*.

The balmy Odour-breathing Gales,
 That lightly sweep the green-rob'd Vales,
 And in each Rose-Bush play;
 Know ye all, you're arrant Cheats,
 And steal your more than mortal Sweets
 From lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The *Amora*, and that Goddess bright,
 The Florist's, and the Maid's Delight,
 In vain their Charms display;
 The luscious Nect'rine, juicy Peach,
 Richness, nor in Sweets, can reach
 The Lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the fair Knot of Graces Three,
 Th' immortal Band of Bards agree,
 A tuneful Tax to pay ;
 There yet remains, of matchless Worth,
 There yet remains, a lovelier Fourth ;
 And she is *Jenny Grey*.

S O N G CCLXII.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Miss Formantell, at Ranelagh.

BENEATH this Grove, this silent Shade,
 Come, *Damon*, to thy gentle Maid :
 What other Nymph would live like me ?
 For, Oh ! thou'rt all Inconstancy.

You us'd to talk of Love and Bliss,
 And often sigh'd, my Lips to kiss ;
 But Roving now is sweeter Glee,
 And thou art all Inconstancy.

Here fragrant Flow'rets sweetly spring,
 The feather'd Choir in Concert sing ;
 Yet vain is what I hear, and see,
 Since *Damon's* all Inconstancy.

The am'rous Doves now bill and coo,
 And so, false *Damon*, so can you ;
 But can't, like them, contented be ;
 Thy sole Delight's Inconstancy.

Ye simple Fair, believe not Man,
 They all proceed on *Damon's* Plan ;
 Then from the Sex your Heart keep free,
 And love, like them, Inconstancy.

S O N

SONG CCLXIII.

TO CÆLIA.

Sai by Mr. Berg. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THE Eye that beams with lambent Light,
 The crimson Cheek that glads the Sight,
 The Shape, the Mien, the Air;
 With these to soothe Man's ruder Breast,
 With these, by blessing to be blest,
 The Gods adorn'd the Fair.

Hence each poetic Genius sings,
 Sweet Beauty tunes th' embosom'd Strings,
 And wakes th' enraptur'd Soul;
 The magic Pow'r of Form, and Face,
 Ordain'd the gentler Sex to grace,
 Resounds from Pole to Pole.

But shall not Charms so honour'd last?
 No; soon as Youth's short Summer's past
 They're veil'd in Time's Disguise:
 Thus blushing *Flora's* darling Flow'r,
 That scents the aromatic Bow'r,
 Buds, bursts to Bloom, and dies.

Then, ah! how vain is Female Pride!
 Shall she who's crown'd with Sense confide
 In such uncertain Pow'r?
 No; she reveres the milder Way;
 Reserv'd, tho' free, tho' modest, gay;
 And blooms to Life's last Hour.

O thou, my fair One, in whose Mind
 Each social, moral Virtue's join'd,
 The Nymph of Sense appear;
 Then, when the Charms of Youth are o'er,
 The Wise will *Cælia* still adore,
 Thou'lt still be lovely here.

SONG CCLXIV.

LOVE and REASON.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

HENCE, painful Pleasure, pleasing Pain,
 Resign, Oh! Love, thy Throne;
 Come, Reason, I obey thy Reign,
 And own thy Pow'r alone.
 Disdaining Love, from hence I'll live,
 Unmov'd by all the Fair;
 False *Delia's* Smiles no Joys shall give,
 Nor yet her Frowns Despair.

This Vow *Philander* scarce had made,
 When, on the verdant Plain,
 Fair *Delia*, with each Grace array'd,
 Approach'd the Love-sick Swain.
 In vain, with sudden Transport fir'd,
 For Reason's Aid he strove;
 He flew to her he long admir'd,
 And own'd the Pow'r of Love.

AIR changes.

Then against the tender Passion
 Let us not our Pow'r employ,
 But give way to Inclination,
 Taste of Love, and taste of Joy:
 For on Reason's Aid relying,
 Vain will all our Efforts prove;
 Custom with this Truth complying,
 Reason is too weak for Love.

SON

Set by Mr. B

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Set by Mr. W

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S O N G CCLXV.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Set by Mr. Berg. Sung by Miss Formantell, at Ranelagh.

O H! *Damon*, believe not your *Jenny* untrue,
Nor think that she's false and inconstant to you;
Think yon tow'ring Mount of itself shall remove,
Ere, *Damon*, you doubt of the Truth of my Love.

Yon clear crystal Stream shall the Mountains o'erflow,
And on the hard Rock the pale Primrose shall blow,
In Quest of the Lion the Lambkin shall range,
Ere *Jenny's* fix'd Passion shall lessen or change.

Upon the smooth Green when the Shepherds advance,
To hail *May's* Return with the Tabor and Dance,
If *Damon* is absent, I quit the glad Throng,
And join my Complaint with the Nightingale's Song.

The Pain which I suffer my Flocks seem to know,
And frolic, and play, as to lessen my Woe:
I cry, Cease, dear Lambkins, your Sporting and Play;
You cannot delight while my *Damon's* away.

No Toil shall discomfort while *Damon's* in Sight,
And the Sun's piercing Rays can in Summer delight,
And Winter's rude Tempests shall still find me gay;
For, blest with my Shepherd, each Month will be *May*.

S O N G CCLXVI.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

W HERE'S my Swain, so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in Sorrow?

Three whole Days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come To-morrow.

If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny ;
Love has flying Wings, I well know,
Not like ling'ring, lazy *Johnny*.

What can he be now a doing ?
Is he with the Lassies Maying ?
Better he had here been wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow ;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so To-morrow.

Does some fav'rite Rival hide him ?
Let her be the happy Creature ;
I'll not plague myself to chide him,
Nor dispute with her a Feature :

But I can't, nor will not tarry,
No, nor kill myself with Sorrow :
I may lose the Time to marry,
If I wait beyond To-morrow.

Think not, Shepherd, thus to brave me:
If I'm yours, away no longer ;
If you won't, another'll have me :
I may cool, but not grow fonder.

If your Lovers, Girls, forsake you,
Whine not in Despair and Sorrow ;
Blest another Lad may make you ;
Stay for none beyond To-morrow.

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S O N G CCLXVII.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall Gardens.

COME, *Chloe*, and give me sweet Kisses,
For sweeter no Girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of my Bliss,
Dost ask me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be stinted in Pleasure;
Then, pr'ythee, dear *Chloe*, be kind;
For, since I love thee beyond Measure,
To Numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the Bees that on *Hybla* are playing;
Count the Flow'rs that enamel the Fields;
Count the Flocks that in *Tempe* are straying,
And the Grain that rich *Sicily* yields;

Count how many Stars are in Heaven;
Go number the Sands on the Shore;
And when so many Kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold thee,
A Heart, which, dear *Chloe*, is thine;
In my Arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a Vine.

What Joy can be greater than this is?
My Life on your Lips shall be spent:
The Wretch that can number his Kisses,
Will always with few be content.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

Set by Mr. Berg, Sung by Miss Formantell, at
Ranelagh.

ONE Midsummer Morning, when Nature look'd
gay,
The Birds full of Song, and the Flocks full of Play;
When Earth seem'd to answer the Smiles from above,
And all Things proclaim'd it the Season of Love;
My Mother cried, *Nancy*, come haste to the Mill;
If the Corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The Freedom to use my Tongue pleas'd me, no
doubt;

A Woman, alas! would be nothing without:
I went tow'rs the Mill without any Delay,
And conn'd o'er the Words I determin'd to say:
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
Bless my Stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I will.

The Miller to Market that Instant was gone;
The Work it was left to the Care of his Son:
Now, though I can scold well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young Man.
I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill;
I must have my Corn ground, I must, and I will.

Sweet Maid, cry'd the Youth, the Fault is not mine
No Corn in the Town I'd grind sooner than thine:
There's no one more ready in pleasing the Fair;
The Mill shall go merrily round, I declare.
But hark how the Birds sing, and see how they bill!
I must have a Kiss first, I must, and I will.

My Corn being done, I tow'rs home bent my Way
He whisper'd he'd something of Moment to say;
Insist'd to hand me along the green Mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed!

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And that he'd be constant, and true to me still :
 And since that Time I've lik'd him, and like him I
 will.

I often say, Mother, the Miller I'll huff ;
 She laughs, and cries, Go, Girl, ay, plague him
 enough :

And scarce a Day passes but, by her Desire,
 I get a sly Kifs from the Youth I admire.
 If Wedlock he wishes, his Wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes ! with a hearty good Will.

S O N G CCLXIX.

The ACCIDENT.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, at Sadler's Wells.

AS t'other Day milking I sat in the Vale,
 Young *Damon* came up, to address his soft
 Tale,
 So sudden, I started, and gave him a Frown ;
 For he frighted my Cow, and my Milk was kick'd
 down.

Lord blefs me ! says I, what a-deuce can you mean,
 To come thus upon me, un-thought of, un-seen !
 I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend ;
 For, as Mischief began, perhaps Mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his Passion advance ;
 But pretty Excuses made up the Mischance :
 He begg'd a kind Kifs, which I gave him, I vow ;
 And I laid, my own self, all the Fault on my Cow.

How many Ways Love can the Bosom invade !
 His Bait prov'd too strong, alas ! for a Maid :
 He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at ;
 But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh ;
 For, if he should press, I shou'd surely comply,
 And ne'er shall be angry, my Heart itself tells,
 Though he flings down my Milk, or does any thing
 else.

S O N G CCLXX.

TIT for TAT.

Sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells.

YOUNG *Daphne* made *Damon* a Dupe to her
 Pride ;

He'd sigh, and he'd storm, and he'd soothe, and he'd
 chide :

I wonder the fair Ones so cruel can be ;
 Had I been a Damsel, I'm sure he'd won me :
 But all her Return to his amorous Chat,
 Was, Yes, to be sure ! oh ! I love you for that !

He told her, her Eyes shone more bright than the
 Day,

And all such soft Things as all soft Lovers say ;
 That Passion despis'd wou'd to Age turn his Youth,
 And that he should die—which was certainly Truth :
 Yet, though he still put in his Pleadings so pat,
 'Twas, Yes, to be sure ! oh ! I love you for that !

Now, finding his Courtship was on a weak Plan,
 He threw off the Lover, and put on the Man ;
 And while they both shelter'd one Noon in the Bow'r,
 Swore boldly, by *Jove*, he would have her that Hour :
 She frown'd, and, strait flying the Place where he sat,
 Cry'd, Yes, to be sure ! oh ! I love you for that !

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Sung by Mr.

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But *Damon* soon clasp'd the Nymph fast in his Arms,
And swore that his Flame shou'd be crown'd with her
Charms,

That Joy to wound Virtue his Heart was above :
How good we all grow when we're hamper'd in
Love !

He forc'd her to Church, gave her Tit for her Tat ;
And now there's no Doubt but she loves him for that.

S O N G CCLXXI.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Chambers, in the Con-
trivances.*

HE.

HASTE, haste and away, my only Dear,
Make haste, and away, away ;
For all at the Gate
Thy true Lover does wait :
Then pr'ythee make no Delay.

SHE.

Oh ! how shall I steal away, my Love,
Oh ! how shall I steal away ?
My Daddy is near,
And I dare not for Fear ;
Pray come then another Day.

HE.

Oh ! this is the only Day, my Dear,
Oh ! this is the only Day ;
I'll draw him aside,
While you throw the Gates wide,
And then you may steal away.

SHE.

Then pr'ythee make no Delay, my Dear,
 Then pr'ythee make no Delay ;
 We'll serve him a Trick,
 For I'll slip in the Nick,
 And with my true Love away.

TOGETHER.

Oh! *Cupid*, befriend a loving Pair,
 Oh! *Cupid* befriend us, I pray ;
 Make our Stratagem take,
 For thine own sweet Sake,
 And *Amen* let all true Lovers say.

S O N G CCLXXII.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh

HE that a Cuckold is, let it not grieve him ;
 For in his Wants there is one to relieve him :
 He may sleep quietly when his Wife's waking,
 And may be free from Care, void of Pains-taking :
 And his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

The Captain upon the Sea prays for fair Weather,
 While his Wife and his Mate sail both together ;
 Star-gazing on her Back, at the Moon's Motion,
 While the poor Cuckold is at his Devotion :
 Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

The Merchant upon the Sea searching for Treasure,
 What tho' his Merchandize be out of Measure ;
 Yet, if he kiss a Girl, while he is ranging,
 His Wife repays him, a Bill of Exchange, in :
 But his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

The

The greatest Lawyer, that ever was sent us,
Often returns his Wife, *non est inventus* ;
And though he never so wise in his Place is,
She will still find that a Flaw in his Case is :
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

The greatest Statesman, that e'er was applauded,
Need not to laugh at a Citizen horned ;
For, if 'tis true, as in ancient Relations,
The City-Dames still obey the Court-Fashions :
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

While the poor Parson with Zeal is expounding,
Telling the People their Sins are abounding ;
Some one, perhaps, pays his Tythes to his Wife,
Heedless of Rules for Amendment of Life :
Yet his Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

You that are Cuckolds, let this be your Comfort,
There are few others between this and *Rumford* :
Brethren all in a Row, shake Hands together,
And never disdain to wear the Bull's Feather ;
For your Condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THE Breed came forth frae the Barn,
 And she was ditting her Cheeks;
 How can I be married To-day,
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets?
 That ha' neither Blankets, ne Sheets,
 And wants a Covering too?
 The Breed that has aw Things to borrow,
 Has e'en reet muckle to do.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the Matter? quoth *Wolly*,
 Though we be scant o' Claiths,
 We's creep the claiser together,
 And drive away the Fleas.
 The Summer is coming on,
 And we's get Pickles a Woo;
 We's fee a Lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin Blankets enow.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Mother,
 The Deel stick aw this Preed!
 I had ne a Plack in my Pocket,
 The Day I was made a Breed.
 My Gown was Linsy-Winsy,
 And ne'er a Sark at aw;
 And you ha' Gowns and Buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

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Then up spake the Breed's Fether,
 As he came in frae the Plough :
 Hawd your Tongue, my Daughter,
 And ye'se get Geer enough ;
 The Stirk that gaus in the Tether,
 And our brawd Bassen Yade,
 To lade your Corn in Harvest :
 Whât wad you ha' you Jade ?
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Brother,
 As he came hence frae the Kye :
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he known you, as weel as I ;
 For you'r baith proud, and saucy,
 Ne fit for a poor Mon's Wife ;
 Gin I ne'er ha' better than you,
 I'se ne'er ha' ane in my Life.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the Breed's Sister,
 As she sat down by the Fire :
 O gin I married To-neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire :
 But I, pure Girl, must live single,
 And do the best I can ;
 I did not care what came o' me,
 So I had but a gude Man.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw :
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXIV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Young Molly, who lives at the Foot of the Hill
And whose Fame ev'ry Virgin with Envy do
fill,

Of Beauty is bless'd with so ample a Share,
That Men call her the Lass with the delicate Air.

One Ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the Grove
In thoughtless Retirement, not dreaming of Love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay Nymph, I declare;
And really she'd got a most delicate Air.

By a murmuring Brook, by a green mossy Bed,
A Chaplet composing, the fair One was laid:
Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
With Raptures to gaze on her delicate Air.

That Moment young Cupid selected a Dart,
And pierc'd, without Pity, my innocent Heart:
And from thence how to win the dear Maid, was my
Care;

For a Captive I fell to her delicate Air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
rude,

And begg'd of all Things that I would not intrude;
I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
But laid all the Blame on her delicate Air;

Said her Heart was the Prize which I sought to obtain,
And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond Pain.
She neither reject'd, nor granted my Pray'r,
But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air.

A thou-

thousand Times since, I've repeated my Suit ;
 but still the Tormentor affects to be mute :
 then tell me, ye Swains, who have conquer'd the
 Fair,
 how to win the dear Lads with the delicate Air.

S O N G CCLXXV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Told my Nymph, I told her true,
 My Fields were small, my Flocks were few ;
 While fault'ring Accents spoke my Fear,
 that *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

If Crops destroy'd by vernal Cold,
 and vagrant Sheep that left my Fold,
 If these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 and was not *Flavia* then sincere ?

Now, chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,
 The Friends I lov'd became unkind,
 she heard, and shed a gen'rous Tear ;
 and is not *Flavia* then sincere ?

Now, if she deign'd my Love to bless,
 My *Flavia* must not hope for Dress,
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 and *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go shear your Flocks, ye jovial Swains ;
 Go reap the Plenty of your Plains :
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 know my *Flavia's* Love's sincere.

S O N G CCLXXVI.

*Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson,
Vauxhall.*

AS I went o'er the Meadows, no matter the Day
A Shepherd I met who came tripping that Way
I was going to Fair all so bonny and gay.
He ask'd me to let him go with me there;
No Harm shall come to you, young Damsel, I swear
I'll buy you a Fairing to put in your Hair.

You've a good Way to go, it is more than a Mile;
We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon Stile
I've a Story to tell, that will charm you the while
To go with him farther I did not much care;
But still I went on, not suspecting a Snare;
For I dream'd of a Fairing to come from the Fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;
For I'd not for the World he should dare to be rude
Young *Roger* had promis'd, and baulk'd me a
Year;

If he should do so I would go no more there,
'Though I long'd e'er so much for a Gift from the
Fair.

When we got to the Stile, he wou'd scarce be said
He press'd my soft Lips, as if there he wou'd grow
(Take care how that Way with a Shepherd you go
Confounded I ran, when I found out his Snare:
No Ribbon, 'I cry'd, from such Hands will I wear
Nor go, while I live, for a Gift to the Fair.

S O N

S O N G CCLXXVII.

by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

ALL Attendants apart,
 I examin'd my Heart,
 Last Night when I laid me to Rest;
 And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
 To a Change of my Mind,
 For you know second Thoughts are the best.

To retire from the Croud,
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of ev'ry Temptation,
 Is in Truth to reveal,
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our Passions want some Regulation.

It will much more redound
 To our Praise, to be found,
 In a World so abounding with Evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 To wage open War with the Devil.

In bidding farewell
 To the Nymphs of the Cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant Life;
 And, if brought to Distress,
 Why then I'll confess,
 And do Penance in Shape of a Wife.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

*Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson,
Vauxhall.*

WHEN tutor'd under Mamma's Care,
Such Charms I did inherit,
She gave strict Charge that none should dare
To curb my growing Spirit.

My Neck and Bosom ne'er were hid,
Romances ever reading ;
To hold my Head up I was bid,
That I might shew my Breeding.

By Turns I play'd the Flirt, and Prude,
Affected Joy, and Sorrow ;
And what To-day was monstrous rude,
I thought polite To-morrow.

By Dukes and Earls I was address'd,
Each Fop sure of succeeding ;
Of ev'ry one I made a Jest,
That I might shew my Breeding.

Young *Damon* too confess'd a Flame,
And Rivals he had many ;
But, though I us'd him just the same,
I lik'd him best of any.

With Tears and Sighs he often swore,
For me his Heart was bleeding ;
I only plagu'd him still the more,
That I might shew my Breeding.

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Set by Mr. W

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Enrag'd he vow'd to break his Chain,
And fly to smiling *Kitty*;
I cou'd not bear to meet Disdain,
For one not half so pretty:

With gentle Words I bid him stay,
For Pardon fell to pleading;
We went to Church, and from that Day
I shew'd him better Breeding.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

STINT me not in Love or Wine;
I'll have full Draughts of either:
Round me springs the mantling Vine;
Bacchus, haste thee hither.

See, see the Grape bleeds to replenish my Cup!
I'll drink it, *Silenus*, I'll drink it all up:
And tho' my Feet stagger, and tho' my Eyes roll,
Ye *Bacchanals*, bring me another full Bowl.

Truce with your Bumpers—*Venus* now
The ruddy Victor chafes:
Send some Nymph with graceful Brow
To my warm Embraces.

See! blooming young *Hebe* is now on the Wing,
As ripe as full Summer, as wanton as Spring:
The Fairies and Dryads, far hence from the Grove!
Tis Silence and Gloom that is sacred to Love.

Steering thus from Joy to Joy,
Careful Thoughts I banish;
Time this Flame shall ne'er destroy,
Others blaze and vanish.

Enra

N

Ye

Ye Graces, and Satyrs, my Chaplet prepare;
 With Myrtle and Ivy come bind up my Hair;
 While I, in due Justice, your Pains will requite,
 By drinking all Day, and by loving all Night.

S O N G CCLXXX.

*Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson,
 Vauxhall.*

BRIGHT *Sol*, at length, by *Thetis* woo'd,
 Is sunk beneath the Western Flood;
 And now, within yon sacred Grove,
 I haste to meet the Youth I love.
 Reclin'd beneath the Beechen Shade,
 While Zephyrs whisper round his Head,
 Methinks I hear him sighing say,
 Come, lovely *Celia*, haste away.

I come, my *Damon*, fraught with Joy,
 Swift as the Mountain-Deer I fly,
 Within thy faithful Arms to lay,
 And love the Cares of Life away.
 There will I vow, dear, gen'rous Youth,
 To love thee with eternal Truth,
 Firm as great Heav'n's unchang'd Decree,
 And keep my spotless Heart for thee.

By that fond Heart, the truest, best,
 That ever warm'd a Virgin's Breast;
 By that fond Heart, dear Youth, I swear,
 Thou, only thou, art treasur'd there.
 There shalt thou ever, dearest Swain,
 My Bosom's faithful Inmate reign;
 While oft I say, what all must see,
 Was ever Woman blest like me!

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SONG CCLXXXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

LONG, long I despair'd a young Shepherd to
 find,
 Nor proud of his Merit, nor false as the Wind;
 But at last I have got a dear Lad to my Mind;
 Oh! I never can part with my *Willy*!
 We hie'd to the Altar last *Midsummer* Day;
 I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey:
 Can I do any less with my *Willy*?

His Breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air;
 His Face than the Rose is more ruddy, I swear;
 And his Kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all Compare!
 There is not such a Lad as my *Willy*.
 With him none pretends, or to pipe, or to play:
 Then what tender soft Things will the dear Shepherd
 say!
 With Ease, I am sure, he might steal Hearts away;
 But I'll never distrust thee, my *Willy*.

When I droop'd all in Pain, and hung down my Head,
 How kindly he watch'd me! what Tears did he shed!
 Nor left me a Moment till Sickness was fled:
 Can I ever forget thee, dear *Willy*?
 Should Death from my Sight tear the Shepherd so true,
 Let him take (if he chooses) then me away too;
 For why should I tarry, or what could I do,
 Should I lose such a Lad as my *Willy*?

S O N G CCLXXXII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

TELL me, Lasses, have you seen,
 Lately wand'ring o'er the Green,
 Beauty's Son, a little Boy,
 Full of Frolic, Mirth, and Joy?
 If you know his Shelter, say;
 He's from *Venus* gone astray.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

By his Marks the God you'll know:
 O'er his Shoulder hangs a Bow,
 And a Quiver fraught with Darts,
 Poison sure to Human Hearts:
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the Mind.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

Subtle as the Light'ning's Wound
 Is his piercing Arrow found:
 While the Bosom's Heart it pains,
 No external Mark remains:
 Reason's Shield itself is broke
 By the unsuspected Stroke.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

Oft the Urchin's seen to lie
 Basking in the sunny Eye:
 Or his destin'd Prey he seeks
 On the Maiden's rosy Cheeks:
 Snowy Breasts, or curling Hair,
 Oft conceal the pleasing Snare.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

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She that the Recess reveals,
 Where the God himself conceals,
 Shall a Kiss receive this Night
 From her Heart's supreme Delight:
 To *Venus* let her bring the Boy,
 She shall taste Love's sweetest Joy.

Tell me, Lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the Green?

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey, who teaz'd me a Twelve-
 month, or more,

Now bolder is grown than was Mortal before;
 He whispers such Things as no Virgin should hear,
 And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't bear,
 And he presses my Lips with a Warmth I can't bear.

With Stories of Love he would soften my Mind,
 And his Eyes speak a Temper to Mischief inclin'd:
 At I vow, not a Moment I'll trust him alone;
 And when next he grows rude, I will bid him be gone,
 And when, &c.

Honour and Truth not a Word has he spoke,
 And his Actions declare he thinks Virtue a Joke:
 I shall find his Mistake, if he ventures to try;
 I'll rather yield on such Terms, oh! I rather would die,
 Than, &c.

With no Creature beside he such Freedom can take;
 The Handsome and Witty he quits for my Sake:
 How can I think he loves me the best?
 How can I love him who'd break all my Rest?
 Now, &c.

Oh! *Jockey*, reform, nor be foolish again,
 Lest you lose a fond Heart you shall never regain:
 If you change your Behaviour, and to Church choose
 to go,
 I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say No.
 I'll forgive, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

AS on *Tay's* Banks I wander'd in search of my
 Fair,
 How smooth was the Stream! and how soft was the
 Air!

To nothing but thee such a Scene I compare;
 And thee it resembles, dear *Jenny*.

The deep crystal Wave was a Type of thy Face;
 I thought it so clear it might serve for thy Glass,
 And the Curls that were there for thy Dimples might
 pass:

I vow'd 'twas the Picture of *Jenny*.

Methought I took in all the Charms of thy Mind,
 To Virtue, to Love, and to Pity inclin'd,
 The tender soft Passions that feel no rude Wind;
 For calm is the Bosom of *Jenny*.

All pleas'd with the Prospect, I wish'd the bright Maid
 Cou'd have seen her dear Self in this Mirror display'd
 'Twas like her when last the sweet Girl I survey'd
 Like none it cou'd be but my *Jenny*.

But sudden a Tempest I ne'er saw before
 Made the Billows arise, and the Waves foam and roar
 I thought that I scarcely was safe on the Shore:
 Ah, me! even then it was *Jenny*.

The same dreadful Sight, when to Spleen you're inclin'd,

When to me you are cross, and to others are kind:
 But never, dear Girl, raise this Storm in your Mind;
 'Twill kill me, believe me, dear *Jenny*.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Thyrfis*, ye Shepherds, is gone;

I look all around for the Swain:

He's fled, and Joy with him is flown;

He leaves me to Sorrow and Pain.

Where is it I madly would rove?

Can ye tell me what's left worth my Stay?

Too late I perceive it was Love

All the while led my Fancy astray,

All the while led my Fancy astray.

What avails if I tarry behind,

Now my Heart he has stole quite away?

No Comfort on Earth shall I find,

No Rest, or by Night, or by Day.

When he sung, oh! I listen'd with Glee:

When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!

Ever thought I the Moment to see,

Then to see I could wish to have died.

Then to see, &c.

Who is it that comes o'er the Green?

'Tis *Thyrfis*, the dear wish'd-for Youth:

Death e'er shall part us, I ween;

For than Death is much stronger his Truth.

The Muse saw them meet in the Grove,
 Saw the Maid and the Shepherd all blest:
 He vow'd to be true to his Love;
 She dares not to whisper the rest,
 She dares not, &c.

SONG CCLXXXVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

DEAREST *Kitty!* kind and fair!
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell me, fond and faithful Swain,
 When we thus shall meet again?
 Where shall *Strepbon* fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee?
 Beauties only found in thee?

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play
 All the happy live-long Day,
 Dearest *Kitty!* kind and fair!
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy Day, 'tis true,
 Blest, but only then, with you;
 Nightly *Strepbon* sighs alone,
 Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one,
 Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.

Tell me then, and ease my Pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
 When the Priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling Hand to mine?
 Dearest *Kitty!* kind and fair!
 Tell me when, I care not where;
 Tell me when, I care not where.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

THE Sun in Virgin Lustre shone,
 May Morning put its Beauties on,
 The Warblers sung in livelier Strain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain,
 And sweeter Flow'rets deck'd the Plain,
 When Love, a soft intruding Guest,
 That long had dwelt in *Damon's* Breast,
 Now whisper'd to the Nymph, Away,
 For this is Nature's Holiday,
 For this is Nature's Holiday.

The tender Impulse wing'd his Haste;
 The painted Mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy Cot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept, and Silence reign'd,
 Where Beauty, &c.

Wake, my Fair, the Shepherd cries,
 New-born Pleasure ope thine Eyes:
 See, my *Sylvia*, hail the *May*;
 For this is Nature's Holiday,
 For this, &c.

Then came the Maid in Beauty bright,
 Phaëbus in Meridian Light:
 Rapt in Rapture, all confess'd,
 The Shepherd clasp'd her to his Breast,
 The Shepherd, &c.

Then gazing, with a speaking Eye,
He snatch'd a Kifs, and heav'd a Sigh,
A melting Sigh, that seem'd to say,
Consider, Youth's our Holiday,
Consider, &c.

Ah! soft, she said, for Pity's Sake;
What! kifs me e'er I'm well awake!
For this so early came you here?
And hail you thus the rising Year?
And hail, &c.

Sweet Innocence, oh, cease to chide!
We'll haste to Joy, the Swain reply'd;
In Pleasure's flow'ry Fields we'll stray,
And this shall be Love's Holiday,
And this, &c.

A crimson Glow warm'd o'er her Cheek;
She look'd the Thing she dar'd not speak;
Consent own'd Nature's soft Command,
And *Damon* seiz'd her trembling Hand,
And *Damon*, &c.

His dancing Heart in Transport play'd;
To Church he led the blushing Maid,
Then bless'd the happy Morn of *May*;
And now their Life's all Holiday,
And now, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Fair Quaker of Deal.

HOW little do the Landmen know
Of what we Sailors feel,
When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow!
But we have Hearts of Steel.

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No Danger can affright us ;
 No Enemy shall flout :
 We'll make the Monsieurs right us :
 So tofs the Can about.

Stick stout to Orders, Messmates ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
 Then, *France*, have-at your First-Rates ;
 For *Britons* never shrink :
 We rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by Scores ;
 And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,
 Shall roll in Louis-d'Ors.

While here at *Deal* we're lying
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll spend our Wages freely, Boys,
 And then to Sea for more.
 In Peace we'll drink and sing, Boys ;
 In War we'll never fly :
 Here's a Health to *George* our King, Boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

The INCURIOUS. Sung at Vauxhall.

GIVE me but a Wife ; I expect not to find
 Each Virtue and Grace in one Female combin'd :
 No Goddess for me ; 'tis a Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Deal. The young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold ;
 She claims my Respect, like a Mother, if old ;
 Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Like

Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her Eye ;
 If blind, she the Roving of mine cannot spy :
 Thus either is lovely ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

If rich be my Bride, she brings Tokens of Love ;
 If poor, then the farther from Pride my Remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

I ne'er shall want Converse, if Tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the Rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Then cease, ye Profane, on the Sex to descant ;
 If you've Wit to discern, of Charms they've no Want
 Each Fair can make happy, if Woman we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

S O N G CCXC.

In the WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our Flock
 we must shear ;
 In your Holiday Suits with your Lasses appear :
 The happiest of Folks are the Guileless and Free ;
 And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught ;
 We practise no Arts with Hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our Hearts you may read in our Eyes
 For, knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.

By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led ;
 But we all the Children of Nature are bred :

By her Hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the Roses will bloom when there's Peace in the
Breast.

The Giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our Roofs are too low for so lofty a Head;
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our Door;
They smile with the Simple, and feed with the Poor.

When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal;
Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine Folks to deceive and betray.

S O N G CCXCI.

To DELIA. Set by Mr. Arne.

SOFT pleasing Pains, unknown before,
My beating Bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful Bow'r
Where dearest *Delia* dwells.
That Way I daily drive my Flock;
Ah! happy, happy Vale!
There look, and wish; and while I look,
My Sighs increase the Gale,
My Sighs increase the Gale.

Sometimes at Midnight I do stray
Beneath inclement Skies,
And there my true Devotion pay
To *Delia's* sleep-seal'd Eyes:
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious Travel faint,
To kiss alone the clay-cold Tomb
Of some lov'd fav'rite Saint,
Of some, &c.

O tell,

O tell, ye Shades, that fold my Fair,
 And all my Bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those Blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain?
 But let me not at Fate repine,
 And thus my Grief impart:
 She's not your Tenant; — she is mine;
 Her Mansion is my Heart,
 Her Mansion is my Heart.

S O N G CCXCII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Daphne* was the prettiest Maid
 The Eyes of Love cou'd see;
 And but one Fault the Charmer had,
 'Twas Cruelty to me,
 'Twas Cruelty to me.

No Swain that e'er the Nymph ador'd
 Was fonder, or was younger;
 Yet, when her Pity I implor'd,
 'Twas, Stay a little longer,
 'Twas, &c.

It chanc'd I met the blooming Fair,
 One May Morn, in the Grove;
 When *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
 Now, now's the Time for Love,
 Now, &c.

I clasp'd the Maid; it wak'd her Pride:
 What! did I mean to wrong her!
 Not so, my gentle Dear, I cry'd;
 But Love will stay no longer,
 But Love, &c.

Then,

then, kneeling at her Feet, I swore
 How much I lov'd, how well;
 And that my Heart, which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell,
 With her, &c.

Present stood speaking in the Eye
 Of all my Care's Prolonger:
Daphne utter'd with a Sigh,
 Oh! stay a little longer,
 Oh! stay, &c.

The Conflict in her Soul I saw
 Twixt Virtue and Desire:
 Come, I cry'd, let *Hymen's* Law
 Give Sanction to Love's Fire,
 Give Sanction, &c.

Lovers, guess how great my Joy!
 Cou'd Rapture well prove stronger?
 When Virtue spoke in *Daphne's* Voice,
 You now—shall stay no longer,
 You now—shall stay no longer.

S O N G CCXCIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

TIS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they
 are twain,

Since *Thyrsis* neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay Meadows along,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What at first was but Friendship soon grew to a Flame;
 My Heart it was Love, in the Youth 'twas the same:
 When each other our Passion we sought not to hide;
 Who shou'd love most was our Contest and Pride,
 Who, &c.

Then, But

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, " Love not too well,
 " For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
 " And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gifts on its Side,
 " The grave ones will scorn, and a Mother must chide,
 " The grave, &c.

Afraid of Rebukes, he his Visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
 Or to tarry, with Patience, a Season more kind:
 So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind,
 So I put, &c.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid:
 If we fight for each other, ah! quit not your Care:
 Condemn the God *Cupid*; but bless the fond Pair.
 Condemn the God *Cupid*; but bless the fond Pair.

SONG CCXCIV.

Set by Mr Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring Youth,
 From Fair to Fair, I rov'd;
 To ev'ry Nymph I vow'd my Truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd:
 Yet, when the Joy I wish'd was past,
 My Truth appear'd a Jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That Constancy is best,
 That Constancy is best.

Like other Fools, at Female Wiles
 'Twas my Delight to rail;
 Their Sighs, their Vows, their Tears, their Smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:

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But, by Reflection's bright'ning Pow'r,
I see their Worth confest;
That Man cannot enough adore,
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

The roving Heart at Beauty's Sight
May glow with fond Desire;
Yet, tho' Possession yield Delight,
It damps the lawless Fire:
But Love's celestial faithful Flames
Still catch from Breast to Breast;
While ev'ry home-felt Joy proclaims
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

No solid Bliss from Change results,
No real Raptures flow;
But, fix'd to one, the Soul exults,
And tastes of Heav'n below.
With Love, on ev'ry gen'rous Mind,
Is Truth's fair Form imprest;
And Reason dictates to Mankind,
That Constancy is best,
That Constancy is best.

S O N G CCXCV.

An ADDRESS to the LADIES.

Sung at Ranelagh:

miles,
But,

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
Who trip in this frolicsome Round,
May tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
The Sexes at once to confound?

What

What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air
 With each Motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls,
 And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support
 May call ev'ry Art to her Aid;
 The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
 Are Samples she gives of her Trade:
 But you on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,
 Should sily attack us with Coyness and Wiles,
 Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls,
 Not with, &c.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the View,
 And kindly shou'd seem by the Artist design'd
 To serve as a Model for you.
 Then learn with her Beauties to copy her Air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal—sweet Girls,
 And double, &c.

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of May,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure:
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay
 And your Empire is solid and sure:
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us in Fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters or Aunts;
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives—poor Girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives.

S O N G CCXCVI.

The VINDICATION.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

THE wicked Wits, as Fancy hits,
All satirize the Fair;
Prose and Rhyme, in Strains sublime,
Their Foibles they declare:
Kind are bold, the Chaste are cold;
These prudish, those too free:
Curious Men, come tell us then,
What should a Woman be?
What should a Woman be?

Hard's the Task, and vain to ask,
Where Optics are untrue;
Muse shall here th' Indicted clear,
And prove the Crimes on you:
Rake is cloy'd when she's enjoy'd
In whom his Wish was plac'd;
Fool, deny'd, affects the Pride,
And rails, to be in Taste,
And rails, &c.

Not like these the Men of Bliss
Their sure Criterion fix:
Wisdom cries, My Sons, arise,
And vindicate the Sex:
Theirs to prove those Sweets of Love
Which others never share;
Evidence, that none have Sense
But who adore the Fair,
But who, &c.

Ye blooming Race, with ev'ry Grace
 Celestially imprest,
 'Tis yours to quell the Cares that dwell
 Within the Human Breast:
 At Beauty's Voice our Souls rejoice,
 And Rapture wakes to Birth;
 And *Jove* design'd th' enchanting Kind
 To form an Heav'n on Earth,
 To form, &c.

Oh! ev'ry Art to win the Heart,
 Ye dear Inspirers, try;
 Each native Charm with Fashion arm,
 And let Love's Lightning fly:
 And hence, ye Grave, your Counsels save,
 Which Youth but sets at nought;
 For Woman still will have her Will,
 And so I think she ought,
 And so I think she ought.

S O N G CCXCVII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Colin* sought my Heart to gain;
 The Shepherd, lost in Love,
 Each Morning woo'd me on the Plain,
 Each Noon within the Grove:
 Yet my Denial still was this,
 Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such Rudeness!—I'll assure you, I'll assure you
 Such Rudeness!—I'll assure you.

For twenty Youths (not he alone)
 The am'rous Flame confest;
 And, had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest;

side, he us'd no pretty Arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me;
 While others talk'd of Flames and Darts;
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

Face, my Form, were prais'd aloud;
 My Wit new Conquests fir'd;
 'd 'twas enough to make one proud
 To be so much admir'd:
 Length, Reflection shew'd the Fate
 Such Flatt'ry might procure me,
 And Virtue warn'd to shun the Bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
 Nor vanly—I'll assure ye.

Did the sighing Train depart;
 This Maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That Flatt'ry fills the sensual Heart,
 But Truth the Heart of Love:
 When Colin, wont in vain to plead,
 Of Vanity to cure me,
 Now woo'd again; and now indeed
 Lov'd him—I'll assure ye,
 Lov'd him, &c.

Am'd myself, such Scorn to bear
 To Merit now so clear:
 My Example learn, ye Fair,
 To prize the Youth sincere:
 Instant join'd the nuptial Tie;
 He raptur'd to ensure me;
 Trust me, Damsels, when you try,
 I will charm you—I'll assure ye,
 I will charm you—I'll assure ye.

SONG

S O N G CCXCVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Colin* protests I'm his Joy and Delight
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his Sight
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go;
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His Pleasure all Day is to sit by my Side;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says No:
 The Deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The Deuce, &c.

He often requests me his Flame to relieve;
 I ask him, what Favour he hopes to receive?
 His Answer's a Sigh, while in Blushes I glow:
 What Mortal beside him would plague a Maid
 What Mortal, &c.

This Breast-knot he Yesterday brought from the Veil
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his Sake.
 Such Trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each Eve from the Cot to the Place
 And meets me each Morn to conduct me again
 But what's his Intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him

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S O N G CCXCIX.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

NO Shepherd was like *Strephon* gay,
 No Swain to me so dear;
 'Twas Rapture all the live-long Day
 His Song, his Pipe to hear,
 His Song, his Pipe to hear:
 When he sigh'd, and talk'd of Love,
 His Passion I'd forbid;
 For what I felt, to hide I strove;
 Upon my Word I did,
 Upon my Word I did.
 In Spring, when Nature wakes to Youth,
 And looks all Life and Joy,
 The Summer's Sun, saw *Strephon's* Truth,
 Saw *Chloe* still was coy,
 Saw *Chloe*, &c.
 In length he vow'd, Thou cruel Fair,
 Disdain my Heart has freed:
 He spoke, and left me in Despair;
 Upon my Word he did,
 Upon, &c.
 How sad, how penitent was I!
 My Pride had caus'd my Pain:
 From Morn to Eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh! *Strephon*, come again,
 Oh! *Strephon*, &c.
 When he chanc'd, he sought a tender Lamb,
 That in the Grove lay hid;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his Name;
 Upon my Word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd,

Surpriz'd, my well-known Voice to hear,
 In Sounds of soft Delight,
 With eager Steps the Youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd Sight,
 And met, &c.

No Pow'r had I, all Art was vain,
 Of *Strephon* to get rid;
 My panting Heart confess'd the Swain;
 Upon my Word it did,
 Upon, &c.

O Nymph, he cry'd, whose Eyes to meet,
 My Soul with Joy o'erflows!
 The Bee, that roves from Sweet to Sweet,
 Like me, prefers the Rose,
 Like me, &c,
 Ye Maids, with whom I've tripp'd the Green,
 Let other Youths succeed;
 My *Chloe* welcom'd me again;
 Upon my Word she did,
 Upon, &c.

While Blushes crimson'd o'er my Cheek,
 My Hand with Warmth he prest;
 Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my *Chloe*, speak,
 Shall *Strephon* now be blest?
 Ah! who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The Shepherd could have chid?
 Perhaps you think I held my Tongue;
 Upon my Word I did,
 Upon my Word I did.

S O N G CCC.

WHEN the Nymphs were contending for
Beauty and Fame,
Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in Right of her Claim;
And, to crown the high Transports dear Conquest
excites,

At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*,
At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*.

But how shall I whisper this fair One's sad Case?
A cruel Disease has destroy'd her sweet Face;
Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled Red,
And all the gay Graces of Beauty are fled,
And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye Fair, lest you triumph in vain;
For *Sylvia*, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging, since Reason took place,
Than when she possess'd the Perfections of Face,
Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and tease,
Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
Takes Truth and Discretion the Guide of her Life;
Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well form'd for a Wife.
Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well form'd for a Wife.

S O N G CCCI.

CORYDON and PHOEBE. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

CORYDON.

WELL met, dearest *Phæbe*: Ah! why in such
Haste?

The Woods and the Meadows all Day have I trac'd,
In search of my fair One: Then nothing remains,
But she to reward me for all my past Pains,
But she to reward me for all my past Pains.

O

PHOEBE.

PHOEBE.

Why! how now, bold *Corydon*! what do you mean?
Shou'd a Damsel, like me, just turn'd of Nineteen,
Be seen all alone with a Man, I'm afraid
The World wou'd soon think me no longer a Maid,
The World, &c.

CORYDON.

Let 'em think as they please, 'twill prove all a Lye;
You are not alone, for chaste *Cynthia* is by;
She'll judge of our Actions: Then drive away Fear
No Harm is intended to *Phæbe*, I swear,
No Harm, &c.

PHOEBE.

No, no, subtle Swain, you may say what you will
Kneel, lye, swear, and flatter, and try all your Skill
Before I'll be cozen'd, I'd have you to know,
I'll die first a Virgin; so pray let me go;
I'll die, &c.

CORYDON.

Why, *Phæbe*, such Thoughts I had ne'er in my Head
I meant but to know if To-morrow you'd wed;
But, since you won't hear me, I'll bid you adieu
And find out some other that's kinder than you,
And find, &c.

PHOEBE.

Return, gentle Shepherd, a few Moments stay;
I'll venture to yield, if you mean as you say;
Let To-morrow then come, at the Church you
find,
That she you think cruel yet still may be kind,
That she, &c.

BOTH.

Phæbus ! vouchsafe to accept of our Boon ;
 Make haste to expel the pale glimmering Moon ;
 And when thy bright Face shall appear in the Sky,
 With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tie,
 With Rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial Tie.

S O N G CCCII.

On the Marriage Act.

THE Fool that is wealthy is sure of a Bride ;
 For Riches, like Fig-leaves, their Nakedness
 hide :

The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life,
 In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife.

Good Days of yore they ne'er troubled their Heads
 Settling of Jointures, or making of Deeds ;
 Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd Course,
 Took one another, for better, for worse.

In pr'ythee, dear *Chloe*, ne'er aim to be great ;
 Love be thy Jointure ; ne'er mind an Estate :
 I can never be poor, who have all those Charms ;
 I shall be rich, when I've you in my Arms.

S O N G CCCIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

ANCE Wedlock's in Vogue, and stale Virgins
 despis'd,

Batchelors, greeting, these Lines are premis'd :
 Maid that would marry—ah ! could I but find
 (Not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind.
 (Not for Fortune) a Man to my Mind.

Not the fair-weather'd Fop, fond of Fashion and Dress
 Not the 'Squire, who can relish no Joys but the Chase
 Nor the free-thinking Rake whom no Morals can bind
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind
 Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd Sot, who topos World without End
 Nor the Drone, who can't relish his Bottle and Friend
 Nor the Fool, that's too fond ; nor the Churl, that
 unkind ;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind
 Neither this, &c.

Not the Rich, with full Bags, without Breeding or Merit
 Nor the Flash that's all Fury, without any Spirit
 Nor the fine Master *Fribble*, the Scorn of Mankind
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the Man to my Mind
 Neither this, &c.

But the Youth, whom Good-Sense and Good-Nature
 inspire ;
 Whom the Brave must esteem, and the Fair should
 admire ;
 In whose Heart Love and Truth are with Honour
 conjoin'd ;
 This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.
 This, this, and no other's the Man to my Mind.

S O N G CCCIV.

*The ROVER.**Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.*

IN all the Sex some Charms I find ;
 I love to try all Womankind,
 The Fair, the Smart, the Witty,
 The Fair, the Smart, the Witty.

Cupid's Fetters, most severe,
 languish'd out a long, long Year,
 The Slave of wanton *Kitty*,
 The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling Chain,
 And swore that Love was endless Pain,
 One constant Scene of Folly,
 One constant, &c.
 I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke;
 But soon I felt a second Stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd *Molly*,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue,
 Young *Jenny* did my Soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder Valley,
 That lives, &c.

When *Cupid* threw another Snare,
 And caught me in the curling Hair
 Of little tempting *Sally*,
 Of little, &c.

Born'd with Charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle:
 And now it wanders here and there,
 Turns the Prize of Brown and Fair,
 But never more will settle,
 But never more will settle.

S O N G CCCV.

A Pastoral Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **H**ASTE, haste, *Phillis*, haste, 'tis the first
of the *May*!

Hark, the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood let
away ;

We'll pluck the pale Primrose ; nay, start not
my Dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear,
I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

She. Excuse me, fond Swain, it has often been said,
The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread ;
And a wither'd old Gipsy, one Day I espy'd,
Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said some
thing beside,
Bid me shun, &c.

He. 'Tis all a meer Fable ; there's nothing to fright
There's Music all Day, and no Spectres at Night
No Creature but *Cupid*, believe me, is there,
And *Cupid*'s an Urchin you surely can't fear,
And *Cupid*'s, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the Wood
Who knows your Design ? you may dare to
rude :

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
Lest *Cupid* and you be too hard for a Maid,
Lest *Cupid*, &c.

He. His Dictates you wisely at once should approve
For pray what is Life ? it is Pain without Love
Think how Youth, like the Rose, tho' ung
ther'd, will fade ;
Then quickly comply, lest you die an old Maid
Then quickly, &c.

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St. By Language as artful young *Daphne* was won;
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and un-
done;

And, rather than trust the fine Things you have
said,

Let my Beauty decay, and I'll die an old Maid,
Let my Beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the Wind;
I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond, and as kind;
Will lead you to Pleasure untasted before,
And make you a Bride; can a Mortal do more?
And make you, &c.

She. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say No;
To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd I'll go;
To the Wood next, tho' *Cupid* so talk'd of be there.
With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all Fear,
With Joy, &c.

Wob. Ye Nymphs, to the Woods never venture to go;
Till the Priest join your Hands, you must answer
No, no:

Ye Swains, should your fair Ones be deaf to you
still,

You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll go
where you will.

You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll go
where you will.

S O N G CCCVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

I'll sing of my Lover all Night and all Day;
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay;
His Voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's Lay,
And well on his Bagpipe my Shepherd can play;

And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
And praises my Eyes, and my Lips, and my Hair
Rose, Vi'let, nor Lily, with me can compare :
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear ;
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my Feet, and with many a Sigh,
He cry'd, Oh ! my Dear, will you never comply ?
If you mean to destroy me, why do it ; I'll die :
I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I ;
And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat ;
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet ;
His Looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet ;
And a bonny, &c.

At Eve, when the Sun seeks Repose in the West,
And *May's* tuneful Choirists all skim to their Nest ;
When I meet on the Green the dear Boy I love best
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast ;
And a bonny, &c.

But see how the Meadows are moisten'd with Dew
Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you
We'll live for each other, both constant and true,
And taste the soft Raptures no Mortal e'er knew :
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*,
And a bonny young Lad is my *Jockey*.

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S O N G CCCVII.

C H A R M I N G B E S S Y.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful Nine,
 With Numbers soft and witty ;
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line,
 Then raise my humble Ditty :
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line,
 Then raise my humble Ditty.
 Catch, catch, ye Groves, the am'rous Song ;
 And, as ye waft the Sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan Throng,
 To praise my charming *Bessy*,
 My lovely, charming *Bessy*.
 Let others sing the cruel Fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the Wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his Ruin,
 And proudly, &c.
 Such haughty Tyrants I detest ;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gently-swelling Breast,
 My lovely, charming *Bessy*,
 My lovely, &c.
 The Rose I'll pluck to deck her Head,
 The Vi'let and the Pansy :
 The Cowslip too shall quit the Mead,
 To aid my am'rous Fancy ;
 The Cowslip, &c.
 Ye fragrant Sisters of the Spring,
 Who shed your Sweets on Zephyr's Wing,
 Around my Fair your Odours fling,
 Around my charming *Bessy*,
 Around, &c.

When Ev'ning dapples o'er the Skies,
 The Sun no longer burning,
 Methinks I see before my Eyes
 Thy well-known Form returning.
 On Hill or Dale, by Wood or Stream,
 Thou art alone my constant Theme,
 My waking Wish, my Morning Dream,
 Thou lovely, charming *Bessy*,
 Thou lovely, charming *Bessy*.

S O N G CCCVIII.

MYRTILLA.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE chearful Virgins, have ye seen
 My fair *Myrtula* pass the Green,
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the *May*-born Flow'r,
 Sweet as the *May*-born Flow'r.

Her Cheeks are like the Maiden Rose
 Join'd with the Lily as it grows,
 Where each in Sweetness vie,
 Where each in Sweetness vie.
 Like Dew-Drops glitt'ring in the Morn,
 When *Phæbus* gilds the flow'ring Thorn,
 Health sparkles in her Eye,
 Health sparkles in her Eye.

Her Song is like the Linnet's Lay,
 That warbles chearful on the Spray,
 To hail the vernal Beam,
 To hail the vernal Beam.

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Her Heart is blither than her Song ;
 Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.

S O N G CCCIX.

The ADVICE.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE Nymphs, who to the Throne of Love
 With Hearts submissive bow ;
 Who hope the mutual Bliss to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow ;
 Thro' Caution's Glass, by Reason lent,
 Oh ! view your Lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly ;
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly,
 The Man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake
 No social Bliss allows ;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing Spouse,
 A good-for-nothing Spouse.
 Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly ;
 His own sweet Charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly ;
 His own, &c.

But when, with ev'ry manly Grace,
 A Youth of Soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your Form and Face,
 Thinks brighter still your Mind,
 He Thinks brighter still your Mind ;

When

When such shall for the Favour sue,
 Oh ! yield your Hand sincerely,
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To Life's last Moment, dearly ;
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To Life's last Moment, dearly,
 To Life's last Moment, dearly.

S O N G CCCX.

The QUEEN of MAY.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

EV'RY Nymph and Shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the Queen of May ;

Rifle for her Brows the Spring ;

Make her as the Season gay,

Make her as the Season gay.

Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,

How to use the fleeting Hour ;

Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,

How to use the fleeting Hour,

How to use the fleeting Hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,

With his Sweetness now delights ;

By his Side, the maiden Rose

With her artless Blush invites,

With her, &c.

Such, so fragrant, and so gay,

Is the blooming Queen of May ;

Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,

Soon he droops his languid Head ;

From the Rose her Purple flies,

None inviting to her Bed,

None, &c.

Such

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the Queen of May;
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural Queen,
 By the Suffrage of the Swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal Green,
 In thy Shrine not long remains,
 In thy Shrine not long remains.
 Bless, then, quickly bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth;
 Bless, then, quickly, bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

S O N G CCCXI.

AMANDA.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the dew-besprinkled Rose;
 By the Blackbird piping clear;
 By the Western Gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal Year;
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain:
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By the Cowslip, clad in Gold;
 By the silver Lily's Light;
 By those Meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in Green and White;
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And to his Sighs, oh! sigh again:
 Hear, &c.

Such

BY

By the Riv'let's rambling Race ;
 By the Music that it makes ;
 By bright *Sel's* inverted Face,
 Who for the Stream his Sky forsakes ;
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And into Joy convert his Pain :
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 And into Joy convert his Pain.

S O N G CCCXII.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA. *A Pastoral Dialogue.*

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

Phil. **W**Hile Blossoms deck each verdant Spray,
 And *Flora* breathes the Sweets of May,
 I'll leave my Flock to frolic free,
 And tune my Pipe alone for thee,
 And tune my Pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia. What if thy Flock should leave the Plain,
 While *Tray* is sleeping by my Swain ?
 Would'st thou not think the Minutes dear,
 And rail at me that kept thee here ?
 And rail, &c.

Phil. First shall the Lark forget his Note,
 The Linnet stop his liquid Throat.

Sylvia. So oft you game, some Shepherds say,
 And only jest, when you betray,
 And only, &c.

Deck but your Song with Truth alone,
 My Virgin Heart shall be your own.

Phil. The Turtle shall forsake his Love,
 Ere I to thee inconstant prove,
 Ere I, &c.

Both.

When Beauty opens all her Charms,
 And Honour flies to Beauty's Arms,
 Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crown,
 And Virtue then ascends her Throne,
 And Virtue then ascends her Throne.

S O N G CCCXIII.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

logue.
 WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly young
 Swain,

to a lovely young Shepherdess crossing the Plain;
 Why so much in haste? (now the Month it was *May*)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden, which Way?
 Then straight to this Question the Nymph did reply,
 With a Smile on her Look, and a Leer on her Eye,
 I came from the Village, and homeward I go;
 And now, gentle Shepherd, pray why would you know?

ain,
 ear,
 I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
 I tell you the Reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home, (the Swain was in Love)
 Of such a Companion if you would approve:
 My Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But see no great Danger in going alone;
 For yet can I hinder, the Road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No Danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a Companion is pleasanter too;
 And if you could like (now the Swain he took Heart)
 Such a Sweetheart as me, we never would part:
 Oh! that's a long Word said the Shepherdess then;
 We often heard say, there's no minding you Men:
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young Maiden, the first Thing you do.

Oh!

Both.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the Shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my Bride;
 To-morrow the Parson (well said, little Swain)
 Shall join both our Hands, and make one of us twain
 Then what the Nymph answer'd to this is not said:
 The very next Morn to be sure they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now when shall we see such a Wedding in Town?

S O N G CCCXIV.

The RESOLUTION.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

CEASE, *Cupid*, cease thy fond Alarms,
 For I am safe from future Harms;
 My Heart, once free, shall ne'er again
 Or feel Love's Pleasure,
 Or feel Love's Pleasure, or its Pain:
 No; from this Day, this very Hour,
 I turn a Rebel to thy Pow'r;
 Since Truth and Honour cannot move,
 What, what have I to do with Love?
 What, what have I to do with with Love?

A Nymph more fair I ne'er shall find
 Than lovely, faithless *Rosalind*:
 Beware, ye Swains, nor trust your Eyes;
 The Wretch who gazes, surely dies:
 No Swain could vie in Bliss with me;
 No Nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
 Who vow'd by each dread Pow'r above;
 Then what had I to do, but love?
 Then what, &c.

But when she found I hugg'd my Chain,
 Nor wish'd for Liberty again,

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She bid me all my Hopes give o'er,
 And think of her and Love no more :
 Say then, if she no longer deign
 To hear my Vows, or soothe my Pain ;
 If she no more my Verse approve,
 What, what have I to do with Love ?
 What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous Fair ;
 To Scenes far distant I'll repair ;
 In desert Plains, and Forests rude,
 I'll court my Mistress, Solitude :
 No more shall faithless Woman's Art
 Ensnare my fond believing Heart ;
 Like Nature's Son, at large I'll rove,
 And have no more to do with Love,
 And have no more to do with Love.

S O N G CCCXV.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

WHERE the Jessamine sweetens the Bow'r,
 And Cowslips adorn the gay Green,
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene ;
 The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the Scene.
 In a Cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young Colin, and Phæbe the Fair ;
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share ;
 The Blessings each other receive
 In mutual Enjoyments they share.

And

And the Lads and the Lasses that dwell on the Plain,
Sing in Praise of fair *Phæbe*, and *Colin* her Swain.

The Sweets of Contentment supply
The Splendor and Grandeur of Pride ;
No Wants can the Shepherd annoy,
While blest with his beautiful Bride ;
No Wants, &c.

He wishes no greater Delight
Than to tend on his Lambkins by Day,
And return to his *Phæbe* at Night,
His innocent Toil to repay ;
And return, &c.

And the Lads tell the Lasses, in hopes to prevail,
They're as constant as *Colin*, who lives in the Dale.

If delighted her Lover appears,
The fair One partakes of his Bliss :
If dejected, she soothes all his Cares,
And heals all his Pains with a Kiss ;
If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful Deceit,
That is practis'd in City and Court ;
Thinks Happiness no where complete,
But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort ;
Thinks Happiness, &c.

And the Lads tell the Lasses they die in Despair,
Unless they're as kind as *Phæbe* the Fair.

Ye Youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair One betray,
No longer be faithless in Love,
The Dictates of Honour obey ;
No longer be faithless in Love,
The Dictates of Honour obey :
Ye Nymphs, who with Beauty are blest,
With Virtue improve ev'ry Grace ;
The Charms of the Mind, when posselt,
Will dignify those of the Face ;

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The Charms of the Mind, when possess'd,
Will dignify those of the Face :

And, ye Lads and ye Lasses, whom *Hymen* has join'd,
Like *Colin*, be constant, like *Phæbe*, be kind.

S O N G CCCXVI.

CROSS PURPOSES. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves *Mary* passing well,
And *Mary* she loves *Harry* ;
But *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
And finds his Love miscarry ;
For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
Whilst *Mary* slights his Passion :
So strangely freakish are the Turns
Of Human Inclination.

Moll gave *Hall* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous Folly,
Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
It came again to *Molly* :
Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
No Turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the Object they pursue,
But hates the kind Pursuer.

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
Proud *Hall* despises *Mary* ;
And all the Flouts which *Bell* receives
From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry* :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People grummer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in Good-Humour.

Then, Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
Throughout the *British* Nation ;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern
To smile at Reformation.

And

And still, thro' Life, this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G CCCXVII.

Advice to the Fair Sex. Sung at Vauxhall.

FORGIVE, ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
 If ought too much I do :
 Permit me, while I give my Song,
 To give a Lesson too,
 To give a Lesson too.
 Let Modesty, that Heav'n-born Maid,
 Your Words and Actions grace ;
 'Tis this, and only this, can add
 New Lustre to your Face,
 New Lustre to your Face.

'Tis this that paints the Virgin Cheeks
 Beyond the Pow'r of Art ;
 And ev'ry real Blush bespeaks
 The Goodness of your Heart,
 The Goodness of your Heart.
 This Index of a virtuous Mind
 Your Lovers will adore ;
 'Tis this will leave a Charm behind,
 When Bloom can charm no more,
 When Bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle Men
 With nice Reserve behave ;
 And learn, by Distance, to maintain
 The Pow'r your Beauty gave,
 The Pow'r your Beauty gave.

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For this, when Beauty must decay,
Your Empire will protect ;
The Wanton pleases for a Day,
But ne'er creates Respect,
But ne'er creates Respect.

With this their silly Jests reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude ;
Nor think the Man is worth your Love,
Who ventures to be rude,
Who ventures to be rude.
Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall ;
They fally with a Touch ;
And, tho' we mean to grant not all,
We often grant too much,
We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
Expect the gen'rous Youth,
Whom Heav'n has doom'd her Heart to share,
And bless'd with Love and Truth,
And bless'd with Love and Truth ;
For him alone preserve her Hand,
And wait the happy Day,
When he with Justice can command,
And she with Joy obey,
And she with Joy obey.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

Set by Mr. Arne. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Seek not at once in a Female to find
The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind ;
Let the fair One I love have but Prudence in view,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true :
Let her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean ;
Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mien ;

By

By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
Nor indebted to Paint,—nor indebted to Paint,
For White or for Red,—for White or for Red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of the Sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquettes I detest :
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit :
Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
—I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G CCCXIX.

Sung in the CHAPLET.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart,
While thus we sit round on the Grass :
The Lover, who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

The Wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs,
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs,
Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of *Craſus* the Wealth to surpass ;

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on the Afs,
Claps the Horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well fronted with Brass,
Tho' he talk to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee;
There you, my good Friend, are an Afs,
There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Class;
The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Afs,
But Death, &c.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
By Turns take our Bottle and Lafs;
For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

S O N G CCCXX.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHEN first by fond *Damon Flavella* was seen,
He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien,
He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien:
The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
Not warm as a Lover, but cool as a Friend;
From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did move,
And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love,
And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

Now Charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own,
Her Face, &c.

Her

Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear Virtue beam'd forth in her Mind :
 Still, still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and show'd it was Love
 Till a Sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he fights for the Fair,
 Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her,
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, till his Heart-strings are ready to break;
 For Fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing Example to prove,
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love,
 That Friendship, &c.

A Lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give Offence ;
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense
 Not a Dupe, &c.

His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And Time, that can Beauty's short Empire remove
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

S O N G CCCXXI.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too
 That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in *June*,
 And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, sweetly in Tune
 All this has been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
 Or prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I!
 My Ease and Good-Humour short Raptures will bring;
 My Voice, like the Nightingale's, knows but a Spring:
 For Charms such as these then your Praises give o'er;
 To love me for Life, you must love me still more,
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a Shape, or an Air;
 For *Chloe* the Wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
 And brightens Good-Humour as Sun-shine the Day:
 For that if you love me, your Flame may be true,
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too,
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G CCCXXII.

Sung in the CHAPLET.

YOU say, at your Feet that I wept in Despair,
 And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair:
 How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of Angels?—I meant it in Joke.

Next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but Death should my Passion remove:
 Have lik'd you a Twelvemonth, a Calendar-Year;
 And not yet contented!—Have Conscience, my Dear.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Vernon.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart;
 For Examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the Smart.

P

When

When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
And our Beauties sets to View ;
Vanity, her Aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our Due,
Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes
Is the mild, deceitful Strain ;
Frowning Truth our Sex displeases ;
Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
But, too soon, the happy Lover
Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive :
Man was form'd to be a Rover,
Foolish Woman to believe,
Foolish Woman to believe.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

In the CHAPLET.

DAMON, PASTORA, LAURA.

DAMON.

THREE Goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young *Paris* one Day :
Can I judge the Value of either,
Where both bear so equal a Sway ?

PASTORA.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise ;
I never was us'd to petition ;
But pr'ythee make use of your Eyes.

LAU

LAURA.

No Merit I plead, but my Passion ;
'Twas needless to mention your Vow :
Reflect, with a little Compassion,
On what this poor Bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some Genius direct me, or Dæmon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong :—
You're Part of the Goods of *Palamon* ; [To Past.
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA.

I know that my Person is charming,
Beyond what a Clown can discover ;
That Dowdy, your Senses alarming,
Proves what a dull Thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull Plains for the City,
Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit :
Your Taste, simple *Damon*, I pity ;
Your Wit who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my Anger would smother :
The Loss of one Lover can't vex me ;
My Charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
I wish you much Joy of your Fury ;
My Rage into Pieces could tear 'em !

P. 2

DAMON.

Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
Youth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their
Youth.

S O N G CCCXXV.

Sung in the CHAPLET.

Farewel, my *Pastora*, no longer your Swain,
Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chain;
Nay, arm not your Brow with such haughty Disdain;
My Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol derol,
Derol tol lol derol lol lol;
Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of *May*,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day!
Their Love is but Frolic, their Courtship but Play.

Sing tol derol, &c.

Struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
A chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore:
He yields to Intreaty; and when the Fit's o'er,
Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

Sung in the CHAPLET.

DECLARE, my pretty Maid,
Must my fond Suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry, - hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry :
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry :
 With you, &c.

Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
 The Stroke I well can parry :
 I love to kiss, to toy and play ;
 But do not choose to marry :
 I love, &c.

Young *Molly* of the Dale
 Makes a mere Slave of *Harry* ;
 Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
 The foolish Swain would marry ;
 Because, &c.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
 I to the Grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry, — hang me if I marry :
 With you I'll toy, and kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads,
 That I quit my poor *Chloe*, and stick to my Glads ;
 But to you, Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own ;
 And, if you don't like them, why — let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare :
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
 But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My *Chloe* had Dimples and Smiles, I must own ;
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in Truth she could frown :
 But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine ?

For Lilies and Roses were just in their Prime ;
 Yet Lilies and Roses are conquer'd by Time :
 But in Wine, from its Age, such a Benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my Love would in Time have been
 cloy'd,
 And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

But Murders, and Battles, and History prove
 The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love :
 But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no Rival contends ;
 For the more we love Liquor, the more we are Friends.

Harry : We too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life
 With Nurses, and Babies, and Squalling and Strife :
 But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring ;
 And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

They shorten our Days when with Love we engage ;
 But Wine brings on Diseases, and hastens Old Age :
 But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
 And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the
 Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word,
 She has left me, to get an Estate, or a Lord :
 But my Bumper (regarding nor Title or Pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain :
 For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy
 Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Clive in AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN Daisies py'd, and Vi'lets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men ; for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

When Shepherd's pipe on oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks ;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks ;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men ; for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Marybone.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, oh! tell me whence comes my Content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet, so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 At once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart,
 At once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known:
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind shes does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love!
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name,
 Our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are the Charms!
 How delightful Embraces! how peaceful her Arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
 To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield;
 'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field:
 To Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield;
 'Tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

S O N G CCCXXX.

HOPE : *A Pastoral.**Set by Mr. Arne.*

MY Banks are all furnish'd with Bees,
 Whose Murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My Grottoes are shaded with Trees,
 And my Hills are white-over with Sheep :
 I seldom have met with a Loss,
 Such Health do my Fountains bestow ;
 My Fountains all border'd with Moss,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.

Not a Pine in my Grove there is seen
 But with Tendrils of Woodbine is bound ;
 Not a Beech's more beautiful Green
 But a Sweet-briar twines it around :
 Not my Fields, in the Prime of the Year,
 More Charms than my Cattle unfold ;
 Not a Brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with Fishes of Gold,
 But it glitters, &c.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the Bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
 Not a Shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there :
 Oh ! how sudden the Jessamine strove
 With the Lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my Love
 To prune the wild Branches away,
 To prune, &c.

From

From the Plains, from the Woodlands and Groves,
 What Strains of wild Melody flow !
 How the Nightingales warble their Loves
 From Thickets of Roses that blow !
 And, when her bright Form shall appear,
 Each Bird shall harmoniously join
 In a Concert so soft, and so clear,
 As — she may not be fond to resign,
 As — she may, &c.

I have found out a Gift for my Fair,
 I have found where Wood-Pigeons breed ;
 But let me that Plunder forbear ;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous Deed,
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a Bird of its Young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue,
 Such Tendernefs, &c.

I have heard her with Sweetness unfold
 How that Pity was due to — a Dove ;
 That it ever attended the Bold ;
 And she call'd it the Sister of Love :
 But her Words such a Pleasure convey,
 So much I her Accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more,
 Methinks, &c.

Can a Bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her *Corydon* sighs ?
 Will a Nymph, that is fond of the Plain,
 These Plains and this Vally despise ?
 Dear Regions of Silence and Shade !
 Soft Scenes of Contentment and Ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her Absence, cou'd please,
 If aught, &c.

From

But

But where does my *Phyllida* stray ?
 And where are her Grotts, and her Bow'rs ?
 Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the Face of the Valleys as fine ;
 The Swains may in Manners compare ;
 But their Love is not equal to mine,
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

S O N G CCCXXXI.

In the CHAPLET.

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Bosom's keen
 Smart ?

What Lethe can banish the Pain ?
 What Cure can be met with to soothe the fond Heart
 That's broke by a faithless young Swain ?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The Sports of the Wake and the Green !
 When *Colin* is dancing, I say with a Sigh,
 'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales moan
 In Accents so piercing and clear ;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a Groan,
 As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon Grove ;
 For there, to her Cost, was poor *Laura* betray'd,
 And *Damon* pretended to love.

S O N

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 In gath'ring
 Poor *Ph*

Ah! lead
 Who know
 And bring
 My *Ph*

Conceive
 And, if y
 I'll give y
 My *Ph*

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S O N G CCCXXXII.

Sung in the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray ;
 The little Wand'rer lost her Way,
 In gath'ring Flow'rs the other Day ;
 Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.

Ah! lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the Plains ;
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind ;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find
 My *Phillis*, &c.

Whene'er a charming Form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, nor half undress'd,
 But under Cover slightly press'd,
 In secret plays the little Breast
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah! seize her, and bring home my Dear ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,
 Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
 With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose

Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
 Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,
 Whose Face like—nothing that I know,
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate ;
 The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,
 So just, exact, and so complete,
 As *Phillis*, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flow'r,
 Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
 Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*,

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my True-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among your Crew ?

William, who high, upon the Yard,
 Rock'd by the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below ;
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her Nest.

The

The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan* ! *Susan* ! lovely Dear !

My Vows shall ever true remain ;

Let me wipe off that falling Tear ;

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be

The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;

They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry Port a Mistress find :

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,

Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright ;

Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale ;

Thy Skin is Ivory so white :

Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view

Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ;

Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms

William shall to his Dear return :

Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,

Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,

The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread ;

No longer must she stay on board ;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head :

Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land ;

Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

By Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the Man whose Wish and Care
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native Air
In his own Ground :

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire ;
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day,

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
Together mix'd, sweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which most doth please,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung at the Theatres.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the *Englishman's*
Food,
It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood ;
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good
O the Roast Beef of *Old England* !
And O the *Old English* Roast Beef !

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But since we have learnt from all-conqu'ring *France*
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain Complaisance :
O the Roast Beef, &c.

Bread, Our Fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open House with good Chear all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song :
O the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor Race, half begotten,—and tame,
Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame :
O the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
Ere Coffee, or Tea, or such Slip-flops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown :
O the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again ;
As Witness, the vaunting Armada of *Spain*.
O the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had Stomachs to eat, and to fight,
And, when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
right ;
But now we're a Pack of—I could—but Good-Night :
O the Roast Beef of *Old England* !
And O the *Old English* Roast Beef !

S O N G

SONG CCCXXXVI.

Sung in LETHE.

YE Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
 Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex;
 Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
 Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care;
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the Rover they cannot regain;
 The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And *Chloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The Troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day:
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care;
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your Care.

SONG CCCXXXVII.

Sung in AS YOU LIKE IT.

BLOW, blow, thou Winter's Wind!
 Thou art not so unkind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As Man's Ingratitude:

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Thy Tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Thy Tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky;
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
Tho' thou the Waters warp,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friends remember'd not,
As Friends remember'd not.

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll visit oft the birken Bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our Haunts thou didst repair,
By Green-wood, Shaw, or Fountain;
Or where the Summer's Day I'd share
With you upon yon Mountain:

There

There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
 My Heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

In COMUS.

FAME's an Echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring Bubble;
 A Breath can swell, a Breath can sink it;
 The Wise not worth their keeping think it:
 Why, then, why such Toil and Pain,
 Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?
 Like her Sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the Best she's oft unkind,
 And the Worst her Favour find.

S O N G CCCXL.

In COMUS.

LIVE and love, enjoy the Fair;
 Banish Sorrow, banish Care;
 Mind not what old Dotards say,
 Age has had his Share of Play;
 But Youth's Sport begins To-day.
 From the Fruits of sweet Delight
 Let no scare-crow Virtue fright;
 Here, in Pleasure's Vineyards, we
 Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

S O N G

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S O N G CCCXLI.

In COMUS.

COME, come, bid adieu to Fear;
 Love and Harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous Jars,
 Buzzing Slanders, wordy Wars,
 In my Presence will appear:
 Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous Sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, Bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm Wishes panting,
 Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
 Are the only Tumults here,
 All the Woes you need to fear:
 Love and Harmony reign here.

S O N G CCCXLII.

In COMUS.

NOR on Beds of fading Flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy Pride,
 Nor with Swains in Syren Bow'rs,
 Will true Pleasure long reside:
 On awful Virtue's Hill sublime
 Enthron'd sits the immortal Fair;
 Who wins her Height must patient climb;
 The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care:
 So, from the first did *Jove* ordain
 Eternal Bliss for transient Pain.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Words from the Italian.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
Ev'ry Minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton Girls and Boys
Sweetly founding in thy Ear,
Sweetly founding in thy Ear,
Infant's Prate and Mother's Joys?

Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to his Mate;
As a farther Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait:
Hark! that charming Nightingale,
As he flies from Spray to Spray,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
Sweetly tunes, &c.
I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least, the thousandth Part,
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
In a mutual Change of Heart;
Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
Virgin Fears, from hence remove,
All the Time is thrown away,
All the Time is thrown away,
That we do not spend in Love.

S O N G

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S O N G CCCXLIV.

Set by Mr. Weldon, and Mr. Arne, sen.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er Man to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet ;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;
 Joys incircling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright ;
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know Delight ;
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CCCXLV.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR *Chloe*, whilst thus beyond Measure
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an Old-Age of Pain :
 Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love :
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby* with *Joan* by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd ;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old *Darby's* Pot's out,
 His *Joan* will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother ;
 Then what are the Charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments that Love did bestow ;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The best of all Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 Which Sicknefs nor Time can remove ;
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,
 A Friendship insensibly grows,
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these ;
 The Current of Fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid Old-Age cannot freeze.

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S O N G CCCXLVI.

GREENWOOD HALL ; or, Colin's Description (to
his Wife) of Vauxhall.

O Mary ! soft in Feature !
I've been at dear *Vauxhall* ;
No Paradise is sweeter,
Not that they *Eden* call :
At Night such new Vagaries,
Such gay and harmless Sport,
All look'd like Giant Fairies,
And this their Monarch's Court.

Methought, when first I enter'd,
Such Splendour round me shone,
Into a World I ventur'd,
Where rose another Sun ;
Whilst Music, never cloying,
As Sky-larks sweet I hear ;
The Sounds I'm still enjoying ;
They'll always soothe the Ear.

Here Paintings, sweetly glowing,
Where-e'er our Glances fall ;
Here Colours, Life bestowing,
Bedeck this *Greenwood Hall* :
The King there dubs a Farmer ;
There *John* his Doxey loves ;
But my Delight's the Charmer
Who steals a Pair of Gloves†.

Q

As,

Alluding to three Pictures in the Pavillions, viz. the King
Miller of Mansfield, the Sailor in a Tippling-House in
sleeping, and the Girl who is stealing a Kiss from the sleeping
Gentleman.

As, still amaz'd, I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove,
 I spy a Harper * playing
 All in his proud Alcove :
 I doff my Hat, desiring
 He'd tune up buxom *Joan* ;
 But what was I admiring ?
 Adzooks ! a Man of Stone.

But now, the Tables spreading,
 They all fall to with Glee ;
 Not e'en at 'Squire's fine Wedding
 Such Dainties did I see :
 I long'd (poor starv'ling Rover) ;
 But none heed Country Elves ;
 These Folk, with Lace daub'd over,
 Love only dear themselves.

Thus, whilst 'mid Joys abounding,
 As Grafshoppers they're gay ;
 At Distance, Crowds surrounding,
 The Lady of the *May* † :
 The Man i'th' Moon peep'd slyly,
 Soft twinkling thro' the Trees,
 As tho' 'twould please him highly
 To taste Delights like these.

SONG

* Mr. Handel's Statue.

† Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, sitting under
 a splendid Pavillion.

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S O N G CCCXLVII.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

DEFEND my Heart, ye Virgin Pow'rs,
 From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
 And shield me, in my gayer Hours,
 From Love's destructive Wiles :
 In vain let Sighs and melting Tears
 Employ their moving Art,
 Nor may delusive Oaths and Pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my Heart.

My calm Content and virtuous Joys
 May Envy ne'er molest,
 Nor let ambitious Thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful Breast ;
 Yet may there such a decent State,
 Such unaffected Pride,
 As Love and Awe at once create,
 My Words and Actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty Praise,
 Each wanton Art display,
 While Fops and Fools in Raptures gaze,
 And sigh their Souls away :
 Far other Dictates I pursue,
 (My Bliss in Virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser Few,
 Who real Worth can taste.

SONG CCCXLVIII.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

GAY *Damon* long study'd my Heart to obtain,
The prettiest young Shepherd that pipes on the Plain;

I'd hear his soft Tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last *Valentine's* Day to our Cottage he came,
And brought me two Lambkins to witness his Flame:
Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their Fleece;

I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one Morning, we sat in the Grove;
He press'd my Hand hard, and in Sighs breath'd his Love;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a Kiss?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said Yes.
I design'd, &c.

At this, with Delight, his Heart danc'd in his Breast;
Ye Gods, he cry'd, *Chloe* will now make me blest;
Come, let's to the Church, and share conjugal Bliss:
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.
To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a Word in my Life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a Wife:
Then take, ye young Damsels, my Counsel in this,
You must all die old Maids, if you will not say Yes;
You must all die old Maids, all die old Maids, if you will not say Yes.

SONG

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S O N G CCCXLIX.

A Loyal Song.

SAY, lovely Peace, that grac'd our Isle,
 Why you withdraw th' indulgent Smile?
 Is it, you fly the Sons of Fame,
 That they the Pride of *France* may tame?
 For *Mars* is rous'd by War's Alarms,
 And calls the *Britons* forth to Arms.

Our Chiefs, renown'd upon the Main,
 Once more in Arms shine forth again,
 Whose steady Courage dares oppose
 And stem the Pow'r of *Gallic* Foes;
 For *Mars*, &c.

What State but does its Fate deplore,
 Where-e'er the *British* Thunders roar?
 All, all must in Subjection bow;
 And to *Britannia's* Sons 'tis due;
 For *Mars*, &c.

As *Rome* of old her Terrors hurl'd,
 And prov'd the Mistress of the World,
 The Globe itself must subject be
 To *Albion's* Sons, who rule the Sea;
 For *Mars*, &c.

Arise, arise, to War's great Call;
 Prepare to meet th' audacious *Gaul*;
 And, in return for all your Toils,
 Return with Victory and Spoils:
 For *Mars* is rous'd by War's Alarms,
 And calls the *Britons* forth to Arms.

S O N G CCCL.

FAIR CHLOE.

COME, all ye young Spirits of lively Address,
 Ye Arts that can Joy and Good-humour express;
 Come all the soft Numbers that *Ovid* has writ,
 To sweeten my Language, inspire my Wit;
 For these are all wanting my Flame to declare,
 Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.
 With Flatt'ry attempt not her Bosom to move;
 She'll see thro' the Fraud, and perceive it from Love;
 Her Wit is so ready, her Judgment so clear,
 With a Look she discovers the False from Sincere.
 'Tis Wisdom and Truth then my Flame must declare,
 Since *Chloe*, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.

S O N G CCCLI.

ABSENCE.

YE Shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose Flocks never carelessly roam,
 Should *Corydon*'s happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor Wanderers home:
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the Change that ye find;
 None once was so watchful as I:
 —I have left my dear *Phillis* behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the 'Torture of Doubt and Desire;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire:
 Ah! lead forth my Flock in the Morn,
 And the Damps of each Ev'ning repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
 —I have bad my dear *Phillis* farewell.

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Since *Phillis* vouchsaf'd me a Look,
 I never once dreamt of my Vine ;
 May I lose both my Pipe and my Crook,
 If I knew of a Kid that was mine :
 I priz'd ev'ry Hour that went by
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh ;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I grieve thus in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the Plain,
 Where I fed on the Smiles of my Dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite Maid,
 The Pride of that Valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
 I could wander with Pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair Nymph to forego,
 What Anguish I felt at my Heart !
 Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
 'Twas with Pain that she saw me depart :
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
 My Path I could hardly discern :
 So sweetly she bad me adieu,
 I thought that she bad me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all Day
 To visit some far-distant Shrine,
 If he bears but a Relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine :
 Thus widely remov'd from the Fair,
 Where my Vows, my Devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the Relique I bear,
 And my Solace wherever I go.

S O N G CCCLII.

SICK of the Town, at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat;
 Adieu, said I, vain World, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great:
 The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The moss-grown Roof, the matted Floor;
 All these I had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet I wanted something more;
 Yet I wanted, yet I wanted,
 But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy World again
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind:
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour,
 By turns my Fancy fill;
 The World seem'd all within my Pow'r;
 But yet I wanted something still,
 But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd;
 'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale,
Celia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale:
 All Nature smil'd; the Gloom was clear'd;
Damon was kind—I can't tell how;
 Each Place a Paradise appear'd:
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now;
Celia wanted, *Celia* wanted,
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

S O N G

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S O N G CCCLIII.

LET me wander not unseen
 By hedge-row Elm, on Hillock green ;
 There the Plowman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
 There the Plowman near at Hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower wets his Scythe ;
 While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale ;
 While ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

S O N G CCCLIV.

The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
 Delighted in Wine that was good,
 Because in good Wine there was Truth ;
 But, growing as poor as was *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A Bumper to cherish his Heart,
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his Quart :
 Tho' some are so foolish to think
 He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
 'Twas only his Custom to drink
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes,
 Till the Liquor, &c.

Q 5

Democritus

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple and cherish his Soul ;
 Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
 When over a full flowing Bowl :
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And, when he was drunk as a Lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh,
 At those, &c.

Wife *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good Laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Craesus* a Slave
 (Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful Bowls ;
 But, drinking, much Talk wou'd decline ;
 Because 'twas the Custom of Fools
 To prattle much over their Wine,
 To prattle, &c.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
 Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late Hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made Wine the Delight of his Life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable Scold of a Wife,
 Such a damnable, &c.

Theophrastus, that eloquent Sage,
 By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
 With a Bottle would boldly engage ;
 When mellow, was brisk as a Bird ;

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Would chat, tell a Story, and jest,
 Most pleasantly over a Glass,
 And though a dumb Guest at a Feast,
 But a dull philosophical Afs,
 But, &c.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his Parts,
 Who tutor'd the Bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his Cups and his Quarts,
 Which he drank, like a Miser, at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd Wine that was good
 To the last (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret,
 So fancy'd, &c.

Pythag'ras did Silence enjoin
 To his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,
 Because that he tiptled good Wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful Bowls,
 By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown
 He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls,
 He conceiv'd, &c.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the best
 Made Reason the brighter to shine:
 With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 And made his Philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round, like a Chariot Wheel,
 Turn'd round, &c.

Anaxarchus, more patient than *Job*,
 By Pestles was pounded to Death ;
 Yet scorn'd that a Groan or a Sob
 Should waste the Remains of his Breath :
 But sure he was free with his Glafs,
 And drank to a Pitch of Disdain,
 Or the Strength of his Wisdom, alas !
 I fear would have flinch'd from the Pain,
 I fear, &c.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
 His Belly, most Writers agree,
 Was as big as a Watering-Trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough,
 Because, &c.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a Glafs,
 He saw that no Object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was,
 Before he had liquor'd his Beard ;
 For Things running round in his Drink,
 Which, sober, he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the Sceptick to think
 There was nothing of Truth to be found,
 There was, &c.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd Divine ;
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known :

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By Wine we are generous made ;
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings ;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings,
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G CCCLV.

LOVE REWARDED.

WITH *Phœbus* I often arose,
 To feast on the Charms of the Spring,
 The Fragrance to smell of the Rose,
 Or listen to hear the Birds sing :
 When Linnets exalted their Strains,
 The Music enchanted my Ear ;
 My Eyes too were blest'd on the Plains
 With various sweet Blooms of the Year.

When *Chloe* shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the Scene of Delight ;
 My Thoughts she engross'd all the Day,
 I saw her in Dreams all the Night :
 Still musing on *Chloe* I walk'd,
 My Harvest no more in my Thought :
 Of nothing but *Chloe* I talk'd ;
 Her Smiles were the Harvest I sought.

No longer the Warblers could please ;
 No longer the Roses look'd gay ;
 For Music, and Sweetness, and Ease,
 Were lost, if my Love was away :
 I tun'd to her Beauties my Lays,
 I study'd each Art that could move ;
 She took the kind Tribute of Praise,
 And paid it with Fondness and Love.

By

S O N G

S O N G CCCLVI.

STELLA and *Flavia*, ev'ry Hour,
Do various Hearts surprize ;
In *Stella's* Soul is all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia's* in her Eyes:
More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
And *Stella's* more confin'd ;
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands :
Like Eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands :
Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store ;
Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to *Stella* more.

S O N G CCCLVII.

MUSIC has Pow'r to melt the Soul,
By Beauty Nature's sway'd ;
Each can the Universe controul,
Without the other's Aid ;
Each can the Universe controul,
Without the other's Aid.

But here together both appear,
And Force united try ;
Music enchants the list'ning Ear,
And Beauty charms the Eye ;
Music enchants, &c.

What

What Cruelty these Pow'rs to join!
 These Transports who can bear !
 Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair !
 Oh ! let the Sound be less divine,
 Or look the Nymph less fair !

S O N G CCCLVIII.

CONTENTMENT.

O True Content ! secure from Harms,
 What's all the World without thy Charms,
 Which still allure to Rest ?
 Compar'd therewith, all earthly Joys
 Are empty, fading, trifling Toys :
 In thee Mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, no Monarchs have
 Such Pleasure as the meanest Slave,
 To whom thou giv'st Relief ;
 Tho' Subjects shew profound Respect,
 Nor Duty wilfully neglect,
 Thy Absence causes Grief.

When thou are banish'd from the Mind,
 Frail Mortals vainly are inclin'd
 To Pride and Avarice,
 Lasciviousness, Idolatry,
 Thefts, Murders, and Adultery,
 With ev'ry other Vice.

But where thou reign'st there's solid Peace ;
 Thro' thee true Virtue does increase ;
 Thy Countenance expels
 The gloomy Prospects of Despair ;
 It dissipates the slavish Fear,
 With whomsoever it dwells.

What

Come,

Come, then, thou pleasing Beauty bright !
 Reside with me both Day and Night,
 Display thy lovely Charms ;
 Be thou diffus'd within my Breast,
 And let me still securely rest
 Infolded in thy Arms.

Thro' all the various Scenes of Life,
 Preserve me free from envious Strife,
 On Heav'n still to rely
 For true protecting Aid ; and when
 Time terminates in Death, oh ! then
 To thee, O Heav'n ! to fly.

S O N G CCCLIX.

In ELIZA, an English Opera.

WITH Swords on their Thighs the bold Yeo-
 men are seen,
 For their Country they arm, their Religion and
 Queen,
 For their Country, &c.

How glorious their Ardour to lay down their Lives
 In Defence of their Freedom, their Children and
 Wives !

Ye Tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
 How she guards all our Shores, and protects all our
 Fields.

As *Hebe* she's fair, and as *Hercules* strong,
 She's the Queen of our Mirth, and the Joy of our
 Song.

To

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,
 Fill the Goblets around to the Lords of the Main.
Eliza is Queen, and her brave loyal Band
 Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land.

S O N G CCCLX.

Sung in the Opera of ELIZA.

W H E N all the *Attic* Fire was fled,
 And all the *Roman* Virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat,
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat;
 The *Gothic* Mantle spread a Night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light;
 The Muses lost their Mate,
 The Muses lost their Mate.

Where should they wander?
 Where should they wander?
 What new Shore
 Had yet a Laurel left in Store?
 To this blest Isle they steer,
 To this blest Isle they steer.
 Soon the *Parnassian* Choir was heard,
 Soon Virtue's sacred Form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here,
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy Monk has lost his Cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd Bell,
 She calls thee now by me,
 She calls thee now by me.
 Hark, hark, hark, her Voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, see, see, she receives a thousand Wounds,
 If shielded not by thee,
 If shielded not by thee.

S O N G CCCLXI.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. Set by Mr. Battershill.

COME here, Fellow Servants, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior Degree
Are only Dependents, no better than we,
Are only Dependents, no better than we.

Both High and Low in this do agree,
'Tis here, Fellow Servant, and there, Fellow Servant,
and all in a Livery.

'Tis here, Fellow Servant, and there, Fellow Servant,
and all in a Livery, all in a Livery.

See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery drest,
Who bows to the Great, and, if they smile, is blest;
What is he, i'faith, but a Servant at best?
Cho. Both High, &c.

Nature made all alike, no Distinction she craves,
So we laugh at the great World, its Fools and its
Knives;
For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves.
Both High, &c.

The fat shining Glutton looks up to his Shelf,
The wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his Pelf,
And the Curl-pated Beau is a Slave to himself.
Both High, &c.

The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole Town
alarms,
And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, sets the Smarts all
in Arms,
Is a Vassal herself, a meer Drudge to her Charms.
Both High, &c.

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Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, sing,
and love ;

And when sick of one Place, to another we'll move,
For with Little and Great, the best Joy is to rove.
Both High, &c.

S O N G CCCLXII.

'TIS TIME ENOUGH YET. *Sung by Mr. Atkins.*

A Term full as long as the Siege of old Troy,
To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ,
To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ ;
Oft urg'd her the Day of our Marriage to set ;
As often she answer'd, 'Tis Time enough yet,
As often she answer'd, 'Tis Time enough yet.

I told her, at last, that her Passions were wrong,
And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long :
She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
And humming a Tune, cry'd, 'Tis Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her Presence, and bounc'd out of Door,
Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,
Or on her my Eyes again never to set,
Never to set, &c.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in haste,
And begg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past,
Declar'd her young Lady did nothing but fret ;
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

She

She next in a Letter, as long as my Arm,
 Declar'd, from her Soul she intended no Harm,
 And begg'd I the Day for our Marriage would set:
 I wrote her an Answer, 'Tis Time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a Message was sent,
 To shew in my Heart I began to relent:
 I begg'd I might see her; together we met:
 We kist and were Friends again, so we are yet,
 So we are yet, &c.

S O N G CCCLXIII.

ADVICE TO DAPHNE.

PRETTY, little, modest Fair,
 Sweetly soft and debonair,
 Sweetly soft and debonair,
 Why so fond of giving Pain?
 Where's the Merit of Disdain?

Say, can Female Frowns assuage
 Love's impetuous, frantic Rage?
 Smile, fair Maid, in Beauty's Bloom,
 Ere some latent Evil come.

Stately Forms must soon decay,
 Wanton Youth will steal away,
 Wanton Youth will steal away.
 Mark the fragrant budding Rose,
 How it blossoms, how it flows!

Such is Beauty's transient Boast,
 Such the Eye that sparkles most.
 Hasten then, *Daphne*, hasten to live;
 Kindness take, and Kindness give.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLIV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming Bride,
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !

Now adieu to Maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts ;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting Joys,
 Lipping wanton Girls and Boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
 Boys as sweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn,
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my Myrtle Bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest Flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the Charms of lovely *Bet*.

Tho' on *Sundays* I was seen
 Dress'd like any *May-day* Queen ;
 Tho' six Sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy *Betty's* Love,
 Them I quit without Regret,
 All my Joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike

Strike up then the Rustic Lay,
Crown with Sports our Bridal Day ;
May each Lad a Mistress find,
Like my *Betsy*, fair and kind,
And each Lass a Husband get,
Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
Revel all without Controul :
May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
But with Joy to happy *Bet*,
And her faithful *Colinet*.

S O N G CCCLXV.

A BALLAD in the Scottish Taste.

THE Lads of the West was witty and free,
Her Looks gay and winning, her Eyne full of
Glee ;

The Lads all around lovely *Nancy* did woo,
But none lov'd like *Willy*, like *Willy* so true !

In a cool Poplar Shade, near a slow-running Stream,
The Shepherd thus warbled, and this was his Theme
While I strive to be free, I am limed all o'er,
And the more that I struggle, am tangled the more.

Over Hills and high Mountains full far have I been
Fine Assemblies, in fine Towns, full oft have I seen
By the Banks of rough *Severn*, by smooth-gliding
Thame,

Thro' gay *London* Damsels, right Heart-free I came.

But unweeting Loon, who *West-way* did roam,
I had still been secure, had I bided at home :
Now with Love of dear *Nancy* my Heart runneth o'er
And the more that I strive, I am tangled the more.

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When lonely I wander, my Flock goes astray ;
While I fondly sit wishing, swift Time flies away :
With swift-flying Time all Nature is born ;
The Lasses all lovely, the Lads all love-lorn !

The Jeff'min, the Rose, and the Carnation die,
And my brighter *Nancy* must withering lie !
Full fain would I guard thee thro' Life, my sweet
Flow'r !
And shelter thee safe from the Wind and the Show'r.

S O N G CCCLXVI.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN Love be controul'd by Advice ?
Can Madnefs and Reason agree ?
O Molly ! who'd ever be wife,
If Madnefs is loving of thee ?
Let Sages pretend to despise
The Joys they want Spirits to taste ;
Let me seize old Time as he flies,
And the Blessings of Life while they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares ;
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy ;
Too soon we may meet with grey Hairs,
Too late may repent being coy :
Then, *Molly*, for what should we stay,
Till our best Blood begins to run cold ?
Our Youth we can have but To-day ;
We may always find Time to grow old.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLVII.

*The Words by Mr. Doddsley. Sung in the KING AND
THE MILLER.*

HOW happy a State does a Miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court:
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a Beau:
A Clown in this Dress may be honefter far
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers, like Meal:
What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;
In this a right noble Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags,
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he'd mimic the Tools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
And all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill:
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

*Sung by Miss Young, at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the
Pastoral Entertainment, call'd The SPRING.*

WITH us alike each Season suits :
The Spring has fragrant Flow'rs ;
The Summer, Shade ; the Autumn, Fruits ;
The Winter, social Hours.

A bleating Flock, an humble Cot,
Of simple Food a Store,
These are a bless'd, unenvy'd Lot—
We ask the Gods no more.

S O N G CCCLXIX.

Sung by Mr. Norris, in the SPRING.

SEE Peace descend, like Cherub bright !
See Discord sink to Shades of Night !
Ye Zephyrs, bear it thro' the Plains ;
And shout for Joy, ye jolly Swains—
Why then, dispell'd thy Doubts and Fears,
Why fall, my Fair, those trickling Tears ?

S O N G CCCLXX.

Sung by Miss Young, in the SPRING.

GODDESS, Queen of soft Beguiling,
Gently soothing, sweetly smiling,
Hither haste, and grace the Day :
At Saturnia Kingdoms proffer,
Gleaming Crowns and Scepters offer ;
We reject imperial Sway.

R

Pallas,

Pallas, thou, in Arms delighting,
 Tempt us not with Fame and Fighting;
 No—the Toils the Joy o'erpay: —————
Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft Beguiling,
 Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
 Hither haſte, and grace the Day.

SONG CCCLXXI.

DUETTO, *Sung by Mr. Norris, and Mrs. Vincent*
in the SPRING. The Words by Milton.

SWEET is the Breath of Morn; her Riſing ſweet
 With Charm of earlieſt Birds; fragrant the Earth
 And bright the Gems of Heav'n. But neither Stars,
 Nor fragrant Earth, nor Charm of earlieſt Birds,
 Nor Breath of Morning, without thee, is ſweet.

SONG CCCLXXII.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci, in the English Opera
ARTAXERXES.

WATER, parted from the Sea,
 May increaſe the River's Tide,
 To the bubbling Fount may flee,
 Or the fertile Valleys glide.

Though, in ſearch of loſt Repoſe,
 Thro' the Land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native Home.

SON

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in ARTAXERXES.

O Much-lov'd Son ! if Death
Has stol'n thy vital Breath,
I'll share thy hapless Fate !
But ere the Dagger drinks my Blood,
A murther'd King at *Lethe's* Flood
The Tidings shall relate !

Bid *Charon* cease from Toil,
And rest upon his Oar,
Till I arrive t'attain the Soil
Where we shall part no more.

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

Sung by Miss Brent, in ARTAXERXES.

LET not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
Pity's softer Claim remove :
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Each ungentle Thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft Breast ;
Nor, with Rancour never ending,
Heap fresh Sorrows on th' Opprest.

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
Pity's softer Claim remove :
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched State can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost,
 Father, Brother, Lover, Friend!

Let not Rage, thy Bosom firing,
 Pity's softer Claim remove:
 Spare a Heart that's just expiring,
 Fore'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in ARTAXERXES.

TO sigh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my Wish to enjoy:
 I scorn to reflect
 On a Lady's Neglect,
Or barter my Peace for a Toy,
 In Love, as in War,
 I laugh at a Scar;
 And, if my proud Enemy yield,
 The Joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in Chains,
 And glean the rich Spoils of the Field.

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

Set by Mr. Battisbill.

SEQUESTER'D in a lonely Vale,
 When absent from his Love,
 The Turtle tells his mournful Tale,
 And, sighing, fills the Grove:
Echo, sweet Nymph, repeats his Strains,
 And bears them to the distant Plains.

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Whene'er despoil'd by Village Hinds
 Is *Philomela's* Nest,
 Soon as the cruel Loss she finds,
 What Sorrow swells her Breast!
 And as she mourns her infant Young,
 How sadly-pleasing is her Song!

Sweet Warbler, cou'd my artless Strain
 Like thine delight the Air,
Eccho, to many a distant Plain,
 My piteous Notes should bear,
 While, I of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
 In Sighs my *Chloe's* Absence mourn.

Fly, *Eccho*! fly; to *Chloe* haste;
 My fervent Passion tell:
 Go, gentle Gale! and fan her Breast
 With many an am'rous Tale;
 Round her in wanton Eddies play;
 And ev'ry Flame, but Love's, allay.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

HASTE, haste, *Amelia*, gentle Fair,
 To soft Elysian Gales;
 From Smoak to smiling Skies repair,
 And Sun-illumin'd Vales:
 No Sighs, no Murmurs, haunt the Grove,
 But Blessings crown the Plains;
 Here calm Contentment, Heav'n-born Maid,
 And Peace, the Cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the Roses bloom,
 The deep Carnation grows;
 For thee sweet Vi'lets breathe Perfume,
 The white-rob'd Lily blows;

For

For thee their Streams the Naiads roll,
 The daïsied Hills are gay,
 Where (Emblems of *Amelia's* Soul)
 The spotless Lambkins play.

From Vale to Vale the Zephyrs rove,
 To rob th' unfolding Flow'rs;
 And Music melts in ev'ry Grove,
 To charm thy rural Hours;
 The warbling Lark, high-poiz'd in Air,
 Exerting all his Pride,
 Will strive to please *Amelia* fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

YE tender Pow'rs, how shall I move
 A careless Maid that laughs at Love?
Cupid, to my Succour fly;
 Come with all thy thrilling Darts,
 Thy melting Flames to soften Hearts;
 Conquer for me, or I die.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy Shade,
 A pensive Lover, to his Aid,
 Invok'd the God of warm Desire;
 Love heard him, and, to gain the Maid,
 Did this successful Thought inspire.

Take her Humour, smile, be gay,
 In her fav'rite Follies join,
 That's the Charm will make her thine;
 Cast thy serious Airs away,
 Freely courting, toying, sporting,
 Soothe her Hours with am'rous Play.

S O N G

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S O N G CCCLXXIX.

The POWER OF NATURE. Set by Mr. Long.

WHERE Virtue encircles the Fair,
 There Lilies and Roses are vain;
 Each Blossom must drop with Despair,
 Where Innocence takes up her Reign:
 No gaudy embellishing Arts
 The Fair one need call to her Aid,
 Who kindly by Nature imparts
 The Graces that Nature has made.

The Swain who has Sense, must despise
 Each coquettish Art to ensnare;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my Counsel, ye Fair;
 Let Virgins whom Nature has blest,
 Her sovereign Dictates obey;
 For Beauties by Nature exprest
 Are Beauties that never decay.

S O N G CCCLXXX.

*The UNION of LOVE and WINE.**The Words by Mr. Wotty.*

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry Care,
 For Life without these is a Bubble of Air;
 For Life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in Pleasure I roll,
 And a new Flow of Spirits enlivens my Soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober Mortals my Maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my Conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my Measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own Humour, and I will have mine.

Wine

Wine prudently us'd will our Senses improve,
 'Tis the Spring-Tide of Life, and the Fuel of Love
 And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a Smile so divine,
 As when *Mars* bound his Head with a Branch from
 the Vine.

Then come, my dear Charmer, thou Nymph half
 divine,
 First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with Wine
 Then giving and taking, in mutual Return,
 The Torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my Passion for Wine disapprove
 My Bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy Love;
 For rather than forfeit the Joys of my Laps,
 My Bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glafs.

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

Sung at Vauxhall, by Mr. Tenducci.

FAIR's my *Lucy* as the Day,
 Brighter than the blooming *May*;
Cupid revels in her Eyes,
 On her Lips rich Nectar lies.
 When she moves, 'tis *Juno* walks;
 When she speaks, *Minerva* talks;
 When she sings, th' angelic Strain
 Might assuage the fiercest Pain.
 Clasp'd within her snowy Arms,
 Bless'd with all her World of Charms,
 Let me thus enthron'd expire;
 Gods! 'tis all that I desire.

F I N I S.